# The New-York Times.

VOL. XXIV.....NO. 7437. NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, JULY 18, 1875.—TRIPLE SHEET. PRICE FIVE CENTS.


## FRENCH TOPICS.

*NO FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.*

DISCORD IN THE AMERICAN CAMP—THE INUNDATIONS—WHAT THE EXECUTIVE IS DOING—THE PREVENTION OF FLOODS—POLITICS.

*From Our Own Correspondent.*

PARIS, Monday, July 5, 1875.

I write upon the day we celebrate, the 4th of July having fallen upon Sunday on this side of the Atlantic as well as in America, and I presume that all patriotic readers will gladly excuse me for doing as little as possible. So far as I know, there have been no preparations made for a general celebration, the sad fact being that the American colony in Paris is unable to agree even in matters of this kind. The jealousies and heart-burning created in former years have completely discouraged the old residents, and, although the new-comers are always enthusiastic, they lack the authority and influence required to organize a picnic or a dinner. If one set tries to do something of the sort, the other set runs it down, and those who object to being compromised one side or the other make a point of staying away. It is now agreed that no sort of celebration could succeed unless gotten up by the Embassy, while Mr. Washburne naturally feels that it is not his business to get up Fourth of July entertainments, which are always attended with some risk. Consequently each circle celebrates in its own way, generally by giving dinners or a picnic at the Precatelan. This year, however, all open-air amusements are out of the question, for rain falls incessantly, and in torrents by moments. I do not think that I ever saw a worse Summer's day than yesterday, and to-day is not a whit better. We are in the midst of a dreary Autumnal storm. Yet the American flag floats from hundreds of balconies, especially in the *Quartier de l'Opéra*, now known as the American Quarter. Of course I use the word "floats" in a metaphorical sense, for in reality the Stars and Stripes hang straight down like so many wet rags, or the clothes just stretched upon the line to dry. This evening there are to be a number of private dinners, I believe, but the only thing in a public way is the entertainment given by Mme. Foley-Roeth in the hotel she keeps for American families in the Rue Bienfaissance. This lady has engaged the band of the Garde Republicaine, which made a tour in America, and after the concert gives a dinner, to which all Amerisans are invited. In the evening there is to be a grand ball. The Washington Club has its large flags out, and will illuminate this evening, but beyond this, there are no Fourth of July festivities to my knowledge.

THE INUNDATIONS.

The disaster caused by the inundations are still the most important items in our daily budgets of news, and there seems to be a sort of fascination in these dreadful details. Let me give an example of them: A baby in a wooden cradle was found floating down the Garonne, the little creature being fast asleep and perfectly dry. There was nothing to indicate whence it came, and if the parents have been drowned, as is supposed, the identity of this little waif may never be established. At Toulouse a laboring man, with his wife and baby five months old, were upon the roof of their house waiting for help, when a friend came floating down the current, and managed to climb up beside them. He was a good swimmer, and had thus kept himself above water. But in a short time the house began to crumble, and suddenly fell, throwing the party into the water. The workman swam about for a moment in search of the rest, but could not find them in the dark, and came to the sad conclusion that they had been crushed by the falling stones. He managed to save himself, but believed the others lost. In the morning he met his friend, who told him that he had saved his baby, and had left it at the hospice during the night. The wife was drowned. The poor man ran to the hospice to ask for his child. Immediately on recieving the little creatures, some fifty or sixty in number, they had been stripped of their wet clothes, and the clothing of all had been sent to be washed and dried. No one thought of marking the clothing for the purpose of identification. The father found that all the babies of five months looked so nearly alike that he could not pick out his own, and every day since he has spent hours in the hospice trying to find which of the children saved belongs to him. At one moment he believes that instinct has guided him to the right baby; the next he picks out another and then another until himself confused. A mother would doubtless recognize her baby by many marks familiar to her, but it is not so easy for the father, who knows less of his child's body than of the clothes it wears. Very many stories of this kind are told and some of them are very touching.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON

The Marshal has returned to Versailles, after his tour through the inundated districts. Everywhere he was received with the greatest emotion, and for the first time since he has been in office, I believe, has been enthusiastically acclaimed by the people. On Saturday morning, at about 12:30 A. M., he arrived at La Bastide-Besplas, where he left a considerable sum of money for the relief of the sufferers. Heavy rain fell during his visit. In the morning he went to the village of Verdun, which, like Fenouillat, has been nearly destroyed. No places have been more completely ravaged. Verdun was surprised by a violent tempest, by a waterspout, and by the flood at about the same time. The village was demolished in a moment; nearly all the houses were destroyed, and at least a hundred persons perished, the bodies of most of them still being beneath the ruins. A battalion of infantry has been sent down to clear the ruins away. On Saturday the Marshal traveled 140 kilometres in the midst of a pouring rain, arriving at Carcassonne at 6 o'clock in the evening, where he was received by the Mayors and local officials, and yesterday took the ordinary tram for Paris. It is difficult to imagine a more lamentable spectacle than that which was offered to the President's view upon this tour. Money is still coming in, but not as fast as could be desired, the sum of the public subscriptions amounting to about a million and a quarter at this time. Mme. De MacMahon is about to organize a lottery, with a million of tickets at a franc each, and asks the charitable to send in the prizes as gifts to the work. Of course, the tradesmen, artisans, and artists of Paris will respond liberally, and the Maréchale will draw a few valuable prizes from the Government establishments like Beauvois and Sévres.

THE P. EVENTION OF FLOODS.

While upon this topic, I may say that M. Thomé de Gamond, the projector of the tunnel under the English channel, and a famous engineer, calls attention to a pamphlet which he published a few years ago, entitled, *Mémoire sur le Régime Général des Eaux Courantes*. In 1871 this work attracted considerable attention among engineers, and like all great works of the kind, the one proposed by the author had its partisans and its decided enemies. M. de Gamond says that the problem of inundations must be solved, not by longitudinal embankments, but by arresting the rapidity of the current upon the bed of rivers. The main idea is the establishment of large reservoirs to collect a portion of the superabundant water, so that it can be retained, restricted, and more evenly distributed. By a series of reservoirs upon different planes, the water could be perfectly controlled, and, to use the expression of the author, by this method would be effected the transformation of the inclined plane of the river into a hydraulic staircase. The idea seemed to be drawn from nature, that is, from the bayous along the Mississippi, which do act as reservoirs for that immense flood. Whether artificial reservoirs could be made where none exist, or be made to work successfully in case of an overflow of the river, is a question to be settled by practical experience.

POLITICS.

In politics we have nothing of great importance, although there was a stormy scene on Friday, repeated on Saturday, about the election of M. De Bourgoing, elected a Deputy from the Nièvre fourteen months ago. M. Boitticau, a former magistrate, entered the tribune to complain of unfairness since M. Savary had picked out such documents as suited him from those submitted to the committee, and had rejected some documents favorable to Baron Bourgoing. He proposed that the question should be discussed on the 12th of July, which was agreed to. M. Boitticau was so badly treated when debating this question that, although he was one who voted the *décheance* of the Empire, he went at once and inscribed himself a member of the Bonapartist reunion, and now belongs to the group of the Appeal to the People.

## *THE INDIAN TERRITORY.*

HOT CONTEST FOR THE CHIEFTAINCY OF THE CHEROKEE NATION—SEVERAL PERSONS MURDERED—THE WHEAT CROP.

MUSCOGEE, Indian Territory, July 17.—The contest for the principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation is getting more exciting every day. The contestants are W. P. Ross and Oucultella. The election takes place in August. Within the past sixty days sixteen men and two females have been murdered in the Cherokee Nation. This has been done in a population of less than 20,000 souls, and most of these murders have been committed by reason of quarrels growing out of feuds existing between the Ross and Downing parties. Jesu Foreman, Mr. Buckeyehead, Jack Doubletooth and Dick Fields, all prominent Downing men, have been shot. The last-named, who was shot in church at Talequah-Fields, is the Auditor of the Nation.

A general council of the Seminole Nation is in session at Newawkee. It is thought they will reject the new constitution reported by the Grand Council at Ocmulgee.

The wheat crop, now harvesting, is the largest ever gathered in this country. The estimated yield is twenty-two bushels per acre. Owing to the want of suitable mills the wheat will be shipped to Eastern markets. Seasonable rains have nearly matured the splendid crops of corn in all parts of the Territory, and a large surplus will be made. The Indian country will ship more than $1,000,000 worth of cattle, and will fatten $500,000 worth of hogs.

## *LOSSES BY FIRE.*

OFFICES AND EDITORIAL ROOMS OF THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY BADLY DAMAGED—A SCISSORS MANUFACTORY BURNED OUT—LOSS ESTIMATED OVER $30,000.

At 10 o'clock last night a fire broke out on the fifth floor of the six-story building No. 29 Rose street, occupied by Henry Seymour, scissors manufacturer. The fire was discovered by a patrolman of the Fourth Precinct, who gave an alarm which was promptly responded to by the Fire Department. Owing to the great height of the building considerable difficulty was experienced in bringing the streams of water to bear on the fire. The flames in this manner gained considerable headway and extended to the adjoining building, No. 31, with which it is connected. Fearing that the flames would get beyond the control of the firemen and endanger the surrounding property, the street being very narrow, Chief Engineer Bates ordered a second alarm to be telegraphed, which brought to the scene of the conflagration the apparatus and firemen from the adjoining district. By the well-directed efforts of the firemen the flames were under control within three-quarters of an hour from the time the fire was discovered, and were completely extinguished soon after 11 o'clock. The loss by the fire is very heavy, though chiefly by water. The buildings Nos. 29 and 31 Rose street are owned by Street & Smith, proprietors of the New-York *Weekly*. The first floor and basement of No. 29 and the fifth and sixth floors of Nos. 29 and 31 are occupied by Henry Seymour, scissors manufacturer, whose loss on stock and machinery is estimated at $5,000; insured. The second floor of No. 29 and the second, third, and fourth floors of No. 31 are occupied by Messrs. Street & Smith as an office, editorial room, composing and press rooms. The loss of this firm on presses and papers already printed and ready for distribution, and on white paper prepared for printing, is estimated at $20,000, which is said to be fully covered by insurance. The third floor of No. 29 is occupied by James Brady, mailing agency. Damage by water $1,000; insured for $30,000 in the Liverpool, London, and Globe, and other companies. The fourth floor is occupied by John Fahnestock, printer. Loss on machinery and stock, $5,000; insured. The first floor of No. 31 is occupied by Samuel Bingham & Sons, manufacturers of printers' rollers. Loss by water, $1,000. The cause of the fire could not be ascertained; but it appears to have originated among the machinery of the cutler on the fifth floor, probably from some oiled rags. Fire Marshal Sheldon will make a thorough investigation.

OTHER FIRES.

A fire occurred at 5:30 o'clock last evening on the first floor of the two-story brick building, No. 105 North Moore street, occupied by Steele & Hawkins, as a feed store. Damage to stock $1,000, insured for $1,300 in the Arctic Company. The second floor is occupied by Dominick Candle, and Timothy Brosnan as a dwelling, loss $700. The building belongs to the Bryant estate, and was damaged to the amount of $500. The dwelling No. 107 North Moore street, occupied by Alfred Adler, was damaged to the amount of $200.

A fire Friday night, at Newburg, N. Y., damaged the clothing stores of John McLean, W. Samuels, and Theodore Thomas, the millinery store of Mrs. W. Samuels, and the residences of John O'Brien and Bernard McCloy. Total loss about $10,000; fully insured.

A fire yesterday morning at Midder, Canada, destroyed Gregory's hardware store, Cornell's dry-goods store, Dr. Munn's drug store, Rawling's blacksmith and wagon shop, Lennox's general goods store, and Palmer's hardware store. The total loss is $30,000.

Lewis Schultze's furniture factory, Nos. 274 and 276 Milwaukee avenue, Chicago, was burned early yesterday morning, together with a large amount of seasoned lumber and other stock. The loss is $60,000; insurance from $2,000 to $3,000.

A fire broke out at 12:50 o'clock this morning in the car repair shops of the Buffalo, New-York and Philadelphia Railroad, at Buffalo, N. Y., and threatened the destruction of the entire building.

## WASHINGTON.

*NORFOLK, VA., FREE FROM YELLOW FEVER.*

THE REPORTS INVESTIGATED AND FOUND INCORRECT—THE HEALTH OFFICER DENIES THE EXISTENCE OF THE DISEASE AT THAT PLACE—HOW THE REPORTS ORIGINATED.

*Special Dispatch to the New-York Times.*

WASHINGTON, July 17.—The reports of the existence of yellow fever at Norfolk have been investigated to-day, and to all inquiries answers come that there are no cases. The subject was brought up at the Board of Health meeting here last night, and it was determined that Washington should be quarantined against Norfolk if the reports that were afloat should be found correct. Dr. Cox telegraphed to the Health Officer at Norfolk, and the answer received says that there is no fever. The Signal Service Sergeant telegraphs a similar statement. Dr. Woodward, of the Marine Hospital service, inquired of the Hospital Surgeon at Norfolk and received similar replies. There has been a good deal of uneasiness through the day, but it is now generally admitted that there is no truth in the reports that were circulated last night. The foundation of those reports was a private letter from a medical officer connected with the Navy from Norfolk to a medical officer in this city, declaring the existence of some cases there. A dispatch was also received by Dr. Woodward from the Health Officer at Norfolk inquiring whether the Government had any advices of the existence of yellow fever at the Barbadoes. This dispatch gave additional weight to the private statement, and the reports which grew out of this fragmentary information were the basis of the inquiries set on foot by the Board of Health and the medical departments. There would seem to have been some alarm in Norfolk, perhaps caused by the arrival of suspected cases, and probably that is the entire basis of the excitement.

*Dispatch to the Associated Press.*

DISTRICT ATTORNEY FISHER.

A delegation of friends of District Attorney Fisher have gone to Long Branch in order to secure his retention in office. Those who wish him removed are equally earnest in the other direction.

THE CHORPENNING CASE.

An adverse opinion in the Chorpenning case is merely inferred from the fact that Attorney General Pierrepont has delayed its rendition to enable the attorneys for Chorpenning to offer additional proofs.

FINANCIAL ITEMS.

The amount of national bank notes received at the Treasury this week for redemption was $1,409,141.

Bonds held by the United States Treasurer, as security for national bank circulation, $375,197,362, and for public deposits, $15,792,200.

National bank notes outstanding, $351,613,724, of which $2,538,500 are national gold bank-notes.

The Internal Revenue receipts to-day were $402,080; for the month, $5,879,342.

The Customs receipts to-day were $308,041.

STOLEN BANK NOTES.

The Controller of the Currency has been advised by the National Bank of Barre, Vt., that $1,300 of its unsigned notes, which were received on the evening of July 6, were stolen from the vaults of the bank the same evening by a gang of masked burglars. The notes stolen were seventy-eight notes of the denomination of $10, and twenty-six notes of the denomination of $20, amounting to $1,300, numbered from 911 to 936, inclusive, and the Treasurer of the United States has been advised of the robbery, and requested to decline to redeem these notes. No additional notes of the denominations of tens and twenties will be issued to the bank, and the notes outstanding of these denominations will be retired.

A NEW POST OFFICE.

A post office has been established at Port Eads, near the mouth of the Mississippi River, in Louisiana, for the accommodation of the parties employed by Capt. Eads in building the jetties, and J. Kaffner has been appointed Postmaster.

INTERNAL REVENUE APPOINTMENTS.

The following internal revenue appointments have been made:

*Gaugers*—Thomas T. Davis, for the Seventh Indiana; Enoch Stillwell, for the First Missouri; John W. Lane, for the Second Kentucky, and James McElroy, for the Seventeenth Pennsylvania District.

YELLOW FEVER.

A telegram received at the Navy Department yesterday from Key West, reports two deaths from yellow fever there, but no new cases have occurred.

NAVAL NOTES.

The United States steamer Portsmouth, which recently arrived at San Francisco, will be used as a training-ship for boys for the service at that station.

NAVAL ORDERS.

Capt. Francis A. Roe is detached from the command of the Lancaster, and placed on waiting orders; Lieut. Commander George W. Wood, Lieuts. Edward H. Gheen, John S. Newell, and Charles H. Black; Master Charles E. Colahan, Ensign J. B. Murdock, Midshipmen Thomas E. Muse and O. W. Lowry, Acting Passed Assistant Surgeon F. V. Greene, Passed Assistant Engineer Arthur Price, Boatswain John Hall, Gunner William E. Webber, Carpenter B. E. Fernald, and Sailmaker Gilbert B. Macy, are detached from the Lancaster, and placed on waiting orders; Lieut. George F. Wilkins is detached from the Swatara, and placed on waiting orders; Lieut. George M. Totten is detached from the Hydrographic Office, and ordered to the Swatara; Lieut. William C. Gibson has been detached from the Minnesota, and ordered to the Frolic; Paymaster Richard Washington has been detached from the Lancaster, and ordered to settle his accounts.

TREASURY BALANCES.

Currency, $2,076,405; special deposit of legal tenders for redemption of certificates of deposit, $61,375,000; coin, $68,860,027, (including coin certificates, $23,309,400;) outstanding legal tenders, $375,771,580.

*INDIANS ON THE WAR-PATH.*

OMAHA, Neb., July 17.—A letter to the *Herald* from the Red Cloud Agency, dated 9th inst., states that a strong, well armed and equipped body of Uncapapa Sioux are on the war-path in the Black Hills, with the avowed determination to cover the country with horses' hoof-tracks. From Indian sources we learn, says the *Herald*, that they have had two encounters with white men (miners) and killed seven in one and three in another party.

*PIGEON SHOOTING.*

SYRACUSE, N. Y., July 17.—This was the last day of the Sportmen's Tournament. The attendance was very large. The contest to-day was between the Chicago Gun Club and a team from the Onondaga county and Central City Sportmen's Clubs, resulting in 138 birds killed by the Chicagoans out of 160, and 136 by the New-Yorkers.

*NEW COTTON.*

GALVESTON, Texas, July 17.—Two bales of new cotton were received to-day. The weight of one was 508 pounds, classed middling and sold at 15 cents. It was shipped to Sloan & Sons, Philadelphia. The other was classed middling, weighed 405 pounds, sold at 15 cents, and was shipped to George H. Haynes & Co., Boston.

*AN OFFICIAL CHARGED WITH FRAUDULENT PRACTICES.*

BOSTON, Mass., June 17.—Frederick Floyd, Chief Clerk of the Liquor License Commission, has been arrested, charged with procuring licenses issued by forged indorsements on applications, and by forging the name of N. E. Hemmenway, Superintendent of Intelligence Offices and Licenses, whose indorsement was necessary. Floyd belongs to a good family and bore a first-class reputation. It is alleged he has been well paid by the parties for whom he got licenses.

*WIMBLEDON RIFLE CONTEST.*

THE SHOOTING FOR THE ST. LEGER STAKES—A LARGE NUMBER OF COMPETITORS—MAJOR FULTON, OF THE AMERICAN TEAM, MAKES THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE SCORE.

LONDON, July 17.—In the shooting for the St. Leger Stakes, at Wimbledon, to-day, the highest possible score in which is thirty-five, Fulton, of the Americans, has already made that number of points. The shooting is still going on.

If Fulton's score is equaled the match will be shot off.

SECOND DISPATCH.

LONDON, July 17.—The American riflemen began shooting at Wimbledon to-day. In consequence of rain the match for the American Cup was postponed until Wednesday next. The first contest was for the St. Leger Sweepstakes at 200 yards' range. Each competitor has seven shots, and the possible score is 35. There are several hundred competitors. Of the Americans, Fulton has already scored 35, Gildersleeve 34, Yale 33, Canfield 31, and Dakin 27. Shooting is still in progress. If Fulton's score is equaled the match will be shot off next week.

*GERMANY.*

DECLARATIONS OF SUBMISSION TO THE NEW LAWS BY THE CATHOLIC PRIESTS TO BE KEPT SECRET.

LONDON, July 17.—A special dispatch from Berlin to the *Pall Mall Gazette* says the German Government has ordered that declarations of submission by Catholic clergymen to the new laws shall be kept strictly secret, the purpose being to secure them from persecution by the Ultramontanes.

THE LIBERALS IN A MAJORITY IN THE BAVARIAN ELECTORAL COLLEGE.

BERLIN, July 17.—After a close contest at Wurzburg, the Liberals have obtained a majority in the Electoral College, and it is now believed that the Liberal ticket will be victorious throughout Bavaria.

COUNT VON ARNIM AT CARLSBAD—THE STATE OF HIS HEALTH.

LONDON, July 17.—Count Von Arnim has arrived at Carlsbad. His health is in a precarious condition.

*SPAIN.*

THE CARLISTS UNDER PERULA RETREATING TO THE MOUNTAINS.

MADRID, July 17.—The Carlists under Perula are retreating upon the Amezcuai Mountains toward Estella. They are pursued by Gens. Quesada, Tello, and Loma.

*GREAT BRITAIN.*

THE WHALE WHICH DAMAGED THE PROPELLER OF THE SCYTHIA.

QUEENSTOWN, July 17.—The whale with which the steam-ship Scythia came in contact off Roche's Point and damaged her propeller, has been brought in here by a tug. It was picked up off Ballycotton. It is fifty-four feet long.

ALLEGED UNSEAWORTHY CONDITION OF THE LEAH—THE CREW REFUSE TO GO TO SEA.

LONDON, July 17.—The crew of the Leah refuse to proceed to sea on account of alleged unseaworthiness, and the vessel has returned to Leith for repairs.

THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE COBDEN CLUB—THE AMERICAN GUESTS CORDIALLY RECEIVED.

LONDON, July 17.—The annual dinner of the Cobden Club took place at Greenwich to-night. M. Michel Chevalier, the French political economist, presided. The Marquis of Hartington proposed M. Chevalier's health, and presented him with a gold medal. Right Hon. Mr. Forster, in reply to the toast "Our Foreign Guests," referred to the Americans present, whom he said he could hardly call foreigners. Mr. Forster introduced Gen. McDowell, who, in a pleasant speech, declared that America had nothing to be ashamed of in the way of free intercourse with the world. Every one coming there met with a hearty welcome, and all were granted equal privileges. Mr. Nathan Appleton, of Boston, alluded to the approaching Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and said he thought that Europe mistook its meaning, which principally was unison between the Northern and Southern States. He trusted that Europeans would take the opportunity of visiting the Exhibition, and that the next meeting of the Cobden Club would be held in Philadelphia. The dinner closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman. The American guests were cordially received.

*THE WEST INDIES.*

A BRITISH SCHOONER CHASED BY A SPANISH MAN-OF-WAR.

HAVANA, July 14, via KEY WEST, July 17.—The Spanish man-of-war Churruca chased a British schooner into a harbor of Hayti, and the Haytian authorities found a contraband cargo on her. The British Consul, it is reported, is making an examination of the matter,

*CUBA.*

TWO FORTS NEAR BARACOA CAPTURED BY THE INSURGENTS.

HAVANA, July 14, via KEY WEST, July 17.—The Cuban insurgents have captured two forts near Baracoa, together with their garrisons.

*THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE.*

BEAVER, Utah, July 17.—More witnesses are being subpœnaed in the Mountain Meadow massacre case, as it is undecided whether Lee's statement, which is now complete, will be accepted. It is thought that he will not tell the whole truth. If the statement is not accepted he will be put on trial on Monday.

*THE PROSECUTION OF TWEED.*

The following dispatch comes from the Associated Press agent at Milwaukee:

MILWAUKEE, Wis., July 17.—Ex-Senator Carpenter has been retained by the City of New-York to assist in the prosecution of Tweed.

*A YOUNG LADY KILLED BY LIGHTNING.*

WATERTOWN, N. Y., July 17.—Miss Jane McMulligan, aged nineteen years, was struck by lightning last night and instantly killed, at Cape Vincent, while standing near a bakery oven. The building was only slightly damaged.

*A CANAL TO BE SOLD.*

CHICAGO, July 17.—In the United States Circuit Court to-day Judge Drummond decided and Judge Davis concurred that a decree be entered that the Wabash and Erie Canal, of Indiana, be sold.

## THE HAYDEN EXPEDITION.

*FROM PUNCHA PASS TO SAGAUCHE.*

SOMETHING ABOUT COLORADO AND ITS SOIL—THE TOWN OF SAGAUCHE AND ITS CATTLE TRADE—SIXTEEN DAYS OF CAMP LIFE—A WELCOME MARCH AND SOME OF ITS INCIDENTS.

*From Our Own Correspondent.*

SAGAUCHE, Saguache County, Col., Wednesday, July 7, 1875.

If the truth about Colorado were expressed in its most serene form, it might be said that its mountains were sand and rock and its valleys sand and sage-brush. It would not be all the truth, but it would be a good deal of it. If the Desert of Sahara were described as a beautiful and fertile country, well watered, green and fertile, and affording pasturage to countless flocks, it is certain that the statement would be incorrect. If it were described as a wide waste of barren sand, unrelieved by a single green spot, that would also be incorrect, for it has many of them. So has Colorado, and few places on this continent can exceed them in beauty and magnificence. But they are only spots. Where water flows there is fertility, beauty, abundance—all, indeed, that its most enthusiastic admirers could claim for the Territory. Where the streams come down from the mountains, lines of tall and graceful trees mark their courses to the plain. In the valleys they run into sand, dwindle into rivulets, and, perhaps, are finally swallowed up, and leave no apparent mark. The magnificent valleys owe their origin to the disintegration of the rocks which bound them, and their broad, uniform surfaces are thinly clothed with a dry grass or the dryer sage-brush, all the vegetation which can live on the gravelly soil. When one stands at the head of such a valley as the San Louis, and looks south to where it meets the sky as the ocean does, and on either hand views the distant ranges of mountains which bound it, cloud-capped, rugged, and inexpressibly magnificent, the observer is impressed with the grandeur of the scene. Let him look down at his feet, and he will see that the spot he stands on is a dry, fine gravel, like the shingle on the sea beach, in which a few blades of gray grass seem struggling for life. He will travel all day and find the soil nearly the same, and he must so arrange his marches that each evening shall find him at the edge of some of the rare streams which water the valley, that there he may find food for his stock. The country has for many years been settled up by ranchmen, but a ranch requires miles of ground for the cattle to range over, and as the constantly coming tide of immigration brings in more land-hungry men, the limits of the ranches are gradually being narrowed, and unfavorable as seems the soil, farming must eventually take the place of grazing. Here, indeed, the immigrant farmer is now coming, and he must irrigate every foot of the soil he puts a plow into. Let him go South and he must do the same. But South and South-west he is going; and it is evident that the ideal picture of the Western pioneer with which we have been so long familiar must be changed. It is no longer the stalwart, bare-armed man, leaning contemplatively on his axe beside the felled tree in the forest clearing, with the log-hut in the background; but the same individual on a sandy plain, resting on his spade, and considering the line on which he shall run his irrigating ditch, while an adobe house takes the place of the well-known log-cabin. The wealth of this region is now in its cattle and its mines.

This town derives its main subsistence from the cattle trade, and it is claimed that over a million dollars' worth of cattle are owned in the section which is tributary to it. It is a typical Western town as things are now, and is only thirteen months old. About eighteen months ago, two men who owned the land, put their heads together and started the town. They set up a weekly paper—and a very creditable looking paper it is—used it to advertise the great advantages of the town of Saguache, and by the exercise of a great deal of energy and no little shrewdness they disposed of the town lots and brought in settlers. About one half of the hundred houses in the place are adobe. This is a word which sounds well, and in its usual translation of "sun-dried brick," it sounds well too; but in plain English adobe is mud; and mud it stands confessed, after a house built of it has been beaten upon by a few rain and snow storms. It is, however, the cheapest material of which houses can be built in this almost treeless country, and certainly it speaks well for the energy of the people here that they have done so much for a place which had no mining excitement or any extraneous aid to start it. Mr. Mears, one of the originators of the town, the owner of the land, the main store-keeper for this region, and the oldest settler, claims that he does a business of $140,000 a year, and that there is "a heap of money in the town." I have there is, and that the little town will increase as fast as its inhabitants desire, for they certainly have treated us in the heartiest way.

We were glad enough to get here, after our long and monotonous sojourn in Puncha Pass, sixteen days of camp life in a cañon, at an elevation of over 8,000 feet, was somewhat trying. Day after day had we gone down to the stage road, and waited for the coach which was to bring the long-delayed orders to move, and day after day the same negative answer was returned to our anxious inquiries. At last, on the glorious Fourth, came the much-wished for order: "March immediately to the Los Pinos Agency, where Mr. Gardner will join you. Letters at Saguache." It was evident that our letters had miscarried, but all mistakes were forgotten in the joy at the prospect of our speedy move. We jumped up from the great camp fire around which we were toasting ourselves, fired a *feu de joie* with rifles and revolvers, and fell to work immediately in preparations for the start, which it was intended should be an early one. As usual, it froze hard that night, and the canvas of our tents was stiff with frost when we rolled them up at dawn the next morning. Half-past 6 saw the pack train marching briskly through the Pass. The mules were in splendid condition, fat and strong after their long rest, and the packs were light, for a great hole had been made in our stock of provisions. In fact, we had for several days before made our heartiest meals on jackr-abbit soup and fried trout. The trout we caught in the South Arkansas, which some one had told us was full of them, and so we found it. It had been one of the pleasantest breaks in our monotonous camp life to ride five miles down to the river and catch the splendid fellows which rose to our flies from its limpid pools. We bade a cheerful good-bye to our acquaintances at the toll-house, in the turn of the road, and by the time the sun had got well above the mountains, and warmed us up, we were descending the south-western slope of the Pass into the Great San Louis Valley. It was a glorious morning, and a jollier party than ours, as we trotted along the level road which traverses the valley, never went through these mountains. I should be afraid to say how many pipes of cut plug were consumed, or how many songs were sung during that morning march. Our next camp was to be at Foster's Ranch, on Kerber Creek, eighteen miles distant. So briskly did the train move that we reached the camping-ground by noon, and scarcely had we pitched our tents in the pretty cottonwood grove which marks the bend of the creek, when Foster himself came over to give us greeting. Foster stands about six feet in his stockings, has a chest and shoulders like a giant, fair hair, a clear blue eye, and as happy a look as a man well-to-do in the world, and at peace with it, ought to have. He was an old acquaintance of the Hayden Survey, for the base line for it was run near his house, and the party camped on his ranch and bought his butter and milk. So did we, and better it would be hard to find. He has as fine a ranch as there is in the valley. It is owned by a Philadelphia gentleman, and Foster works it on halves. Every year sees him in increasing prosperity, for he is one of the fortunates who have taken up a fertile spot, a sort of oasis, and I think his only trouble was from the rabbits, which swarmed about his place and eat up his vegetables. We were not grievously distressed to hear of his rabbit trouble, because it promised us another of Charpiot's excellent soups. But Charpiot had broken his gun—old age had begun to tell upon the venerable weapon, and it required two or three snappings of the trigger to explode a cartridge. This had a tendency to make the shooting uncertain, especially at such nimble game as rabbits. But Foster came to the rescue, and lent our hunter cook a tremendous double-barrel, like a blunderbuss. So Charpiot and I went out into the sage-brush and on the ledges of the hills, and the way he knocked over the rabbits was something astonishing. I got one with my rifle and he got all we could both carry. On returning to camp we found the other boys had shot four with their pistols, for the whole country about there seemed to swarm with them. No larger game was to be seen about there, or during our next day's march to Saguache. The game country will not be reached till we get beyond the Los Pinos Agency. There are two members of the party, at least, who are anxious to immortalize themselves by slaying a bear, but it seems as if we were likely to find larger game. Various reports, more or less unreliable, have come to us of Indian troubles in the country in which the surveying work will be carried on.

## *THE WEATHER.*

SYNOPSIS AND PROBABILITIES.

WASHINGTON, July 18—1 A. M.—The pressure continues highest along the Gulf coast. It has risen in the North-west, the Middle States, and New-England. It is lowest over the Eastern British Provinces. Occasional rains have fallen on the Gulf coast, in the Lower Missouri Valley, the Ohio Valley, the Middle States, and Northern New-England. Partly cloudy weather, with rain areas, has prevailed from the Upper Mississippi Valley to the lakes. The temperature has fallen somewhat in the North-west and lake region. The Lower Ohio River, the Cumberland at Nashville, and the Mississippi from Cairo down have continued slowly rising.

PROBABILITIES.

In the South Atlantic and Gulf States, Tennessee, and the Ohio Valley, slight changes in barometer and temperature, south-west to south-east winds, and clear or partly cloudy weather are probable, except rain areas in the last two sections.

In the upper lakes, Upper Mississippi and Lower Missouri Valleys, stationary to rising barometer, north-east to north-west winds, slightly cooler, clear or partly cloudy weather, and rain areas from Missouri to Michigan.

In the lower lakes *and Middle States, falling or stationary barometer, easterly to southerly winds, slight changes in temperature, cloudy or partly cloudy weather, and rain areas, except possibly along the coast.*

In New-England, rising followed by falling barometer, winds shifting to east or south, slightly cooler, partly cloudy weather, possibly followed at night by rain areas.

The Mississippi River will continue slowly rising from Cairo down.

IN THIS CITY.

The following record shows the changes in the temperature for the past twenty-four hours, in comparison with the corresponding date of last year, as indicated by the thermometer at Hudnut's Pharmacy:

| | 1874. | 1875. | | 1874. | 1875. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 3 A. M. | 68° | 68° | 3:30 P. M. | 83° | 87° |
| 6 A. M. | 66° | 69° | 6 P. M. | 79° | 85° |
| 9 A. M. | 72° | 79° | 9 P. M. | 76° | 79° |
| 12 M. | 76° | 85° | 12 P. M. | 74° | 74° |

Average temperature yesterday..... 78¼°
Average temperature for corresponding date last year..... 74¼°
Average temperature for corresponding week last year..... 78 3-7°
Average temperature for past week..... 75 2-7°

## *BY MAIL AND TELEGRAPH.*

Hon. W. W. Belknap and party left Omaha, Neb., for the West at 11:30 o'clock yesterday.

There was a terrific rain-storm in Omaha, Neb., on Friday night.

It has been decided to erect a monument at Halifax, N. S., to the late George Brown, the distinguished oarsman.

The labor difficulty at Chatham, New-Brunswick, continues. Neither the mill owners nor the society men will give in. Special constables have been summoned.

In the Canada Admiralty Court judgment has been given against the ship Czar for breaking the telegraph cable crossing the St. Lawrence River above Quebec.

William Bridgeman, supposed to be one of the men implicated in the recent attempted express robbery and murder at Long Point, Ill., was arrested Friday night in the Wabash Bottoms, near Oaktown, Ind.

Deputy Marshal Jerome Cross arrived at Beaver, Utah, Friday evening, with P. Klinger Smith in charge. Cross has been after him since June 25, and found him in San Bernardino County, Cal.

Gov. Gaston, of Massachusetts, has signed the death warrant of George W. Pemberton, convicted of the murder of Mrs. Bingham, in East Boston, who is to be hanged in the Suffolk County Jail on the 8th of October next.

The firm of Sewell & Co., of New-Brunswick, which had suspended payment some time ago, and whose liabilities exceeded $1,000,000, made a settlement with their creditors and will resume operations.

The Trustees of St. Andrews' Church at Hamilton, Ontario, have been empowered by the congregation to lock out Rev. Mr. Burnett, their Pastor, who has refused to enter the United Church along with them.

Nothing has yet been heard of the two gentlemen who left Chicago in a balloon on Thursday evening last. The general opinion is that they were swept into the lake by the terrific storm on Thursday night.

Col. P. B. Hunt, Supervisor of Internal Revenue, and C. W. Horton, Special Agent of the Treasury, have arrived at Louisville, Ky., and with Special Agent Wheeler will immediately commence a thorough examination into the affairs of the office there, which meanwhile has been closed.

Within the last month at least six accidents have occurred in Washington from the explosion of falsely-called non-explosive oil, several resulting in death. The latest sufferer, a woman, was yesterday lying in a critical condition. A lamp exploded while she was regulating the burner.

## THE MONMOUTH RACES.

*BRILLIANT END OF THE SUMMER MEETING.*

FIVE WELL-CONTESTED RACES AT LONG BRANCH—THE GROUNDS FILLED WITH SPECTATORS—PAROLE WINS THE AUGUST STAKES—THE ROBINS STAKES CARRIED OFF BY OZARK—THE BETTING MEN CONFOUNDED BY THE VICTORY OF LELAPS IN THE CONSOLATION HANDICAP — DEADHEAD WINS THE STEEPLECHASE HANDICAP—FRANK DURAND ON VERNANGO DEFEATS THE HOAXER IN THE GENTLEMAN'S RACE.

The Summer Meeting of the New-Jersey Jockey Club was brought to a close, yesterday, at Monmouth Park, ending, as it began, in a most successful manner. The curtain has been lowered upon the exciting scenes enacted during the last two weeks only to be raised again a month hence, when an extra meeting will cause the turfmen to gather once more. The meetings at Long Branch this year will be long and favorably remembered by those who have attended them, and the New-Jersey Jockey Club, under the Presidency of Mr. Murphy, may be congratulated upon the success which attended the reunion of the present year. The racing throughout has been of an interesting character and has given general satisfaction to the large crowds of people who have attended them. Yesterday's sport was particularly interesting, and consequently the boats of the New-Jersey Southern Railroad were thronged with excursionists from this City, while Philadelphia and the New-Jersey towns sent large delegations to swell the multitude at the course. The fashionable people who make Long Branch their home during the Summer were present in strong force, and the section of the grand stand set apart for the accommodation of the ladies was filled to repletion. Elegant equipages occupied the field near the club house, and aided in completing a picture pleasing to the eye. The weather was cool and agreeable, and the rain of Friday had laid the dust sufficiently to make the drive from the Branch to the course a journey of genuine pleasure. The programme for the day called for five events, two of which were stake races, and three of them proved disastrous to the "knowing" ones. The judges were more prompt than usual in calling the horses for the first race, which was a tame affair, but the others that followed made up for the disappointment consequent upon the easy victory of Mr. Lorillard's colts in the August Stakes. The second race was the Robbins Stake for three-year olds, two miles, which brought out Chesapeake, Ozark, and Leader as competitors. The former was a great favorite, but Ozark defeated him easily. It looked at first as if McGrath had all the great three-year-old events at his mercy, and his repeated victories began to dull the edge of the sport, but the recent triumphs of Ozark have kindled a much greater interest in future events. The third race was the Consol

inary gallop, was thoroughly satisfactory to his backers. They were started without difficulty, Chesapeake and Ozark bounding away together, and Leader two lengths behind. At the beginning of the turn Leader ran up to the others, and with Ozark the two passed Chesapeake, and led him half a length. Going round the turn Leader fell back and Chesapeake moved up to the head of Ozark, and they began the struggle in earnest. Ozark kept his head in front of Chesapeake at the quarter, while Leader was two lengths behind them. As they went along the backstretch Swim endeavored to work Chesapeake up to the head of Ozark, but the latter only increased the pace and forged further ahead, and passed the half-mile poll half a length in advance of his competitor, while Leader was hopelessly struggling six lengths in the rear. Coming round the lower turn, Chesapeake made another effort to get to Ozark, and succeeded in reaching the latter's shoulders, but could gain no more. Leader in the meantime had fallen further back, and was entirely out of the race. As they came up the homestretch it was apparent to the merest tyro that Chesapeake was beaten, for Ozark gradually drew away from him and finished the first mile in 1:51 three lengths before Chesapeake. The aspect of affairs was so favorable to Ozark that his backers were beside themselves with enthusiasm and cheered the colt lustily as he began the journey of the second mile. He kept the pace strong on the turn, and got away five lengths from Chesapeake at the quarter pole, while Swim was urging Chesapeake with whip and spur; but the colt seemed to have no speed, and could not gain an inch on his leader. Down the backstretch he got a little nearer, and Ozark led him four lengths at the half-mile pole, while Leader was struggling a hundred yards away. On the lower turn their positions remained unchanged, and the race was over, for Feeks kept Ozark at a good pace. Swim whipped Chesapeake all the way up the stretch, and the colt responded gamely, but was unable to get anywhere near Ozark, who won the race amid the greatest excitement in 3:52¼. He defeated Chesapeake by six lengths, Leader being about a hundred and fifty yards away.

SUMMARY.

SECOND RACE.—The Robbins Stakes, value $1,000, added to a sweepstakes of $50 each, play or pay, for colts and fillies, foals of 1872; the second to receive $200, and third $100, out of the stakes; thirty-seven nominations; value to winner, $2,350.

John M. Harney's br. c. Ozark, by Pat Malloy, out of imp. Sunny South, by Irish Birdcatcher. Feeks.. 1
H. P. McGrath's b. c. Chesapeake, by Lexington, out of Roxanna, by imp. Chesterfield. Swim..... 2
Thomas Puryear's br. c. Leader, by imp. Leamington, out of Jessie Dixon, by Ar ington. Holloway.. 3
Time—3:52¼.

WINNERS OF THE ROBBINS STAKES.

| Yr. | Winner. | Sire. | Weight. | Starters. | Starters. | Time. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1870 | Enquirer. | Imp. Leamington. | 100 | 25 | 3 | 3:56¼, 3:54½, 4 |
| 1871 | Salina..... | Lexington | 107 | 22 | 4 | 3:43¼, 4 |
| 1872 | Me-con..... | Asteroid... | 110 | 29 | 5 | 3:43¾ |
| 1873 | Tom Bowling..... | Lexington | 110 | 37 | 5 | 3:42½ |
| 1874 | Acrobat..... | Lexington | 110 | 31 | 4 | 3:42 |
| 1875 | Ozark..... | Pat. Malloy. | 110 | 37 | 3 | 3:52¼ |

Kingfisher won first heat in 1870. Before 1872 the race was two-mile heats.

THE CONSOLATION HANDICAP.

The excitement consequent upon the struggle for the great stake having subsided, the pool stand was surrounded by an eager throng trying to get back some of the money lost on the favorite. The race to be decided was the Consolation Handicap for beaten horses, one mile and a half, which had three entries, viz.: J. S. Cattanach's b. c. Lelaps, 3 years, 82 pounds; A. B. Lewis & Co.'s b. f. Vandali e, 4 years, 103 pounds, and John Coffee's br. h. F. Carver, 5 years, 100 pounds. Vandalite had been the favorite nearly two to one over the field on Friday night, but on the track Carver suddenly usurped the first place, while Lelaps was thought little of. The knowing ones, however, received their second lesson of the uncertainty of racing, for Lelaps captured the event, and the outsiders reaped a rich harvest. The following quotations will give an idea of the slaughter:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| E. F. Carver..... | $900 | $450 | $1,150 |
| Vandalite..... | 350 | 500 | 500 |
| Lelaps..... | 140 | 130 | 210 |
| Total..... | $1,090 | $880 | $1,860 |

The distance being a mile and a half, they were started from the half-mile pole. The starter gave them a wretched send off. Vandalite and Lelaps were away together, and Carver was almost five lengths behind them. He had to run very fast to make up this gap, and in the lower turn succeeded in reaching the head of Lelaps, but Vandalite was two lengths before them at this time, and was evidently to make the pace. She remained in the lead as they turned to come up the homestretch. Before reaching the furlong pole, Lelaps had cut loose from Carver, and closed a little on Vandalite. When they passed the judges' stand, Vandalite was cutting out the work a length and a half before Lelaps, who was showing his tail to Carver. On going round the turn, Carver moved up to the saddle-girth of Lelaps and the pair in that position closed upon Vandalite, who let them a length at the quarter-pole. When they ran down the backstretch the struggle became very interesting. Lelaps closed and was lapping Vandalite's quarter, and Carver followed him up at the saddle-girth. When they neared the half-mile pole Lelaps and Carver gained another point on Vandalite, and when they passed that position the filly was showing only her neck before Lelaps, who was still leading Carver half a length. As they came round the bend turn the struggle was intensely exciting and the spectators jumped to their feet to catch a better view of the horses, three of them being on even terms. When they went toward the three-quarter pole, however, Lelaps shot to the front of his competitors, and then Vandalite dropped back, unable to maintain the pace. Lelaps turned into the homestretch a length before Carver, and Vandalite was nearly two lengths behind. Once into the straight work Carver made his final effort and closed up to the quarter of Lelaps, but the latter never faltered, and maintained the pace courageously, while Carver began to weaken. Hughes used his whip with vigor, but Carver did not respond sufficiently to reach the head of Lelaps, who won the race by half a length, creating a great sensation, and playing sad havoc among the knowing ones. Vandalite was six lengths behind. The time, 1:47¾.

SUMMARY.

THIRD RACE.—Consolation Handicap, purse $400, for beaten horses, all ages (winners excluded); to close and name by 4 o'clock P. M. on the day preceding the race, and acceptances to be made to the Secretary at 8 o'clock P. M.; one mile and a half.

J. S. Cattanach's b. c. Lelaps, 3 years, by imp. Leamington, out of imp. Pussy, by Diaphantus, 82 pounds. Scott..... 1
John Coffee's br. c. F. Carver, 5 years, by Lightning, out of La Victime, by Balshazzar, 100 pounds. Hughes..... 2
A. B. Lewis & Co.'s b. f. Vandalite, 4 years, by Vandal, out of Vesperlight, by Childe Harold, 103 pounds. Houston..... 3
Time—2:47¾.

THE STEEPLE CHASE.

The next event on the card was a steeple chase handicap over the usual course, for which there were eight entries, and the following seven starters, viz.: John Griffins b. g. Vesuvius, aged; Joseph Donahue's b. g. Deadhead, 4 years, and b. h. Stanford, 5 years; D. J. Baumtree's b. h. Audubon, 5 years; A. H. Torrence's b. h. Moonstone, 6 years; J. S. Cattanach's ch. h. Meteor, 6 years, and F. T. Bruce's b. g. Warrior, 4 years. Of this lot, Donahue's pair were the favorites, and Moonstone was a good second choice, the betting being at the following figures:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Deadhead. } Stanford. } | $200 | $220 |
| Moonstone..... | 150 | 200 |
| Meteor..... | 85 | 100 |
| Audubon..... | 50 | 65 |
| Vesuvius..... | 30 | 55 |
| Warrior..... | 25 | 30 |
| Total..... | $515 | $670 |

The horses were started in the field behind the timer's stand, and after one false attempt they were sent on their journey. All of them got away well with the exception of Meteor, who was last. They crossed the field toward the backstretch, and the mud wall in the centre of the field was taken first by Stanford, followed by Vesuvius and Warrior. They then made a curve to the left, and the second obstacle was a hurdle, which Stanford jumped, four lengths ahead of Vesuvius, who was two lengths before Warrior, the latter being three lengths in front of Audubon, while Deadhead and Meteor brought up the rear. They jumped the next obstacle, which was a brush fence, in the same order, but after this a change occurred. Warrior came up and took the second position, while Vesuvius ran to the head of Moonstone. In this order they jumped over the rails in the vicinity of the three-quarter pole and came to the stone wall this side of the furlong pole, and near the homestretch Warrior was closing rapidly on Stanford, while Moonstone had shaken off Vesuvius and was several lengths before him. Stanford was over the wall first, a length and a half in front of Warrior, who landed safely two lengths ahead of Moonstone, who was four lengths in advance of Vesuvius and Audubon, the latter closing up. They now came to the water jump in front of the grand stand, and Stanford leaped it safely, a length before Moonstone. Warrior refused it and Vesuvius did likewise. Meteor and Deadhead then came up from the rear and made clean jumps, emitting considerable applause from the spectators. As they went to the stone wall in front of the club-house on the turn, Moonstone ran past Stanford and assumed the lead, Stanford in the second place, six lengths before Audubon, Meteor fourth, and Deadhead fifth. They made a curve to the left, following the lines of the track, and jumped a hurdle near the quarter pole in the same positions. They now came to a wall, which Moonstone jumped, two lengths in advance of Stanford, who was six lengths ahead of Audubon, the being three lengths away from Deadhead and Meteor, who were head and head. They ran to the rails again near the lower turn, and here Stanford ran to the front again, while Deadhead parted company with Meteor, rushed past Audubon and Moonstone and ran second to his stable companion. When they came to the stone wall again near the furlong pole, Moonstone repassed Deadhead and leaped the wall, with Stanford two lengths before Deadhead and Audubon fourth and close up. The next jump was at the water again, in front of the judges' stand, and Moonstone was the first over, Stanford second, Deadhead third, and Meteor fourth, while Audubon refused it until he was forced over by sticks in the hands of some of the spectators. There were now only four horses in the race. In going to the wall in the centre of the field Stanford again went to the front, and was over a length ahead of Moonstone, who was three lengths before Deadhead, with Meteor fourth. They here made a curve to the right, coming over the wall in front of the club-house, and finally returned to the wall in the centre of the field and entered the track on the backstretch, Stanford being three lengths before Deadhead. Meantime, Audubon had been got over the water and ran to the rails by the quarter pole. As he was jumping over them Lee, his jockey, was seen to fall, and the horse ran away riderless. It was discovered afterward that Lee had been taken with a fit while the horse was in the act of jumping. He was carried to the club-house and cared for. The other horses continued on their journey without accident, and at the half-mile pole Stanford was still leading, while Deadhead came to the second place, Moonstone beginning to show the white feather and getting the whip. On the lower turn Donahue's pair opened a great gap, and finally Deadhead took the lead from his stable companion, and won, by three lengths, in 5:54¼. Stanford second, about fifty yards before Meteor, who beat Moonstone a length. Warrior did not go the course and Vesuvius walked in a mile behind, his jockey dismounting before reaching the judges.

SUMMARY.

FOURTH RACE.—Steeple-chase handicap, for all ages; about three miles, over a fair hunting course; purse, $600; $360 to first, $75 to second, and $25 to third horse; to name and close at 4 o'clock P. M., July 15; weights to be announced on the morning of the 16th, and acceptances to be made at the course at 4 o'clock P. M.

James Donahue's br. g. Deadhead, 4 years, by Julius, out of Leisure, by Red Eye, 151 pounds. Nolan..... 1
James Donahue's b. h. Stanford, 5 years, by Bay Dick, dam, by imp. Scythian, 154 pounds. Mcnay..... 2
J. S. Cattanach's ch. h. Meteor, 4 years, by Asteroid, out of Maria Tunis, by Yorkshire, 142 pounds. Little..... 3
A. H. Torrence's b. h. Moonstone, 6 years, by Asteroid, out of Alabama, by Brown Dick, 155 pounds. Murphy..... 4
John Griffin's b. g. Vesuvius, aged, by Vandyke, out of Lizzie Berry, by Lexington, 140 pounds. Slattery..... 0
D. J. Bannatyne's b. h. Audubon, 5 years, by imp. Australian, out of Heiress, by imp. Scythian, 145 pounds. Lee..... 0
F. T. Bruce's b. g. Warrior, 4 years, by War Dance, out of Casthanira, by imp. Yorkshire, 135 pounds. Richardson..... 0
Ayres & Sutcliffe's b. g. Diavolo, 5 years, by Jonesboro, out of Ninette, by Revenue..... dr.
Time—5:54¼.

THE GENTLEMAN'S RACE.

The meeting closed with a match of a mile between Messrs. Dion Boucicault, Jr., and Frank Durand, who respectively rode The Haaxer and Vernango. The Haaxer was the favorite, the betting being as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Haaxer..... | $360 | $100 | $400 |
| Vernango..... | 300 | 105 | 300 |

Vernango was somewhat fractious, and there were two false attempts. Finally Vernango got a flying start, and had two lengths the best of it. At the quarter-pole she led the Haaxer two lengths, and length at the half. On the lower turn The Haaxer closed, but Vernango ran him out very wide on turning into the homestretch. Both whipped vigorously coming home, and Mr. Durand rode very foul, crossing his competitor on nearing the stand. Vernango won the race by two lengths, the judges not deeming punishment necessary, and so Mr. Boucicault lost the match.

SUMMARY.

FIFTH RACE.—Mile dash; gentlemen riders.

Frank Durand's b. f. Vernango, 3 years, by Vandal, out of Woodblue, by Lexington. 140 pounds..... 1
Dion Boucicault, Jr.'s b. c. The Haaxer, 4 years, by War Dance, out of Lass of Sydney, by imp. Knight of St. George. 140 pounds..... 2
Time—1:56½.

THE WINNING SIRES OF THE MEETING.

BY IMPORTED AUSTRALIAN.

| | |
|---|---|
| Ascension, two races..... | $4,150 |
| Wild Idle, one race..... | 1,500 |
| Rutherford, one race..... | 1,000 |
| Mate, one race..... | 910 |
| Total..... | $7,560 |

BY TIPPERARY.

| | |
|---|---|
| Calvin, one race..... | $3,850 |
| Aaron Pennington, one race..... | 1,900 |
| Total..... | $5,750 |

BY IMP. LEAMINGTON.

| | |
|---|---|
| Parole, two races..... | $2,400 |
| Faithless, one race..... | 1,450 |
| Bob Woolley, one race..... | 500 |
| Lelaps, one race..... | 400 |
| Total..... | $4,750 |

BY PAT MALLOY.

| | |
|---|---|
| Ozark, two races..... | $3,000 |

BY NARRAGANSETT.

| | |
|---|---|
| Pastor, one race..... | $1,750 |

BY GILROY.

| | |
|---|---|
| Grinstead, two races..... | $2,100 |

BY WAR DANCE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bigfellow, two races..... | $1,300 |
| The Haaxer, one race, (match)..... | .... |

BY LEXINGTON.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bay Final, one race..... | $1,300 |

BY JULIUS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Deadhead, two races..... | $950 |

BY ULVERSTON.

| | |
|---|---|
| Trouble, two races..... | $750 |

BY ENQUIRER.

| | |
|---|---|
| Searcher, two races..... | $600 |

BY LIGHTNING.

| | |
|---|---|
| Erastus Corning, one race..... | $400 |

BY IMP. BONNIE SCOTLAND.

| | |
|---|---|
| Spindrift, one race..... | $400 |

BY JONESBORO.

| | |
|---|---|
| Diavolo, one race..... | $400 |

BY KENTUCKY.

| | |
|---|---|
| Scratch, one race..... | $300 |

BY REVOLVER.

| | |
|---|---|
| Risk, one race, (match)..... | $250 |

BY VANDAL.

| | |
|---|---|
| Vernango, one race, (match)..... | .... |

THE WINNING STABLES.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H. P. McGrath..... | $6,750 | John Coffee..... | $264 |
| Puryear & Co..... | 5,250 | W. Jennings..... | 260 |
| John M. Harney..... | 5,000 | A. Belmont..... | 250 |
| W. Astley Hill..... | 4,200 | John C. Chamberlin.. | 150 |
| F. Lorillard..... | 4,200 | J. A. Grinstead..... | 140 |
| Robinson & Morgan. | 2,819 | George Longstaff..... | 120 |
| M. H. Sanford..... | 2,510 | E. A. Clabaugh..... | 100 |
| Joseph Donahue..... | 2,385 | Lawrence & Lorillard.. | 100 |
| M. & P. Taylor..... | 1,734 | A. Taylor..... | 100 |
| A. H. Torrence..... | 825 | L. A. Hitchcock..... | 100 |
| Ayres & Sutcliffe..... | 825 | R. Cathcart..... | 80 |
| J. S. Cattanach..... | 500 | R. W. Cameron..... | 50 |
| A. B. Lewis & Co..... | 270 | J. H. Davis..... | 30 |

SALE OF MR. CHAMBERLIN'S STOCK.

Immediately after the races four horses belonging to John F. Chamberlin were sold at auction, and brought the following prices: The Haaxer, 4 years, by War Dance, out of Lass of Sydney, bought by A. H. Cridge, New-York, $225; Scramble, ch. f., 3 years, by Star Davis, out of Skedaddle, R. Shea, Boston, $250; Gath, b. c., 2 years, by Planet, out of Bay Flower, T. J. Walsh, Kentucky, $210; Ione, b. f., 2 years, by Pat Malloy, out of Kate Florence, R. T. Davis, Missouri, $150.

## BASE-BALL.

THE MUTUALS BEATEN BY THE ST. LOUIS CLUB ON THE UNION GROUNDS—GAMES ON THE CAPITOLINE GROUNDS—GAMES TO BE PLAYED THIS WEEK.

The St. Louis (Brown Stockings) Club played their last game here, for the present, on the Union Grounds yesterday afternoon, in the presence of about 3,000 spectators. The game was with the Mutual Club, of this City, and is the sixth of the championship series between them, all of which have been won by the St. Louis Club. The game was called at 4 P. M., and the Mutuals went first to the bat. The playing on their side was poor, and did not do justice to their usual fine abilities. No runs were made by them, except in the first and ninth innings. On the St. Louis side the playing was very good, except that of Pearce, who made several bad errors. The game was won by the St. Louis Club by a score of 10 to 4 in their favor.

INNINGS.

| | 1st. | 2d. | 3d. | 4th. | 5th. | 6th. | 7th. | 8th. | 9th. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mutual..... | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3— | 4 |
| St. Louis..... | 0 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 0— | 10 |

Umpire—Mr. William McLean, of Philadelphia.
Time of game—Two hours and fifteen minutes.
First base by error—Mutual, 4; St. Louis, 11.
Runs earned—Mutual, 2; St. Louis, 2.

On the Capitoline Grounds, yesterday afternoon, a game was played between the Seneca Club, of Brooklyn, and the Produce Exchange Club, of this City. The fielding was quite good on both sides, and the Produce Exchange did the best batting. The game was won by the Produce Exchange Club by a score of 10 to 7.

A game was also played on the Capitoline Grounds yesterday afternoon between the Madison and Irving Clubs, both of Brooklyn. Some good batting was done by them, but the fielding was very poor on both sides. The game was won by the Madison Club by a score of 29 to 13.

The Pastime and Anchor Clubs, both of Brooklyn, also played a game on the Capitoline Grounds yesterday afternoon. It was won by the latter club by a score of 20 to 25.

On the Union Grounds, in Brooklyn, E. D., the programme of games for this week is as interesting as that of last week. There is to be a professional game every day. They have been arranged as follows: Monday, Philadelphia and Mutual; Tuesday, Philadelphia and Atlantic; Wednesday, Philadelphia and Mutual; Thursday, Philadelphia and Atlantic; Friday, Chicago and Mutual; Saturday, Chicago and Atlantic.

## STEAMER ARRIVAL.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 17.—The Pacific Mail Steamer Salvador, from Panama and way ports, arrived to-day.

# "TRISTAN AND ISOLDE."

## HOW THE WAGNER OPERA THRIVES IN GERMANY.

A WEIMAR PERFORMANCE—THE STORY TO THE MUSIC—STORMY OUTBREAKS OF PENT-UP ENTHUSIASM—A DISTINGUISHED AUDIENCE.

A correspondent of the London *Times* writes from Weimar to that journal, on June 26, as follows:

Now that Wagner's most popular opera has been given both at Her Majesty's and at Covent Garden, and that the English musical public, if not converted to the theories put forward by the great German composer, has at least shown a very unmistakable interest in his music, a description of the performance here last week of "Tristan and Isolde"—a work which has hitherto been performed only at Munich and Weimar—may not be unwelcome. Weimar, a quiet, unpretending residency town, of some 16,000 inhabitants, has many artistic associations, both past and present, which cannot fail to interest the passing traveler. For more than half a century it was the home of all that is brightest in Germany's literature—Schiller, Goethe, Wieland, and Herder all lived here, and at every turn and corner one finds some recollection, some memento of those great names. The town, too, has long been renowned for the energy with which it has thrown itself, heart and soul, into the study of Wagner's music. Liszt, one of the greatest supporters of the new school, and a friend of Wagner, was formerly Capellmeister here, and though he has resigned that post, he still passes his Summers in a house, the "Hof-gärtnerei," just outside the town, which has been put at his disposition by the Grand Duke. Ably seconded by his successor in office, Herr E. Lassen, he has been enabled to plant the "music of the future" more firmly in Weimar than perhaps anywhere else in North Germany.

The libretto of "Tristan" was written by Wagner in 1857, when in his forty-fifth year; he composed the music shortly afterward at Venice. The composer explains that it was the desire to produce something which, by reason of its less ambitious proportions, would enable him to hear once more a production of his own, that induced him to pause in the elaboration of "Die Nibelungen" and turn his attention for a time to a shorter work—"a wish which the encouraging reception in Germany of older works seemed to place within my grasp."

The story of Tristan and Isolde—one of the most wide-spread of the Keltic Sagas—is found in full in the poem of Gottfried von Strasburg, ("Meister Gottfried" as he is usually designated,) the contemporary of Wagner's other heroes, Wolfram and Walther von der Vogelweide, who lived about the beginning of the thirteenth century. Gottfried was, next to Wolfram, the greatest epic writer of the Middle Ages. A deep perception of the beautiful, a thorough mastery of the human character, a clear and easy diction are the marked characteristics of his writings. None has drawn so vividly as he the daily life of the Knights of old—how they lived, and fought, and loved, and died.

As in Wolfram's "Parcival," Gottfried opens his poem with the history of the hero's parents—Riwalein, King of Parmenis, and Blanchefleur, sister of King Marke of Cornwall—of their loves and adventures, of Tristan's birth, and his parents' death; how he was subsequently captured when but fourteen years old by Norwegian pirates, who, frightened by a storm, landed the child on the Cornish coast, and how his kinship with King Marke was eventually discovered. Of all this, however, there is no mention in the opera. Tristan had been living some years at the court of his uncle, King Marke, when the country was thrown into consternation by the arrival of Morold, brother-in-law of Gurman, King of Ireland, who demanded that thirty noble boys, chosen by lot, should be given over to him as a tribute to the Suzerain Irish Court. Tristan offers to fight the mighty Irishman in single combat, and though severely wounded is enabled by the help of "Gott, Recät, und hoher Muth," to slay Morold, and release his countrymen from that dreaded obligation. All Cornwall, however, cannot find the antidote to heal the poisoned wound. This is only known to Morold's sister, the Queen of Ireland, and, in despair, Tristan determines at last to run the risk and seek a cure at the hands of his victim's sister. The Queen takes pity on the lone stranger, who arrives at her court in disguise, and not only undertakes to heal his wound, but intrusts to his care the education of the beautiful Isolde. He succeeds in his task, and becomes so beloved at the Irish Court that it is with difficulty he is allowed to depart and revisit once more his boyhood's home. On his arrival in Cornwall he finds the chieftains urging King Marke to take to himself a wife. Tristan, remembering his late pupil, the loveliest maiden of her age, begs of his uncle to allow him to return to Ireland and make her, in the King's name, an offer of marriage. Marke, after much hesitation, at last consents, and Tristan sets sail again to Ireland. Soon after his arrival an accident reveals to Isolde that her former tutor is none other than the slayer of her uncle, Morold. Tristan upon this admits the truth, and reveals the real object of his mission. In spite of the girl's repugnance to the match the Cornwallis ruleden König, her parents consent, and Isolde leaves for her new home, in despair at her fate and indignant with Tristan, to whom she attributes all her misfortunes. We now approach the catastrophe of the poem. Forgetful of their former antagonism, Tristan and Isolde give themselves up to the most passionate love, brought about by the all-powerful influence of the Minnetrank, or love-potion—an elixir which makes them the victims of an inevitable fatality.

Act I. of the opera opens, on board ship, with the journey of the bride to Cornwall. *Isolde*, first bemoaning her fate, relates the above story to her attendant *Brangäne*, and then, vividly upbraiding Tristan for his cruel conduct, invites him to join with her in drinking a death-potion. *Brangäne* hands them instead the Minnetrank, which immediately works its effect, and the last scene of the act depicts the despair of the lovers at their separation when *King Marke* arrives on board to lead away his bride to her future home.

In the following act the scene is laid in the garden of *King Marke's* castle; the marriage ceremony has been performed, and *Isolde* is Queen of Cornwall. *Marke*, a prey to suspicions, but yet too devoted to accuse his wife, starts off on a hunting party, attended by all his Court, and the lovers arrange a meeting that very night in the garden. Their woos love-scene follows; the pair, blinded by the delirium of passion, are heedless of all the risk they run. In spite of *Brangäne's* oft-repeated warnings they linger on, unconscious of all save their loves and sorrows, and are rudely awakened by the entry of *King Marke* at break of day. Urged on by *Melot*, a jealous courtier, *King Marke* has returned earlier than expected, and discovers but too plainly the treachery of the one and the infidelity of the other. *Tristan* leaves the Court of his uncle branded as a traitor, a disgraced and ruined man.

In the third and last act the scene is laid in the garden of *Tristan's* castle, on the coast of Brittany. As the curtain rises, *Tristan* is seen, extended on a couch, sleeping, as it were, the sleep of death, and attended by the faithful *Kurwenal*, who in all his wanderings has never left his master's side. A shepherd stands on the lookout awaiting the first sign of a sail from Cornwall, to bring the glad tidings to his suffering lord. *Tristan* gradually recovers consciousness, and realizes his fate as the possible expectation momentarily increases; in vain does *Kurwenal* constantly ask news of the herdsman, and scan the horizon himself from time to time, in search of the expected sail. At last, after a painful period of suspense, a ship is seen bearing down from the north. She enters the port, and *Isolde* is seen standing on the deck. *Tristran*, in an agony of impatience, raises himself from his bed of sickness and totters toward the castle gate; but the effort and excitement are too much for him, he sinks down in a swoon, and he has but strength to murmur once more the beloved name *Isolde*, to fall into her arms and die. The despair and grief of the unhappy *Queen* at this terrible blow is interrupted by the arrival of a second ship, with *King Marke*, *Melot*, and *Brangäne* on board. The last has in the meantime explained to the *King* how he and *Isolde* had been the cause of all this wounds, and when another officer raps for assistance, the dog makes haste with all speed to the spot and commences to bark. Should any of the officers have occasion to give chase after any one, the dog marks out the man, and catching him by the pantaloons detains him by worrying until the arrival of the officers. A short time since the officers succeeded in capturing a prisoner that without the assistance of the dog would have escaped. The dog can discern intoxicated persons from others, and should he meet with such a case on his own perambulations he keeps up a howl until an officer arrives. The Police always make it a point to go to the spot where the dog is barking, and they are never foiled. The most singular feature of the dog's life is that he will not accompany Officer Mitchell in daylight when dressed in citizens' clothes. He sleeps in daytime and is always on duty at night with the officer, who prizes him highly."

## A DOG ON THE POLICE FORCE.

There is a dog in Allegheny, Penn., owned by Officer Mitchell of the night Police force, concerning which the Pittsburg *Telegraph* speaks thus: "He is a common-looking, medium-sized, jet-black dog. Mitchell came in possession of him one bleak Winter night last season when the dog was shivering on the street in a starving condition. He was taken home and provided for, and ever since he has proved a valuable addition to the Police force by assisting the officer in the discharge of his duties. He follows the officer unceasingly on all his rounds, and when another officer raps for assistance, the dog makes haste with all speed to the spot and commences to bark. Should any of the officers have occasion to give chase after any one, the dog marks out the man, and catching him by the pantaloons detains him by worrying until the arrival of the officers. A short time since the officers succeeded in capturing a prisoner that without the assistance of the dog would have escaped. The dog can discern intoxicated persons from others, and should he meet with such a case on his own perambulations he keeps up a howl until an officer arrives. The Police always make it a point to go to the spot where the dog is barking, and they are never foiled. The most singular feature of the dog's life is that he will not accompany Officer Mitchell in daylight when dressed in citizens' clothes. He sleeps in daytime and is always on duty at night with the officer, who prizes him highly."

## DEATH ON THE LAST OF THE BABY QUARTET.

Katie, the last survivor of the quartet of Hahn babies, who were born on the 16th of February last, in Baltimore, died on Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock, of whooping cough, aged just five months. Her sisters, Mary, Jennie, and Sarah died of catarrh when about one month old. After the death of those three the remaining one, Katie, grew finely, and her parents had hoped that she would be raised. The Hahn quartet were the sensation during their short existence, and interest in their welfare was manifested in different sections of the country.

# LAW REPORTS.

## THE FALL RIVER ELOPEMENT.

ALLEN SUES OUT A WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS TO OBTAIN POSSESSION OF HIS VICTIM FROM HER PARENTS—THE WRIT DISMISSED AND THE MAN ARRESTED.

Effie Thurston, the young girl who, it was charged, had been enticed here from Fall River, Mass., by one George J. Allen, was produced in Supreme Court, Chambers, before Judge Barrett, yesterday. The girl was in the custody of her father, mother, and brother, and the writ had been sued out at the instance of Allen, who sought to have the girl released from the restraint of her friends. The proceedings seemed to present considerable attraction to the public, for a large crowd collected in the court-room and awaited the result of the proceedings. Mr. Charles S. Spencer, who appeared for the girl's parents, read to the court a return on their behalf, sworn to by the mother, and setting forth that her daughter was a minor of only seventeen years of age; that she had been seduced by Allen, who enticed her to this City, and that Allen is a married man.

Mr. Howe, on the part of the petitioner, said this return took him by surprise. If true, he would not only not urge that the girl be taken from the custody of her parents, but would protest against it. As he was instructed, this girl was in love with this man; that she came here voluntarily, and if she desired to remain in the State of New-York she should have the right to do. Moreover, he was informed that the girl was older than represented, and he desired to traverse the return on these points.

Mr. Spencer said he had witnesses from Fall River in court, ready to prove in ten minutes every word contained in the petition, and he hoped the matter would be disposed of at once, and the girl be permitted to return home with her parents that evening.

Judge Barrett said he would allow half an hour in which to prepare the traverse. At the expiration of that time Allen's counsel submitted a traverse on his behalf, in which he admitted he had been married, but said he had never lived with his wife since their marriage, and that he was not seeking the society of this girl now for any improper purpose. Witnesses were then produced on behalf of the girl's parents, and in opposition to the petition. The mother testified that her daughter was born in 1858, and was therefore, only seventeen years of age. Mr. J. J. Hathaway, a lawyer of Fall River, testified that he was counsel for Allen when he was forced to marry his wife, and that he was lawfully married by a Justice of the Peace.

Judge Barrett then had a consultation with the girl, and at its conclusion announced that he had no doubt of his duty in the case, either legally or morally. He had conversed with the girl and she evidently was infatuated with this man Allen, but he had succeeded in convincing her that her duty and interests required her to return home with her parents, and she was willing to do so. The court would therefore dismiss the writ, and leave the girl to return with her parents. In thus disposing of the case Judge Barrett added he was compelled to characterize the conduct of the petitioner in his attempt to use the courts of this State to get custody of a girl he had seduced, as the most reprehensible and audacious that had ever come to his knowledge. General applause greeted this decision, which was promptly suppressed by the court.

During the proceedings an officer from head-quarters arrested Allen on a warrant from Massachusetts, charging him with adultery, and after the Judge's decision the girl left with her parents, while her father's bar-keeper departed for Police head-quarters, there to await a requisition.

## UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.

COMMON CARRIERS—SPECIAL CONTRACTS AGAINST LIABILITY—PUBLIC POLICY.

No. 115.—*The Southern Express Company, plaintiff in error, vs. Robert D. Caldwell.*—In error to the Circuit Court for the Western District of Tennessee.

Mr. Justice Strong delivered the opinion of the Court.

The defendants in the court below, having been sued as common carriers for their failure to deliver at New-Orleans a package received by them on the 23d day of April, 1862, at Jackson, Tenn., pleaded that when the package was received, "it was agreed between them and the plaintiff, and made one of the express conditions upon which the package was received, that they should not be held liable for any loss of, or damage to, the package whatever, unless claim should be made therefor within ninety days from its delivery to them." The plea further averred that no claim was made upon the defendants, or upon any of their agents, until the year 1868, more than ninety days after the delivery of the package to them, and not until the present suit was brought. To the plea thus made the plaintiff demurred generally, and the court sustained the demurrer, giving judgment thereon against the defendant. Whether the judgment was correct, is the only question presented by the record which we can consider. Notwithstanding the great rigor with which the courts of law have always enforced the obligations assumed by common carriers, and notwithstanding the reluctance with which modifications of that responsibility, imposed upon them by public policy, have been allowed, it is undoubtedly true that special contracts with their employers limiting their liability are recognized as valid if in the judgment of the courts they are just and reasonable—if they are not in conflict with sound legal policy. The contract of a common carrier ordinarily is an assumption by him of the exact duty which the law affixes to the relation into which he enters when he undertakes to carry; that relation the law regards as substantially one of insurance against loss or damage except such as results from what is denominated the act of God, or of the public enemy. But the severe operation of such a rule in some cases has led to a relaxation of its stringency when the consignor and carrier agree to such a relaxation. All the modern authorities concur in holding that to a certain extent the carrier's liability exactly by the common law originally may be limited by express contract. The difficulty is in determining to what extent, and here the authorities differ. Certainly it ought not to be admitted that a common carrier can be relieved from the full measure of that responsibility which ordinarily attends the occupation without a clear and express stipulation to that effect, obtained by him from his employer, and even when such a stipulation has been obtained the court must be able to see that it is not unreasonable. Common carriers do not deal with their employers on equal terms. There is, in a very important sense, a necessity that their employment, many of them are corporations chartered for the promotion of the public convenience; they have possession of the railroads, canals, and means of transportation on the rivers; they can and they do carry at much cheaper rates than those which private carriers must necessarily demand; they have on all important routes supplanted private carriers. In fact, they are without competition except as between themselves, and that they are thus is in most cases a consequence of advantages obtained from the public. It is, therefore, just that they are not allowed to take advantage of their powers, and of the necessities of the public to exact exemptions from that measure of duty which public policy demands. But that which was public policy a hundred years ago has undergone changes in the progress of material and social civilization. There is less danger than there was of collision with highwaymen. Intelligence is more rapidly diffused. It is more easy to trace consignment that is lost. It is more difficult to conceal a fraud. And, what is of equal importance, the business of common carriers has been immensely increased and subdivided. The carrier who receives goods is very often not the one who is expected to deliver them to the ultimate consignee. He is but one link of the chain; thus his hazard is greatly increased. His employers demand that he shall be held responsible, not merely for his own acts and omissions and those of his agents, but for those of other carriers whom he necessarily employs for completing the transit of the goods. Hence, as we have said, it is now the settled law that the responsibility of a common carrier may be limited by an express agreement made with his employer at the time of his accepting the goods for transportation, provided the limitation be such as the law can recognize as reasonable and not inconsistent with sound public policy. This subject has been so fully considered of late in this court that it is needless to review the authorities at large. In York Company vs. The Central Railroad Company, (3 Wallace, 107,) it is rated that the common law liability of a common carrier may be limited and qualified by special contract with the owner, provided such special contract do not attempt to cover losses by negligence or misconduct. And in a still later case, (Railroad Company vs. Lockwood, 17 Wall., 357,) where the decisions are extensively reviewed, the same doctrine is asserted. The latter case, it is true, involved mainly an inquiry into the reasonableness of an exception stipulated for, but it unanimously accepted the rule asserted in the first-mentioned case. The question, then, which is presented to us by this record is, whether the stipulation asserted in the defendant's plea is a reasonable one, not inconsistent with sound public policy. It may be remarked, in the first place, that the stipulation is not a conventional limitation of the right of the carriers employed to sue. He is left at liberty to sue at any time within the period fixed by the statute of limitations. He is only required to make his claim within ninety days, in season to enable the carrier to ascertain what the facts are, and having made his claim he may delay his suit. It may also be remarked that the contract is not a stipulation for exemption from responsibility for the defendant's negligence or for that of their servants. It is freely conceded that had it been such it would have been against the policy of the law and inoperative. Such was our opinion in Railroad Company vs. Lockwood. A common carrier is always responsible for his negligence, no matter what his stipulations may be. But an agreement that in case of failure by the carrier to deliver the goods a claim shall be made by the bailor or by the consignee, within a specified period, if that period be a reasonable one, is altogether of a different character. It contravenes no public policy. It excuses no negligence. It is perfectly consistent with holding the carrier to the fullest measure of good faith, of diligence, and of capacity which the strictest rule of common law ever required. And it is intrinsically just as applied to the present case. The defendants are an express company. We cannot close our eyes to the nature of their business. They carry small parcels, easily lost or mislaid, and not easily traced. They carry them in great numbers. Express companies are modern conveniences, and notoriously they are very largely employed. They may carry, they often do carry, hundreds, even thousands of packages daily. If one be lost, or alleged to be lost, the difficul

# CURRENT LITERATURE.

## *HOSPITAL OUTLINES.*

THE WARD.

Four long brown walls—a waste of plaster, bare
Save in some ragged prints; a glowing grate;
A flooring half of boards, half flagged with slate;
A crowd of bottles; space and light and air;

A lean gas-pipe; a table slim and spare,
With bandages and lint; seven truckle-beds,
Above which coarse red rugs the horrent heads
Of seven pale poor devils turn and stare.

Some read; some knit; some sit up wearily,
Resting their arms upon their crooked knees;
Some sleep: more laughter comes from these than moan.

This is a ward in hospital. You see
The field where Science battles with Disease,
And Hope—sweet Hope—succumbs to Death alone.

A SURGEON.

His brow spreads large and quiet, and his eye
Is deep and bright, with steady looks that still;
Soft lines of tranquil thought his face fulfill;
His face at once benign, and proud, and shy.

If envy scout, if ignorance decry,
His faultless patience, his unyielding will,
Beautiful gentleness and splendid skill,
Innumerable gratitudes reply.

His wise, rare smile is sweet with certainties,
And seems in all his patients to compel
A love and faith that failure cannot quell.
They hold him for another Herakles,
Warring with Custom, Prejudice, Disease,
As once the son of Zeus with Death and Hell.

A VISITOR.

Her little face is like a walnut shell
With wrinkling lines: her soft white hair adorns
Her either brow in quaint straight curls, like horns.
And all about her clings an old sweet smell.

She wears prim stuffs and puritanic shawls.
Her bonnets might have well been born on her.
Can you conceive a fairy godmother
Dev ted to conventicles and calls?

In snow or shine, from bed to bed she runs,
Her mittened hands that always give, or pray,
Bearing a sheaf of tracts, a bag of buns:

All twinkling smiles and texts and pious tales.
A wee old maid that sweeps the Bridegroom's way,
Strong in a cheerful trust that never fails.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

# *THE HAND OF ETHELBERTA.*

BY THOMAS HARDY.

*Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," "A Pair of Blue Eyes," &c.*

## CHAPTER VII.

THE DINING-ROOM OF A TOWN HOUSE—THE BUTLER'S PANTRY.

*[Continued.]*

In the basement story at this hour Mr. Chickerel, the butler, who had formed the subject of discussion on the floor above, was busily engaged in looking after his two subordinates as they bustled about in the operations of clearing away. He was a man of whom, if the shape of certain bones and muscles of the face is ever to be taken as a guide to the character, one might safely have predicted conscientiousness in the performance of duties, a thorough knowledge of all that appertained to them, and a general desire to live on without troubling his mind about anything which did not concern him. Any person interested in the matter would have assumed without hesitation that the estimate his employer had given of Chickerel was a true one—more, that not only would the butler under all ordinary circumstances resolutely prevent his face from showing curiosity in an unbecoming way, but that, with the soul of a true gentleman, he would, if necessary, equivocate as readily as the noblest of his betters to remove any stain upon his honor in such trifles. So it is apparent that if Chickerel's countenance really appeared, as Neigh had asserted, full of curiosity with regard to the gossip that was going on, the feelings which led to the exhibition must have been of a very unusual and irrepressible kind.

His hair was of that peculiar bluish white which is observed when the oncoming years, instead of singling out special locks of a man's head for operating against, advance uniformly over the whole field, and enfeeble the color at all points before absolutely extinguishing it anywhere; his nose was of the knotty shape in the gristle and earthward tendency in the flesh which is commonly said to carry sound judgment above it; his eyes were thoughtful, and his face was thin—a contour which, if it at once abstracted from his features that cheerful assurance of singleminded honesty which adorns the exteriors of so many of his brethren, might have raised a presumption in the minds of some beholders that perhaps in this case the quality might not be altogether wanting within.

The coffee having been served to the people up stairs, one of the footmen rushed into his bedroom on the lower floor, and in a few minutes emerged again in the dress of a respectable clerk who had been born for better things, with the trifling exceptions that he wore a low-crowned hat, and, instead of knocking his heels on the pavement, walked with a gait as delicate as a lady's. Going out of the area door with a cigar in his mouth, he mounted the steps hastily, to keep an appointment round the corner—the keeping of which as a private gentleman necessitated the change of the greater part of his clothes twice within a quarter of an hour—the limit of his time of absence. The other footman was up stairs, and the butler, finding that he had a few minutes to himself, sat down at the table and wrote:

MY DEAR ETHELBERTA: I did not intend to write to you for some few days to come, but the way in which you have been talked about here this evening makes me anxious to send a line or two at once, though I have very little time to spare, as usual. We have just had a dinner party—indeed, the carriages have not yet been brought round—and the talk at dinner was about your verses, of course. The thing was brought up by a young fellow named Ladywell—do you know him? He is a painter by profession, but he has a pretty good private income beyond what he gets by practicing his line of business among the nobility, and that I expect is not little, for he is well known, and encouraged because he is young, and good-looking, and so forth. His family own a good bit of land somewhere out Norfolk way. However, I am before my story. From what they all said it is pretty clear that you are thought a great deal of in fashionable society as a poetess—but perhaps you know this as well as I—moving in it as you do yourself, my dear.

The ladies afterward got very curious about your age, so curious, in fact, and so full of certainty that you were thirty-five and a blighted existence if an hour, that I felt inclined to rap out there and then, and hang what came of it: "My daughter, ladies, was to my own and her mother's certain knowledge only twenty-one last birthday, and has as bright a heart as anybody in London." A smart thunderbolt like that is almost worth a servant's place sometimes, considering the good it does his heart. One of them actually said that you must be fifty to have got such an experience. Her guess was a very shrewd one in the bottom of it, however, for it was grounded upon the way you use those strange experiences of mine in the society that I tell you of, and dress them up as if they were yours; and, as you see, she hit off my own age to a year; I thought it was very sharp of her to be so right although so wrong.

I do not want to influence your plans in any way about things which your school learning fits you to understand much better than I, who never had such opportunities, but I think that if I were in your place, Berta, I would not let my name be known just yet, for people always want what's kept from them, and don't value what's given. If penny oranges were a pound apiece all the House of Lords would sit sucking them. I am not sure, but I think that, after the women had gone up stairs, the others turned their thoughts upon you again; what they said about you I don't know, for if there's one thing I hate 'tis hanging about the doors when the men begin to get moved by their wine, which they did to a large extent to-night, and spoke very loud. They always do here, for old Don is a hearty giver in his way. However, as you see these people from their own level now, it is not much that I can tell you in seeing them only from the under side, though I see strange things sometimes, and of course—

What great ones do the less will prattle of,

as it says in that book of select pieces that you gave me.

Well, my dear girl, I hope you will prosper. One thing above all others you'll have to mind, and it is that folk must continually strain to advance in order to remain where they are; and you particularly. But as for trying too hard, I wouldn't do it. Much lies in minding this, that your best plan for lightness of heart is to raise yourself a little higher than your old mates, but not so high as to be quite out of their reach. All human beings enjoy themselves from the outside, and so getting on *a little* has this good in it, you still keep in your old class where your feelings are, and are thoughtfully treated by this class; while by getting on *too much* you are sneered at by your new acquaintance, who don't know the skill of your rise, and you are parted from and forgot by the old ones who do. Whatever happens, don't be too quick to feel. You will surely get some hard blows when you are found out, for if the great can find no excuse for hitting with a mind, they'll do it and say 'twas in fun. But you are young and healthy, and youth and health are power. I wish I could have a decent footman here with me, but I suppose it is no use trying. It is such men as these that provoke the contempt we get. Well, thank God a few years will see the end of me, for I am growing ashamed of my company—so different as it is from that of old times.

Your affectionate father,

R. CHICKEREL."

## CHAPTER VIII.

CHRISTOPHER'S LODGINGS—THE GROUNDS ABOUT ROOKINGTON.

Meanwhile, in the distant town of Sandbourne, Christopher Julian had recovered from the weariness produced by his labors at the Wyndway evening party, where Ethelberta had been a star. Instead of engaging his energies in clearing incumbrances from the tangled way of his life, he now set about reading the popular *Metres by Me* with more interest and assiduity than ever, for though Julian was a thinker by instinct he was only a worker by effort, and the greater of these conditions being dependent upon the less for its exhibition, there was often a lamentable lack of evidence of his power in either. It is a provoking correlation, and has conduced to the obscurity of many a genius.

"Kit," said his sister, on reviving at the end of the bad headache which had followed the dance, "those poems seem to have increased in value with you. The lady, lofty as she appears to be, would be flattered if she only could know how much you study them. Have you decided to thank her for them? Now, let us talk it over—I like having a chat about such a pretty new subject."

"I would thank her in a moment if I were absolutely certain that she had anything to do with sending them, or even writing them. I am not quite sure of that yet."

"How strange that a woman could bring herself to write those verses!"

"Not at all strange—they are natural outcomes."

Faith looked critically at the remoter caverns of the fire.

"Why strange?" continued Christopher. "There is no harm in them."

"O, no—no harm. But I cannot explain to you—unless you see it partly of your own accord—that to write them she must be rather a fast lady—not a bad fast lady; a nice fast lady I mean, of course. There, I have said it now, and I dare say you are vexed with me, for your interest in her has deepened to what it originally was, I think. I don't mean any absolute harm by 'fast,' Kit."

"Bold, forward, you mean, I suppose?"

Faith tried to hit upon a better definition which should please all round; and, on failing to do so, looked concerned at her brother's somewhat grieved appearance, and said, helplessly, "Yes, I suppose I do."

"My idea of her is quite the reverse. A poetess must intrinsically be sensitive, or she could never feel; but then, frankness is a rhetorical necessity even with the most modest, if their inspirations are to do any good in the world. You will, for certain, not be interested in something I was going to tell you, which I thought would have pleased you immensely; but it is not worth mentioning now."

"If you will not tell me, never mind. But don't be crabbed, Kit. You know how interested I am in all your affairs."

"It is only that I have composed an air to one of the prettiest of her songs, 'When Tapers Tall'—but I am not sure about the power of it. This is how it begins—I threw it off in a few minutes after you had gone to bed."

He went to the piano and lightly touched over an air, the manuscript copy of which he placed in front of him, and listened to hear her opinion, having proved its value frequently; for it was not that of a woman merely, but impersonally human. Though she was unknown to fame, this was a great gift in Faith, since to have an unsexed judgment is as precious as to be an unsexed being is deplorable.

"It is very fair, indeed," said the sister, scarcely moving her lips in her great attention. "Now, again and again and again. How could you do it in the time?"

Kit knew that she admired his performance; passive assent was her usual praise, and she seldom insisted vigorously upon any view of his compositions unless for purposes of emendation.

"I was thinking that as I cannot very well write to her I may as well send her this," said Christopher, with lightened spirits, voice to correspond, and eyes likewise; "there can be no objection to it, for such things are done continually. Consider while I am gone, Faith. I shall be out this evening for an hour or two."

When Christopher left the house shortly after, instead of going into the town on some errand, as was customary whenever he went from home after dark, he ascended a back street, passed over the hills behind, and walked at a brisk pace inland along the road to Rookington Park, where, as he had learned, Ethelberta and Lady Petherwin were staying for a time, the day or two which they spent at Wyndway having formed a short break in the middle of this visit. The moon was shining to-night, and Christopher sped onward over the pallid high road as readily as he could have done at noonday. In three-quarters of an hour he reached the park gates; and entering now upon a tract which he had never explored before, he went along more cautiously and with some uncertainty as to the precise direction that the road would take. A frosted expanse of even grass, on which the shadow of his head appeared with an opal halo round it, soon allowed the house to be discovered beyond, the other portions of the park abounding with timber older and finer than that of any other spot in the neighborhood. Christopher withdrew into the shade, and wheeled round to the front of the building that contained his old love. Here he gazed and idled, as many a man and a *Romeo* has done before him—wondering which room the fair poetess occupied, waiting till lights began to appear in the upper windows—which they did as uncertainly as glowworms blinking up at eventide—and warming with currents of revived feeling in perhaps the sweetest of all conditions. New love is brightest, and long love is greatest; but revived love is the tenderest thing known upon earth.

Occupied thus, Christopher was greatly surprised to see, on casually glancing to one side, another man and a *Romeo* standing close to the shadowy trunk of another tree, in a similar attitude to his own, gazing with folded arms as blankly at the windows of the house as Christopher himself had been gazing. Though nothing in his own action had appeared at all black or villainous to him, this duplicate of the act in somebody else he instantly felt to be a contemptible thing, demanding instant hatred. Not willing to be discovered, Christopher, with a stern face, stuck closer to the tree. While he waited thus, the stranger began murmuring words, in a slow, soft voice. Christopher listened till he heard the following:

"Pale was the day, and voiceless, love,
That had an eve so dim—"

two well-known lines from one of Ethelberta's poems.

Jealousy is a familiar kind of heat which encircles, disfigures, licks playfully, clouds, blackens, eats into, steams, and boils a man as a fire does a pot; and on recognizing these pilferings from what he had grown to regard as his own treasury, Christopher's upper row of teeth dragged slightly backward and forward upon his lower, and his fingers began to nestle with great vigor in the palms of his hands. Three or four minutes passed, when the unknown rival gave a last glance at the window and walked away. Christopher did not like the look of that walk at all. There was grace enough in it to suggest that his antagonist had no mean chance of finding favor in a woman's eyes. A sigh, too, seemed to proceed from the stranger's breast; but as their distance apart was too great for any such sound to be heard by any possibility, Christopher set down that to imagination, or to the brushing of the wind over the trees.

The lighted windows went out one by one, and all the house was in darkness. Mr. Julian then walked off himself, with a vigor that was spasmodic only, and with much less brightness of mind than he had experienced on his journey hither. The stranger had gone another way, and Christopher saw no more of him. When he reached Sandbourne, Faith was still sitting up.

"But I told you I was going to take a long walk," he said.

"No, Christopher; really you did not. How tired and sad you do look—though I always know beforehand when you are in that state: one of your feet has a drag about it as you pass along the pavement outside the window."

"Yes, I forgot that I did not tell you."

He could not begin to tell her about his pilgrimage: it was too silly a thing even for her to hear of.

"It does not matter at all about my staying up," said Faith assuringly; "that is, if exercise benefits you. Walking up and down the lane, I suppose?"

"No; not walking up and down the lane."

"The turnpike-road to Rookington is pleasant."

"Faith, I know you think me a simpleton: that is really where I have been. How came you to know?"

"I only guessed. Verses and an accidental meeting produce a special journey."

"Ethelberta is a fine woman, physically and mentally, both. I wonder people do not talk about her twice as much as they do."

"Then surely you are getting attached to her again. You think you discover in her more than anybody else does; and love begins with a sense of superior discernment."

"I don't feel it."

"And ends with a sense of blindness."

"And I don't feel that. What is it like in the middle? You may spot me there."

"It is not so bad as that, Christopher, is it?" she exclaimed, looking up ruefully.

"Upon my life it is, Faith—worse luck—and I'll be reasonable enough to own it!" he said, with listless woe, his eyebrows making toward the roots of his hair. "I may as well confess to you, for you are the only being on earth who will not call me a fool. She has got me again as much as ever. And the quantities of things I have sworn against her—it is terrible to think of them! However, love her or love her not, I can keep a corner of my heart for you, Faith. There is another brute after her, too, it seems."

"Of course there is; I expect there are many. Her position in society is above ours; so do you not think that it is an unwise course to go troubling yourself more about her?"

"No. If a needy man must be so foolish as to fall in love, it is best to do so where he cannot double his foolishness by marrying the woman."

"I don't like to hear you talk so slightingly of what poor father and mother did."

"Marriage is only an accident of situation, situation an accident of history, history of geography, geography of astronomy—and there we go."

"Astronomy of telescopes, telescopes of men, men of marriage—there we are back again, and that's the end of all such silly reasoning."

Christopher fixed his attention on the supper. That night, late as it was, when Faith was in bed and sleeping, Christopher sat before a sheet of music-paper, neatly copying his composition upon it.

## CHAPTER IX.

A VILLAGE INN—ROOKINGTON DRIVE—CHRISTOPHER'S ROOMS.

In the general travelers' room of a village inn, not far from Rookington House, a young man sat about noon the next day, partaking of the most delicate luncheon that the house afforded; the chief delicacy being the whiteness of the table-cloth. This person was the painter who had sung the praises of Ethelberta at the dinner in Chevron square. The term of Ladywell's visit to Wyndway having expired, he had returned to London, with concealed despair on matters connected with eyes, lips, hair, and so on, as observed in Ethelberta, to take his place at Mr. Doncastle's table as we have seen; and at length had sneaked down here again by the only sort of sneaking that is not mean—a lover's—to get a sight of her once more if he could possibly find her. His first disappointment was to discover that she had left Wyndway for Rookington, a house whose inmates he knew nothing of. He walked round the premises that very night.

Being a painter he naturally felt himself compelled to have an artist's eye for everything quaint and queer; and to-day, as he sat in the inn, while secretly preferring the pictorial effect of London hotels and clubs to anything the country could offer, he conscientiously scrutinized the unceiled woodwork overhead, dyed by the smoke to the hues of deep dark wines and coffees, and observed with critical clearness the panoramic series of engravings of a fox hunting, wherein occurred the well-known melancholy portrait of a gentleman, that consists of his boots only, as they appear sticking up from the surface of a stream into which he has fallen head foremost.

Ladywell heard a footstep in the passage, and on looking round saw Christopher enter the room, bearing under his arm a roll of the music he had been at such pains to compose and copy on the previous days. Julian had an idea that he recognized the face as one which the moonlight had illuminated the night before in the park hard by, and he was certain that it was the face of the man he had seen dancing at the ball with Ethelberta. He composed his countenance as well as a serious antagonism would allow him, went into the kitchen, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy pass out.

Christopher dispatched some rare old ale, which, well followed for half an hour, would have drawn "Here's a health to all good lasses" from the throat of a Bishop, and departed in his turn, continuing his journey toward Rookington House, with the view of obtaining audience of Ethelberta. The stroke, conventionally, was a bold one; yet in a simple human light, it was the meekest of meek deeds, he reflected; "and there must have been a natural impulsive time in human history, before a gimcrack social machinery came into vogue, when every man flew like an arrow to the feet of every woman that attracted him, without a thought of ceremony," he said aloud.

Julian passed the lodge as on the previous evening, and took a short cut across the open glade, where numbers of rooks dotted the ground like parsons at a visitation. The walk was a pleasant one to him, notwithstanding that it was one of those perplexing days of Winter when the weather, by continually hitting on this side and on that of the division between wet and fine, is regarded as of whichever sort the mood of the observer requires as its background. In the drive before him he saw a pedestrian carrying a portfolio under his arm; but Christopher did not recognize the man as Ladywell, whom he had seen taking lunch at the inn, until he had entered the drive himself. The two young men stole an under glance at each other, felt an instinctive objection to one another's feet, legs, and so on upward to their heads, and walked along silently at opposite sides of the road, as uniform and as parallel in their advance as a pair of wheels on one axle, and as rigorously separate.

On nearing the house Julian's heart was inclined to beat with thrills of pleasure at thoughts of Ethelberta within, but the intruder's presence exercised a constraint over his feelings. Seeing a man servant at the front entrance he renounced his original modest intention of going to the side door, and advanced with his music-roll, Ladywell at the same time doing the same thing.

Ladywell then got a little the better of him and addressed the porter, whose reply Christopher heard.

"Mrs. Petherwin? She does not live here A lady of that name was staying here for a few days at Christmas, but she has gone home now."

At the sound of words about her Christopher could not help blushing a good deal, and being a pale man it showed all the more. Looking to see if Ladywell observed his weakness, he saw that Ladywell was in the middle of precisely the same kind of blush at the same sound. Knowing by this that Ladywell was as shamefaced as himself about his love, Christopher stood up boldly and spoke out.

"Will you oblige me by giving me her address?"

"And me, please," said Mr. Ladywell. "I promised her some drawings at Wyndway the other day, and I wish to send them. It is the same Mrs. Petherwin who was at Wyndway with Lady Petherwin?"

"Yes, Sir; they did go to Wyndway for a day or two; our family as well. I have heard her address, but I don't recollect it. Perhaps when Sir James comes home he may be able to tell you."

"Ah, thanks, but it is not—I understood that she lived here—I will call again," stammered Ladywell, withdrawing. Christopher, keeping in an ancient exclamation as he heard his questions forestalled word for word by his companion, had also turned away; and now, pacing down the avenue, much out of heart, he heard Ladywell's footsteps behind him, fruitlessness resounding from every tread of the painter likewise. Quickening his own pace, he put greater distance between them, and proceeded homeward.

"Well, after all my trouble to find out about Ethelberta has been in vain, here comes the clue without my asking for it," said Christopher to Faith, a few weeks after the unproductive walk to Rookington Park, described above.

She turned, and saw that he was reading the *Wessex Reflector*.

"What is it?" asked Faith.

"The secret of the true authorship of the book is out at last, and it is Ethelberta, of course. I am so glad to have it proved hers."

"But can we believe—?"

"O, yes. Just hear what 'Our London Correspondent' says. It is one of the nicest bits of gossip that our town friend has furnished us with for a long time—how he must get about to find out such things! I should like to know this London correspondent very much: he must be an awfully nice, jovial sort of a fellow."

"Yes: now read it, do."

"'The author of *Metres by Me*,'" Christopher began, "'a book of which so much has been said and conjectured, and one, in fact, that has been the chief talk for several weeks past of the literary circles to which I belong, is a young lady who was a widow before she reached the age of eighteen, and is now not far beyond her fourth lustrum. I was additionally informed by a friend whom I met yesterday on his way to the House of Lords, that her name is Mrs. Petherwin—Christian name Ethelberta; and that she resides with her mother-in-law at their house in Connaught Crescent. She is, moreover, the daughter of the late Bishop of Silchester, (if report may be believed,) whose active benevolence, as your readers know, left his family in comparatively straitened circumstances at his death. The marriage was a secret one, and much against the wish of her husband's friends, who are wealthy people on all sides. The death of the bridegroom two or three weeks after the wedding led to a reconciliation; and the young poetess was taken to the home which she still occupies, devoted to the composition of such brilliant effusions as those the world has lately been favored with from her pen.'"

"If you want to send her your music, you can do so now," said Faith.

"I might have sent it before, but I wanted to deliver it personally. However, it is all the same now I suppose whether I send it or not. The fact is, I always knew that our destinies would lie apart, though she was once temporarily under a cloud. Her momentary inspiration to write that 'Canceled Words' was the worst possible omen for me. It showed that, thinking me no longer useful as a practical chance, she would make me ornamental as a poetical regret. But I'll send the manuscript of the song."

"In the way of business as a composer only; and you must say to yourself, 'Ethelberta, as thou art but woman, I dare; but as widow, I fear thee.'"

"Ha ha! yes. It would have been pleasant enough to see and speak to her once more, too. But I send it only in the way of business—strictly as business, as you say, Faith."

Notwithstanding Christopher's affected carelessness, that evening saw a great deal of nicety bestowed upon the operation of wrapping up and sending off the song. He dropped it into the box and heard it fall, and with the curious power which he possessed of setting his wisdom to watch any particular folly in himself that it could not hinder, speculated as he walked on the result of this first tangible step of return to his old position as Ethelberta's lover.

*[To be Continued.]*

ART AND MORALITY.—A pretentious fallacy is going about in the world. It has never been put into a very clear formula, because when clearly expressed it is self-contradictory. Few people care for logic, and people of artistic tendencies care for it less than their neighbors; yet there are some limits to the inconsistency of the most daring theorists. One cannot, therefore, find any articulate expression of a theory which seems to be either nonsensical or impudently immoral. As this does not prevent it from pervading a good deal of contemporary writing, we may try to find out what is really meant. The discovery will probably serve pretty well for a confutation. When a man is accused of writing an immoral book, he has, of course, any number of excuses. One is that the book is perfectly moral; another, that it has nothing to do with morality; a third, that it is not written for children, but for men; a fourth, that if it does not express the morality of Philistines and prudes, it embodies a higher morality, which lies outside of the poor old Ten Commandments. The accused sums up his general position by saying that art and morality are two different things, and that a critic has no business to judge a poem by the rules which he would apply to a sermon. Let us look a little more closely at one or two of these pleas. Now, in the first place, it is no new discovery that many things which are pleasant are wrong. The doctrine has been known and applied in practice for several thousand years. If it were not the case, there would be no necessity for any morality at all. If everybody always liked doing what he ought to do, we could get on without any rules. The primary purpose of the artist is to give pleasure, and the primary purpose of the preacher to suppress vice. Therefore the two often come into conflict. There is nothing surprising about this. A man likes to drink a bottle of brandy before breakfast; we admit that he gains a pleasure, and we may, perhaps, think that we have no right to interfere with him. His conduct is bestial; but as it only hurts himself, we let him alone. If, however, he tries to persuade his neighbor to be as bestial as himself, our duty is plain. We should, perhaps, like to lock him up or give him six months on the treadmill; but if that is not possible, we speak our minds in the plainest language, and try to make him heartily ashamed of himself. Now, if he is not only corrupt himself and anxious to corrupt others, but also uses great talents to carry out his immoral purpose, the case only differs by being a good deal worse. He may write the most powerful poetry, or paint the most lifelike pictures, to make other men as great brutes as himself, and we can only say that the crime is aggravated by the talent. If, for any reason, legal punishment is impossible, the critic should step in and administer the lash with the full strength of his arm. The harder he hits and the deeper he cuts the better for the world. So far, the case seems to be perfectly clear. If a man really has the impudence to say that immorality is right because it is artistic, he is either talking nonsense or proposing as a new law of morals what is too absurd to require confutation.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

CHINESE DIVISIONS OF TIME.—The Chinese divide the day into twelve shih-chên, or periods of two hours each, which are called by the characters of the Ti-chih, or terrestrial branches, (these characters are often spoken of as the horary characters.) Thus 11 P. M. to 1 A. M. is tsze; 1 A. M. to 3 A. M. is chou, and so on. They further subdivide these two-hour periods by means of the characters chiao or choo and chêng. Thus 11 P. M. is called chiao tsze or tsze choo, (opening tsze,) and midnight is tsze chêng. The time from 7 P. M. to 5 A. M. is divided into five watches, (kêng, in some parts called ching,) of two hours each, and if a Chinaman is talking of anything that has happened between these hours, he almost invariably speaks of it as having happened in such and such a *watch*. These watches are announced by the beating of a gong or drum, but very commonly only a hollow bamboo and stick are used. The last-named is an instrument by which in every Chinese town the night is rendered hideous, and sleep next to impossible on account of the din made by the numerous perambulating watchmen in order to show thieves that they are on the alert. The Chinese have no "weeks," but they divide their moon into three decades (hsün,) which are distinguished into shang, chung, hsia (*i. e.*, upper, middle, and lower; (they also prefix the character choo (*i. e.*, opening) to each of the first ten days of the moon. The characters representing the twenty-eight constellations are given as names to each day of the year in regular order, but they are not in common use in the same way as our names for the days of the week. The Chinese appreciate foreign watches very much, and are especially fond of looking at their works; but, though they are in some parts very skillful in imitating many European appliances, we do not think that they have yet succeeded in manufacturing watches for themselves, at any rate, not to any extent; and during a residence of several years in various parts of the country we never met with a single specimen, though we have often found Chinamen quite capable of repairing foreign watches. The native methods of telling the time are the clepsydra, incense-stick, and sun-dial.—*Good Words.*

ON THE PEACE OF GOD.—[*Extract from a sermon preached by the late Canon Kingsley, at Westminster Abbey, Nov.* 8, 1874:]—My dear friends, take my words home with you, and if you wish for the only true and sound peace, which is the peace of God, do your duty. Try to be as good as you can, each in his station in life. So help you God. Take an example from the soldier on his march; and if you do that, you will all understand what I mean. The bad soldier has no peace, just because he troubles himself about things outside himself and not in his own power. "Will the officer lead us right?" That is not in his power. Let him go where the officers lead him, and do his own duty. "Will he get food enough, water enough, care enough, if he is wounded?" I hope and trust in God he will; but that is not in his own power. Let him take that, too, as it comes, and do his duty. "Will he be praised, rewarded, mentioned in the newspapers, if he fights well?" That, too, is not in his own power. Let him take that, too, as it comes, and do his duty; and so of everything else. If the soldier on the march torments himself with these matters, which are not in his own power, he is the man who will be troublesome and mutinous in time of peace, and in time of war will be the first to run away. He will tell you, "A man must have justice done him; a man must see fair play for himself; a man must think of himself." Poor fool! He is not thinking of *himself* all the while, but of a number of things which are *outside* him—circumstances which stand round him, and outside him, and are not himself at all. Because he thinks of them—the things outside him—he is a coward or a mutineer, while he fancies he is taking care of himself—as it is written, "He that saveth his life shall lose it."

But if the man will really think of himself, of that which is inside of him, of his own character, his own honor, his own duty, then he will say: Well fed or ill fed, well led or ill led, praised and covered with medals, or neglected and forgotten, and dying in a ditch, I, by myself I, am the same man, and I have the same work to do. I have to be—myself, and I have to do—my duty. So help me God. And therefore, so help me God, I will be discontented with no person or thing, save only with myself; and I will be discontented with myself, not when I have left undone something extraordinary, which I know I could not have done, but only when I have left undone something ordinary, some plain duty which I know I could have done, had I asked God to help me to do it.

Then in that soldier would be fulfilled—has been fulfilled, thank God, a thousand times, by men who lie in this abbey, and by men, too, of whom we never heard, whose graves are scattered far and wide, by mount, by stream, by sea—would be fulfilled, I say, the words, "He that will lose his life shall save it." Then would he have in his heart, and in his mind likewise, a peace which victory and safety cannot give, and which defeat and wounds, ay, death itself, can never take away.

A VERY LOW RESTAURANT IN PARIS.—At present the lowest restaurant of Paris is called a bibine, and it may be found flourishing on the left bank principally; that is—for one would not like to commit oneself in this matter—the lowest restaurant I have yet discovered was on that side of the Seine. Take the bibine of Mme. Frochard, in an alley, unnamed, by the Place Maubert. It seems probable that Frochard is not the lady's name; for, in that neighborhood, few things or people go by such a title as was given them in their baptism. But thus is she recognized, and by no other name would her comestibles smell as sweet. The alley is narrow as Maiden lane, bordered with ancient houses that never stood straight. In the most crippled of the row, under a portal that seems dropping on your head, Mme. Frochard retails her hospitality. Some houses as old keep the remains of a former grandeur. Looking at worn pillars and coats of arms, half effaced, you think sadly how princesses once held state within their halls. No such feeling stirs one in entering the bibine of Mme. Frochard. If her house was not built for its present purpose, it was built, apparently, for something of the sort. Poor, and squalid, and filthy it must always have been—an evil spot in a dirty neighborhood. There is no door to the bibine. Perhaps at night they block the opening, and in cold weather some means must be found to keep out the frost; but these are mysteries. One enters at once a low and smoke-dried hall. Two blear windows, filled with bottle-glass, light it in a manner; walls and ceiling are black with mildew, grease, and smoke; the pavement under foot, helped out with bricks, is humid. In this abode, which looks like a cellar, there is, of course, no furniture, save heavy wooden benches and tables to match, so incredibly filthy as to baffle description. On one side, jealously to watch the door, is Mother Frochard's comptoir, of deal, once painted white, adorned round the top with cupids, half rubbed out, holding garlands of roses more black than a dead cauliflower. On the wall opposite hangs a black-board, inscribed with the day's bill of fare in chalk. It never varies. When effaced by rubbing shoulders Mlle. Eudoxie Frochard—who can write—renews the inscription, which is to this effect:

CARTE DU JOUR.

Potage.
Haricots à l'huile (beans in oil.)
Moules (muscles.)
Pommes de terre.
Arlequin (mystery.)
Consommé de cheval (horse soup.)
Salade.
Fromage de Brie avarié (mitey cheese.)
Canette de bière.
Petit nois (a fancy preparation of coffee.)
One shilling and twopence each.
To be paid on delivery.

The soup is served in plates, cracked, chipped, with all their glaze worn off—they call such ecalottes. The petit noir in a cup to match. For solid meats no plate is given, but a fragment of newspaper. It must be a newspaper of radical flavor, though. Mme. Frochard's best cooking would not go down, served upon the *Figaro*, the *Paus*, or the *Univers*. We haven't much money at the bibine, but we have desperately strong opinions. There are gentlemen here so nice in their tastes that they could smell M. Louis Veuillot through a purée of garlic, and the flavor of M. de Villemessant would turn their banqueting to nausea. You might still collect all the series of suppressed Communist newspapers in these bibines. I am told that the dangerous children of Paris who frequent them give the preference to those which serve upon old numbers of the *Combat* and the *Cri du Peuple*. Beer is retailed in mugs of the rudest brown ware, adorned with a cerulean star.

Behind the counter I have told you of sits Mme. Frochard. What a type! Her face is red and swollen, eyes menacing as those of a wild boar. Her big red mouth has round rough edges, overhung by a grisly mustache! She wears a false front shamelessly, cocking and shoving it about like a cap. Such a voice, so deep and so resonant, would be dangerous for the glass of the establishment, if any were there. Every clause of her emphatic speech is pointed by a bang of that great fist upon the counter. She wears an acre or two of old brown silk, so old and so brown that man's recollection runneth not to the contrary. Advisedly I said an acre or two. Not by yards could you measure the stuff needed to clothe that phenomenon of flesh. Time was, may be, when Mere Frochard had waist as fine, not to say as scraggy, as Mlle. Eudoxie's beside her. Another type is she, and let who will declare which of them is the more repulsive. Mlle. Eudoxie reminds me of a box of tools. Her eyes are gimlets, her nose a hammer, her mouth a gouge, and her body a bag of nails. Her thin lips always wear a mocking, in-drawn smile. She grabs the coppers with a sniff. For my own part, of the two I prefer the monstrous ugliness of the mother.

The clientele of a place like this consists of working men, who can't and won't work; of the lowest class of thieves; of chiffonniers or rag-pickers; of habitual criminals, belonging to that class which can only rob with violence. If a beggar comes here, I am told that he must be an honest man; for the unscrupulous of his fraternity board in regular houses, and pay ten to fifteen francs a day. The Prefect of Police told us a few weeks since that twelve to fifteen francs is the average return of begging in the fashionable quarters; and he cited a mendicant who pays twenty-five francs, or one pound, per day for his board and lodging at Passy, wine not included—for this good man owns his cellar, and keeps it well stocked!—*All the Year Round.*

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE IN FRANCE.—As to the general will, which people pretend to discover by universal suffrage, it belongs to the same category as the philosopher's stone. Of what will do they speak? To-day, the masses wish a man or a government, because they expect what is impossible; and to-morrow, when they see that they have not obtained the impossible satisfaction of all their desires, they wish the contrary of what they wished the night before. The Empire has made an excellent caricature of direct universal suffrage, by reducing the rôle of the sovereign people to merely deciding by plebiscite on the ruler who pleases their humor at the moment. Under the lying appearance of democracy, we have legal juggling, systematic managing of the ignorant by cunning or by fanatics, all power constantly put up to auction between the extreme champions of democracy and those of the Church, between the town clubs and the clerical *salons*. In the present state of France, the direct vote of the masses tends simply to organize an antagonism of the peasants and the working classes; to exasperate the warfare of opposed selfishness, and of the blind leaderships, which succeed each other in turns; to deliver up the country, as the case may be, to Legitimacy or Socialism, or let an Emperor slide into power between these two impracticable follies, and with official candidatures trick away universal suffrage, as the clerical and the democratic leaders, too, have tricked it away through the *bulletin de liste*.

Such is the system of government which has been adopted by the party of reason and liberty in France. It has its origin in their despair of being able to maintain the cause of the Radicals against the partisans of the two divine rights. At the same time that moderate Liberalism was uniting with Radicalism, the Liberal Conservatives were coming to terms with the clerical Legitimists. The fusion on the Left, and then on the Right, is but one drama in two acts. Much has been said on the menacing returns of the elections in the large towns, and every party has done its best to hide their significance from itself as well as from others. Monarchists, in their eagerness to turn them into an argument for their favorite scheme of a clerical monarchy, have ascribed them to M. Thiers' tergiversations and imprudent concessions to Radicalism. Moderate Republicans, with a view to make them tell against the opponents of their own Republican scheme, have attributed the triumph of the Radical candidates solely to the provocations of the Right. But, in my judgment, neither of them has fairly looked truth in the face. This nomination of MM. Rane, Barodet, and Lockroy has simply demonstrated that the masses of our large towns have remained what they were on the eve of the Commune; that they continue to be carried as much as ever to the most violent extremes in their choice. It has caused the most thoughtless, who have had no consideration of the matter, and the most clever, who were too much occupied with their scheming, to feel the terrible danger of the electoral system which our Liberals maintain in concert with the Radicals. And certainly that which has driven the Conservatives of every kind to cast their principles overboard in order to unite with the Ultramontanes and the Legitimists, is the want of trust which they have long felt in respect to universal suffrage, and which was justified by the votes of our great towns. It was the feeling of daily restlessness produced among them by the anxious consciousness of the caprice to which the present sovereign of France is subject.

I am astonished that to foreigners it is difficult to understand how our electoral system presents an obstacle to every reasonable solution of our social problems. A people cannot exist, if on the eve of every election they are uncertain if the next day will not see their houses overturned, with all that belongs to them. As to France, its education renders it incapable of any moderate opinion in regard to direct universal suffrage. In the press, as well as in the Assembly, there is not to be met a single man who tries to take a position between the two extreme parties, and to rally the wisest portion of the Conservatives and Republicans by proposing to modify our electoral system without narrowing the constituency. Some who dislike universal suffrage, dislike it because it signifies the government of the country by the opinions of the whole country, and they see nothing better to be done than to deliver France from itself, that, in spite of our own judgment, it may be placed under the direction of a man, or a particular party, by which it would not allow itself to be governed. Others, who wish that France could govern itself, wish to keep universal suffrage as it is; they would save the country from destruction by leaving it under the dominion of ignorant impulses and the transports of chance.—*Contemporary Review.*

THE KORAN.—We are told by all Arabs that the Koran is the most perfect poetry in the Arabic language; and yet, when we come to read it as translated into English, we find it dull and tedious. It is a difficult thing for a European to read through the whole Koran in a translation. He soon realizes it to be different from what he imagined it. Very possibly he dreamed of finding therein long and luscious descriptions of the so-called "Mohammedan paradise;" that he should read about houris and the

simp'lest: "No God but God." When that message is believed, the morality of the Koran follows with equal simplicity. Prayer and charity are the whole duty of man. Not prayer as an importunate begging for favors, but prayer which is only praise and anxiety to be kept in the faith of God; not ostentatious almsgiving, miscalled charity, but a charity as complete and genuine as that described in the Corinthians. Such as we find Al-tatihat we find the whole book.—*The Galaxy for August.*

*A DAY OF SUMMER BEAUTY.*

Out in the golden Summer air,
Amid the purple heather,
A woman sat with drooping head,
And hands close knit together:
Never a bitter word she said,
Though all her life looked cold and dead—
Cold in the glowing haze that lay
Over the fair green earth that day,
That day of Summer beauty.

Far, far away where leafy woods
Touched the sky, cloud-riven,
A thousand birds rang out life's bliss
In jubilee to heaven;
How could the poor old withered throat
Carol echoes to each soft note?
Every soul must pay life's cost—
Her deepest silence praised God most,
That day of Summer beauty.

Too dulled her soul, too worn to feel
Summer delight acutely;
While earth was praising God aloud
Her patience prayed Him meekly.
Her narrow life of thought and care—
Not life to live, but life to bear,
Contented that her soul was sad,
While all God's soulless things were glad,
That day of Summer beauty.

And where she stayed, a dusky speck
In gorse and heather glory—
A weary spirit watched and read
The pathos of her story:
A spirit doubt-oppressed and worn,
Had found another more forlorn,
That trustful stayed, nor sought to guess
Life's meanings—which are fathomless,
Through all the Summer beauty.

—*Good Words.* C. BROOKE.

TATE AND SHAKESPEARE.—Kean restored *Hamlet, King John, Wolsey,* and *Brutus* to us, and at once and forever separated Shakespeare from the ranks of Rowe and Dryden. But he played Tate's *Lear* without remorse, and introduced into "Coriolanus" a scene out of Thomson's tragedy of the same name, and here and there besprinkled the genuine play with flowers from the Scotchman's garden. In 1823 the dramatic instinct of Edmund Kean led him to restore the original catastrophe when he played "Lear;" but the public was not yet ripe for reforms, and they recalled their beloved Tate with his pleasant conclusion in the marriage of *Edgar* to *Cordelia*, the "celestial pair," as he called them, who interchanged the following observations upon their own and the general felicity:

*Edg.* "The gods and you too largely recompense
What I have done; the gilt strikes merit dumb.
*Cord.* Nor do I blush to own myself o'erpaid
For all my sufferings past."

*Gloster* now observes that he hopes the gods will discharge him from the duties of life, as he has had enough of it; but *Lear* reminds him that there is always some business to be done, and that he had best join himself and *Kent* in a life of calm and useful reflection:

"Thus our remains
Shall in an even course of thought be past,
Enjoy the present hour, nor fear the last."

It seems almost incredible that this miserable stuff should have been for a considerable period preferred to Shakespeare, not only by general audiences, but by men of letters; and it is worth while to quote a few lines from long passages of commendation published in a work called *The Dramatic Censor,* dedicated to Mr. Garrick, in order to show what were the ideas current at that time concerning Tate's superiority as a poet:

"We must not only give Tate great praise for bringing about a happy catastrophe on probable circumstances, but in point of justice endeavor to prove that his distribution of characters is much better than in the original. *Cordelia's* piety merits the highest reward of temporal happiness, which Tate has given her by a connection with the man of her heart. * * * The old *King's* consent, with *Gloster* and *Kent's* hearty blessing, shed a brilliance on Lear's less severe but highly pleasing to every good and tender mind," &c.—*Temple Bar.*

ACCUSATIONS AGAINST WAGNER.—No doubt a great reform was needed to cleanse the German stage from the innovations of French and Italian opera, and Wagner deserves the gratitude of his countrymen for the unsparing severity with which he has lashed the formal pedantry of *Kapellmeistermusick* on the one hand, and the "dragon of foreign taste" on the other, in his endeavors to establish a really national opera. His protest against the tyranny of singers was certainly not uncalled for; but though we agree with him when he says that actors and singers are instruments to reveal the composer's thought, we think he should recollect they are also human beings, and as such deserve consideration, and may justly object to having their voices destroyed and their powers of body strained to the utmost by a composer's love for the marvelous. Again, although the sole aim of music may not be to please the ear, we cannot think it is meant to torture our nerves by the harshest dissonances and broadest violations of the laws of harmony. "I shall never believe," said Hector Berlioz, himself a Futurist, although by no means a bigoted Wagnerite, "that the beautiful is ugly, and the ugly beautiful." And, although Wagner has immeasurably raised the standard of opera text-books, it is, to say the least, not likely that every musical composer hereafter will be born a poet in the same degree as the writer of "Lohengrin." Of the other accusations brought against Wagner, which are many—for his enemies are as violent and almost as numerous as his partisans—a very frequent one is that which charges his musical compositions with utter absence of melody, an accusation which, it seems to us, such passages as the "Bridal Chorus" in "Lohengrin," or the "Liebeslied" from the "Walkure," should be enough to refute. Another far more serious imputation is that of sacrificing music to dramatic effect, a charge which he has often laid himself open to, so much so, indeed, that it is scarcely unfair to say that music is not the first thing in his works; and in connection with this fact it is curious to remember that it was the stage, not music, which first attracted him as a child. The right conclusion seems to be: Wagner is a great genius, his creative gifts, both in music and in poetry, are of the highest order; this, we think, can only be disputed by those who cannot separate Wagner the composer, from Wagner the writer and the man. But, on the other hand, even should we accept the assertion of the Wagnerites, that the music-drama is the highest form of music, we no more understand why other forms are to be rejected than we do why Wagner should reign supreme among the many great composers, or that because Beethoven's ninth symphony is the greatest of its kind, all that Schubert, Mendelssohn, or Schumann have written since is therefore to be discarded.—*Argosy.*

DWELLINGS IN THE STONE AGE.—Lacustrine dwellings were built in shallow places, and in no case very far from the shore, simply because the greater depth of the water further in the lake rendered the erection of those structures difficult, if not impossible. The upright piles were mostly whole stems of trees growing in the neighborhood, (oak, beech, fir, pine, ash, or birch,) usually from four to eight inches in diameter, and sharpened at the lower end either by fire or the stone hatchet. Heavy wooden mallets, a number of which have been found, doubtless served to drive them into the bottom of the lake. The piles were evidently placed according to a regularly-arranged plan, but in most cases it is impossible to make out the order of their distribution. "They appear above the lake bottom," says Keller, "like the remains of a forest snapped off by a storm or destroyed by an avalanche. Upon these piles, brought to a level several feet above the water, and strengthened by cross-timbers, rested the platform, consisting in many cases merely of unbarked stems lying parallel one to another, but sometimes of boards two inches thick, which were fastened with wooden pegs into the frame-work, thus forming an even and solid floor. The number of piles, of course, varied according to the extent of the settlements, some of which may have been enlarged from time to time, when the increasing population rendered the erection of new huts necessary. The lacustrine colony near the German village of Wangen, on the Untersee, the north-western expanse of the Lake of Constance, contained from 40,000 to 50,000 posts, and formed a parallelogram 700 paces long and 120 broad; but in other lake-villages, at Robenhausen, for instance, probably twice as many piles were required. In cases when the bottom of the lake was rocky, or afforded no sufficient hold to the stakes, stones were heaped up between and around them, in order to consolidate the erection. These stones had to be brought in boats, consisting of hollowed trees, to the designed spot; indeed, a boat filled with stones is still to be seen near St. Peter's Island in the lake of Bienne, where it sunk to the bottom, perhaps in consequence of being overloaded. The outer rows of piles were sometimes interwoven with a kind of wattle-work made of twigs, for the purpose of preventing the splashing of the water under the platform, or, perhaps, for protecting the piles from being injured by floating wood. A narrow bridge, likewise a pile construction, connected the settlement with the shore. Remains of such bridges, from twenty to several hundred feet long, actually have been discovered. The huts erected on the platforms, it has been ascertained, were mostly of a rectangular shape, and consisted of a wooden frame-work wattled with rods or twigs, and covered both inside and outside with a bed of clay from two to three inches thick. The roofs, as it seems, were made of bark, straw, or rushes, the remains of which often have been found in a carbonized state. A plaster of clay mixed with gravel was spread on the floor of the hut to fill the chinks, and a rude hearth, composed of several slabs of sandstone, occupied the middle of each cabin. Some of the buildings were of comparatively large dimensions, measuring twenty-seven by fifteen or more feet, though apparently forming only one room, above which there may have been a garret. Their size has been ascertained by the presence of single planks standing on edge, which inclosed the floor, doubtless for the purpose of keeping off the wet. The cabins probably stood in rows close together, considering that space must have been much valued on account of the great labor which the construction of the platforms required. Some dwellings were not erected on piles, but on a kind of fascine work formed by layers of sticks and stems of trees, stones, and loam, built up from the bottom of the lake until the foundation was high enough to receive the platform. Many upright piles are found in these substructures, but they only served to give them steadiness. The fascine dwellings occur in small lakes, not being suitable for large ones, where they would have been liable to injury by the waves during violent storms.—*Harper's Magazine.*

WAGNER'S EARLY OPERAS.—As a poem alone, the "Fliegende Holländer" testifies to Wagner's great skill and merit as a dramatist, and on it he bestowed a pains and love that show how congenial the subject was to him in his present circumstances. Every one acquainted with the work remembers the awful contrast of the phantom ship, with blood-red sails and ghostly crew, noiselessly guiding its course, to the gay, careless, seaman-life and fresh music of winds and waves which form the background of the picture—a contrast brought out yet more strikingly in the figure of the shrewd, honest Captain, never without an eye to his own interests, as opposing the mournful, black-mantled form of the spell-bound wanderer, heart-sick with longing for that rest and home which he can never reach. The character of *Senta,* too, the romantic maiden, in whom compassion for the doomed sailor of her nurse's ballad, rises at the sight of him into heroic devotion, and who, when all other means of rescue have failed, throws herself into the raging sea, and, "faithful unto death," wins him the longed-for repose—is one of great dramatic beauty, and she is, perhaps, the most natural and attractive of Wagner's women. All this is admirably rendered in the accompanying music, which, although certainly containing the germs of the Music of the Future, has much of the old forms which Wagner has since thrown off, while no work of his is more rich in individual beauties. The reader acquainted with the opera will at once recall the stirring melody of the pilot's song, or the "Spinnlied," with its whirring accompaniment of turning spinning-wheels, already so well-known and so popular in England. While Wagner was seeking consolation for the hardships of life in the active exercise of creative faculty, a sudden turn in the wheel brought him unexpected good fortune. "Rienzi," his first important work, was accepted by the theatre of Dresden, and there performed in October, 1842. This opera, which is, perhaps, more popular from its grandeur as a mere theatrical display than from the beauty of its music, although it contains some fine orchestral pieces, met with a warm reception in Wagner's native Saxony; and soon after its performance our composer was appointed to the important post of Kapellmeister of the Royal Opera at Dresden. The powers of imagination which had sprung up in days of want and struggling, blossomed out brightly under the new sun of prosperity. First "Tannhäuser" and then "Lohengrin," the two great works on which Wagner's now European fame rests, were the fruit of his residence as conductor at one of the chief centres of German art and culture.—*Argosy.*

THE ENGLISH SOLDIER.—In every company there are certain to be some public characters. The "handy man," the "wag," and the "lawyer" are generally the three. The "handy man" is he who can build a rabbit-hutch or a dog-kennel out of nothing, cut hair, splice a bat, make a draughtboard out of—to use an unavoidable figure of catachresis—scraps of colored cloth, make a bird-cage out of an old tin canteen, in short, if he were to give his mind to it, I am not certain that he could not falsify the proverb on the impossibility of making a purse out of a sow's ear. The "wag" must be able to sing a song, tell a good story, be possessed of "cheek" and a rough-and-ready sort of wit, and have a plentiful stock of good humor, or he will soon be deposed. The "lawyer" is the man who always has a complaint to make to his officer, who always disputes his accounts, who always thinks he is being "put upon." He is generally better educated than his fellows, and has probably been a clerk in a small way; he possesses that little knowledge which is a dangerous thing, and generally ends badly. The handy man has many friends, the wag many admirers, the lawyer neither the one nor the other. The handy man comes out strong in the field, under canvas, on board ship, and on all occasions of difficulty; the wag shines on the march, in the barrack-room, in the canteen; and the lawyer has a chance of distinguishing himself at the half-yearly inspection, when the inspecting General asks the whole regiment whether any man has a complaint to make. Now is the lawyer's time. He steps forward, the mark of all eyes, and enters into a long rigmarole whine. In nine cases out of ten the complaint is frivolous and groundless, for there are very few commanding officers in the service who would not strain every nerve to redress a man's grievance if he have one. The inspecting General, however, will always listen to the lawyer's story, and before he leaves the barracks will investigate it from beginning to end, as if the fate of the nation depended on the result.—*Belgravia.*

COURT PRESENTATION.—There was certainly a greater romance in fashionable life forty years ago than exists now. There was a touch of fairyland about a ball in those days. Proposals usually took place on such occasions; as can be gathered from the novels of "L. E. L.," and the Countess of Blessington. The débutante was a thing of grace—fluttering, timid. All this can be seen in the books of beauty and the portraits—of which the water colors are now somewhat faded—of the late E. A. Chalon. But these robust dames are not affected with tremors or flutterings. Pleasure is all business with them. Certainly, our English dames of condition have lost in refinement, though they have gained in health, spirit, and color, and in that rather unattractive gift known as *buxomness.* In these curious days everybody that pays travels first class in the boat of fashion. That excellent Polonius of the English Court, the late worthy Sir C. Phipps, would have shifted his position in his grave had he heard what was to be read in the *Court Journal* of a few weeks back—that the wife of the correspondent of a penny paper was presented at Court—and, further, presented by the editor's lady!—*London Society.*

HILL-CLIMBING IN THE ISLE OF SKYE.—Most, if not all, of the Coolin peaks have this quality of attraction to the climber. Scùr-nan-Gillean, the highest of them, has in an eminent degree, and the comparative difficulty of the ascent makes the attraction all the greater. It is really a stiff bit of climbing, and by no means free from danger to inexperienced or foolhardy persons. Barring the special dangers of ice and snow, there is, perhaps, as much need of skill in climbing the Coolin hills as anywhere in the Alps. So, at least, I have been told by men who had done both. Certainly, you can't get hauled up Scùr-nan-Gillean with ropes, as some people manage to get up Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa. You must do the work with your own hands and feet. None but experienced climbers should go without a guide. To a skillful mountaineer the way up is not hard to discover; but a stranger caught in mist there might very easily come to grief. That happened a few years ago to a fine young man from Liverpool, who knew the Alps, and scouted the idea of a guide for Scùr-nan-Gillean. He got to the top without difficulty, but was there overtaken by mist, and went over a precipice near the summit, at the foot of which his body was found next day. The view from the top is very grand, though toward the south and south-west it is much interrupted by other high peaks. The crown of the hill is not many yards in breadth, and on three sides there is a pretty sheer descent of about a thousand feet. The view right down to Lota-Corrie and Harta-Corrie is particularly impressive, especially in the evening, and the distant panorama of sea and mountains to the east and north, from Ardnamurchan to Sutherland, is, as may be imagined, one of the finest sights to be seen in Scotland.—*Good Words.*

PREDATORY INSTINCTS.—Philosophers declare that the instinct of the chase is common to almost the whole human race, from the seal-hunting Esquimaux at the north pole to the African with his club and poisoned arrows at the equator. They tell us that among our own people it pervades all classes, from the whaler who strikes the leviathan of the Arctic seas and the Captain sahib who beards some renowned "man-eater" in Indian jungles down to the cockney schoolboy firing at unwary sparrows with his catapult, or the tiny urchin of two or three years old pursuing the bluebottle across the panes of his nursery window, and then, flushed with conquest, tearing off the legs and wings of the wretched fly. And although in some cases the passion in question is converted into a trade—as where certain admirable persons undertake for a consideration the destruction of some of those pests of human life which the world would most "willingly let die," if they would be so obliging as to do so—yet even here the natural hunting instinct develops itself very clearly, and, to use Sydney Smith's language, "the rat-catcher delights in the capture of rats, the bug-destroyer pursues his victims with keen delight, and the suppressor of vice is charmed when the vice is found and hunted."—*Belgravia.*

THE STORY OF PUNCH.—The story of *Punch* is the story of a literary period in English history. It is concerned with the lives and works of the leading wits, humorists, essayists, novelists, and statesmen of the Victorian era. *Punch* may be said to have introduced to the world the best compositions of Douglas Jerrold, Tom Hood, Albert Smith, Stirling Coyne, Thackeray, Shirley Brooks, and F. C. Burnand. It has made Doyle, Leech, Keene, Du Maurier, and Bennett famous. It has developed and perfected the genius of that most illustrious of cartoonists, John Tenniel. Closely associated with the literary triumphs of Thackeray, it is incidentally connected with an important epoch in the life of Charles Dickens. During the past thirty years of England's eventful history *Punch* has been an acknowledged and special power in the State. The idea of *Punch* was the joint work of Henry Mayhew and Mark Lemon. Mr. Last says he first mentioned a proposal for a comic and satirical journal. Mr. Hodder says the idea originated with Mr. Mayhew, who mentioned it to him. Mark Lemon always spoke of it to me as the project of himself and Mayhew. It is pretty certain, however, that the first meeting upon the matter took place some time in June, 1841, at Mark Lemon's house, in Newcastle street, Strand, and that Mr. Last, the printer, and Mr. Henry Mayhew were present. Mr. Lemon and Mr. Mayhew both undertook to communicate with writers and artists. Mr. Last mentioned Mr. Ebenezer Landells as a good engraver. A few days afterward a meeting was held at the Edinburgh Castle, in the Strand, at which Douglas Jerrold, Henry Mayhew, Stirling Coyne, Landells, the engraver, and William Newman and Archibald Henning (artists) were present. Mr. Henry Baylis and Mr. Hodder were there as lookers-on. Several authors who did not attend were written to for contributions, including Mr. Gilbert a' Beckett, H. P. Grattan, and W. H. Wills. It was arranged that Mr. Henning should be the principal artist, and he was to have the assistance of Mr. Newman, Mr. Brine, and Mr. Phillips.—*London Society.*

THE FATE OF RARE BIRDS.—One of the most tantalizing accidents which can happen to an ornithologist is when a rare bird is eaten by its captor through ignorance of its value. Oftentimes this must occur in out-of-the-way districts, where all wild-fowl shot during Winter are indiscriminately called ducks, and at once consigned to the cook. We lately heard of a case in point. The Governor of one of England's smaller dependencies invited his Secretary, an ardent ornithologist, to dinner. After the game had been discussed, the latter casually asked a few questions on the birds he had just eaten, and was told by the Governor that he did not know what they were, but some of their feathers had been preserved. The poor Secretary was broken-hearted on inspecting these. He had actually helped to eat three of Pallas' sand grouse, for which he would willingly have given half his substance in order to add them to his collection. The fate of rare birds is at times even more sad than this. Dwellers in the midland counties must often have listened with pleasure during the short nights of June to the monotonous croaking of the landrail from the uncut hay beyond the garden. This bird is very local, and is shot as a dainty morsel whenever it is seen. Luckily, like Wordsworth's cuckoo, it has the nature more of "a wandering voice" than a bird, and for the most part easily escapes its pursuers when it is heard in an unusual locality. The only nightingale which we have ever known to appear in Devon was not so fortunate. It was seen during the Summer of 1869 in the neighborhood of Exmouth, but was pelted to death by the idle boys of the vicinity, much as the Bacchantes of old tore Orpheus to pieces. To know the common birds of a district and to become familiar with their migrations, changes of plumage, the reasons of their abundance or scarcity in particular seasons, and the like, is a more rational and satisfactory method of studying ornithology than simply to hunt after rare specimens. It does not fail to every one's lot to secure so rare a bird as once happened to a friend who was shooting along the north-west coast of Caithness. The day was bitterly cold and the snow falling fast when he winged a wild duck and suddenly beheld what seemed an animated mass of snow-flakes swoop down upon and carry it off before his eyes. The second barrel was fired and brought down a fine specimen of the snowy owl (*Surnia nyctea,*) still clinging to the duck. The two were stuffed and set up together, forming an interesting memento of a curious episode in an ordinary day's shooting.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE IN GARRICK'S TIME.—If Garrick's taste is to be judged by the tragedies brought upon the stage during his time, it must be pronounced low indeed. Before this period there had been at least a great deal of literary merit engaged in dramatic productions, which prevented them from being totally worthless. Eminent authors, although they did not prove themselves to be eminent dramatists, yet scattered through their plays some sparks of talent. It would be impossible to read Addison's "Cato" without the conviction that its writer was no common man, singularly accomplished even in tedium; or to peruse Rowe's "Jane Shore" without regretting that its author had not sufficient sensibility and imaginative power to produce as good a drama as he could a stage play; but there is nothing to hope or fear from Garrick's pet writers. Among these, William Whitehead, the laureate, produced his feeble "Roman Father;" then Mr. Crispe, known in Mme. d'Arblay's diaries as "dear Daddy Crispe," made a miserable play of "Virginia;" and the industrious Murphy suspended his labors in classic translations and borrowed learning to struggle with his "Zenobia" and "Orphans in China;" at this time Henry Jones, the bricklayer, left his trade to manufacture plays, and Glover invented new Medeas, and Mallet, Elviras and Alfreds. Dramatic literature, crushed out by Puritanism during the time of the Commonwealth, had blossomed again into the full-blown sin of the reactionary movement under Charles II. It borrowed classic rules from the French in bombastic tragedy, and took to itself all the licentiousness of the court manners in its comedy. To humor audiences impatient of seriousness, the tragic authors of that time apologized for the pathos of their subject as soon as the curtain fell by indecent epilogues; and this fashion, with some modification of its grossness, was carried on into the eighteenth century. Garrick was looked to as a master in this species of composition, and did his best to encourage it; his literary talents were precisely of the kind which luxuriated in the short compass of a prologue. Here they were at home; here there was just a sufficient demand for easy rhyme, confident, unfettered fancy, and bold, unexpected meanings, which looked like wit. Nor did Garrick in these compositions forget his managerial tricks; so great a quantity of stage business was given by him to prologue and epilogue, that at last few actors but himself were accomplished enough to do them justice. He was always ready with some ingenuity to divert his public. Sometimes a bewildered country boy wandered on to the stage with a prologue to his supposed master's play, or a tipsy sailor rolled forward, reading the playbill for the night, or a charming actress, after having drowned the stage in tears, sprang from behind the curtain as the comic muse. All these contrivances prolonged the custom of prologue and epilogue; but the better end will prevail against a bad fashion, and first condemned by Thomson, and next eternally rejected by Home, (the author of "Douglas,") other critics afterward ventured to protest, and gradually these things ceased to be.—*Temple Bar.*

*THE PILGRIMS OF THE PLAINS.*

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

They climbed the rock-built breasts of earth,
The Titan-fronted, sauwy steeps
That cradled Time. Where freedom keeps
Her flag of white-blown stars unfurled,
They turned about, they saw the birth
Of sudden dawn upon the world.
Again they gazed; they saw the face
Of God, and named it boundless space.

And they descended and did roam
Through leveled distances set round
By room. They saw the silences
Move by and beckon; saw their forms,
Their very beards, oft-time in storms,
And heard them talk like silent seas.
On unnamed heights black-blown and brown,
And torn like battlements of Mars,
They saw the darknesses come down,
Like curtains loosened from the dome
Of God's cathedral, built of stars.

They saw the snowy mountains rolled,
And heaved along the nameless lands
Like mighty billows, saw the gold
Of aerial sunsets, saw the bluns
Of sudden dawn, and felt the hush
Of heaven when the day sat down,
And hid his face in dusky hands;
Then pitched the tent, where rivers run
As if to drown the fallen sun.

The long and lonesome nights; the tent
That nestled soft in sweep of grass;
The hills against the firmament
Where scarce the moving moon could pass.
The cautious camp, the smothered light,
The silent sentinel at night!

The wild beasts howling from the hill;
The troubled cattle bellowing;
The savage prowling by the spring,
Then sudden passing swift and still,
And bended as a bow is bent.
The arrow sent, the arrow spent
And buried in its bloody place,
The dead man lying on his face!

The clouds of dust, their cloud by day,
Their pillar of unfading fire,
The far North Star. And high, and higher—
They climbed so nigh it seemed athwart
That they must face the failing moon,
That like some flame-lit rum lay
Thrown down before their weary way.

They learned to read the sign of storms,
The moon's wide circles, sunset bars,
And storm-provoking blood and flame;
And like the Chaldean shepherds came
At night to name the moving stars;
And in the Heavens pictured forms
Of beasts and fishes of the sea;
And marked the great bear wearily
Rise up and drag his clinking chain
Of stars around the starry main.

—*Independent.*

TOO GREAT ORNITHOLOGICAL ZEAL IN ENGLAND.—A cause which, if it has not diminished the numbers of the commoner birds, has decimated all the rarer kinds, springs from what in some points has conferred a great impulse on modern ornithology. Numerous publications on natural history carefully register all the more uncommon birds that are taken or observed. This practice, however, stimulates many collectors to win a doubtful immortality by shooting every strange bird they see, in the hopes that they may appear in print as the fortunate captors. Several leading ornithologists are now making a determined stand against recording the glorious fame of those who in this manner procure rare specimens, a decision which is much to be applauded. During the Winter of 1874-5, for instance, vulgar avidity or misdirected zeal killed many bitterns in England, a pair of the smaller bustard, snow buntings, gray shrikes, Bohemian waxwings, rollers, and many rare kinds of ducks. How much better to have suffered the more uncommon among these birds daily to have drawn near to man more confidingly, and exhibited unharmed their beauty and peculiar instincts. If such birds must be shot for the sake of science, the modern plan of preserving them as skins with arsenical soap should be adopted; these skins can be kept in a drawer and examined when required without doing them the least injury, which is far preferable to having them mounted in glass-cases. Apart from scientific ends, to slay a rare bird, like the rose-colored pastor, or even an unusual one, such as the innocent kestrel, whose fare consists of mice, for the sake of keeping its grotesque mummy in a glass-case where it may minister to the vanity of its possessor is a crime against society at large. It requires a very ooservant naturalist and admirable taxidermist to set up a bird with careful reference to its form and habits when alive. Every bird-stuffer does not possess the genius of Mr. Hancock, whose case of falcons must be remembered by every visitor to the Exhibition of 1851. There is not a more depressing sight to a lover of bird-life than the boxes of so-called stuffed birds which are suspended in many suburban lodgings and country inns. Shooting birds in order that they may be converted into such miserable caricatures of their original selves ought to be an offense punishable by fine and imprisonment. Few people are aware how profitably birds may be stuffed by means of a binocular, and how many innocent and beautiful lives might thus be annually saved to brighten the face of the country. No true ornithologist will use the gun save in extreme cases.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

KITCHEN MIDDENS.—On the indented coasts of the Danish Islands of Seeland, Fünen, Moen, and Samsöe, and along the fjords of the Peninsula of Jütland, there occur, mostly in the immediate neighborhood of the sea, considerable accumulations of shells, which were formerly supposed to have been deposited by the sea at a time when the level of the land was lower than at present. It was noticed, however, that the shell heaps showed no trace of the stratification which always characterizes marine deposits, and that they, instead of inclosing shells of mollusks of every age, contained merely those of full-grown specimens, which belonged, moreover, to a limited number of edible species. Upon further examination, there were found among the shells the broken bones of different species of wild quadrupeds and birds, and the remains of fishes; also implements of flint, horn, and bone, fragments of a rude kind of pottery, charcoal and ashes, but no objects of metal whatever. The artificial origin of these accumulations being now established, they were recognized as the amassed remains of the repasts of a population that dwelt in former ages on the shores of the Baltic, pursuing the chase, but chiefly the capture of fish and shell-fish. The Danes signify shell heaps of this description as *Kjökkenmöddings,* a word meaning "kitchen refuse" in literal translation; but the term *kitchen-middens* is often employed in English, *midden* being a name still used in the north of England to designate a refuse heap. More than fifty kitchen-middens have been examined conjointly by Messrs. Forchhammer, Steenstrup, and Worsae, distinguished respectively for their proficiency in the departments of geology, natural history, and archæology; and the results of their investigations, contained in several reports addressed to the Academy of Sciences of Copenhagen, have added in a great measure to our knowledge of prehistoric man in the north of Europe.

The thickness of the shell beds, it was ascertained, varies from three to five feet, though they reach in some places to a height of ten feet. Their length sometimes amounts to a thousand feet, and they vary in width, though not exceeding 200 feet. One of the largest Kjökkenmöddings is that of Meilgaard, in the north-east of Jütland. Very extensive accumulations sometimes present an undulating surface, the refuse having been heaped up more abundantly in some points than in others; and occasionally the heaps surround an irregular free space, where the coast people doubtless had built their huts, which certainly were of the most primitive description, probably consisting of a number of poles stuck in the ground and covered with skins. The oyster is the species of shell-fish occurring most abundantly in the kitchen-middens, and constituting sometimes almost entirely their contents. Next follow, in the order of their frequency, the cockle, mussel, and periwinkle, or *Littorina.* In regard to the oyster, it is worthy of remark that this bivalve has disappeared from the neighborhood of the kitchen-middens, being now confined to a few localities on the Cattegat. Yet even there it never attains the large size characterizing the oysters of the ancient shell beds. The cockles and periwinkles, too, though still living in the same waters, are much smaller than those of ancient times. These changes have been attributed to a diminution of the saline matter in the water of the Baltic Sea. Among the remains of fishes those of the herring, codfish, flounder, and eel are quite frequent, and their presence proves that the coast people ventured upon the open sea, doubtless in small boats formed of trunks of trees, and hollowed by the application of fire. Remains of aquatic birds, such as wild ducks, geese, and swans, are often met. The great penguin or auk, supposed to be now entirely extinct, and the capercailzie, or mountain cock, a bird no longer found in Denmark, though still inhabiting the forests of Germany, deserve special mention. The last-named bird feeds in Spring chiefly on the buds of the pine, a kind of tree not growing naturally at present in Denmark, but very common during the Stone Age, as has been ascertained by the examination of Danish peat bogs. Thus it would seem that the disappearance of the pine from Denmark caused the capercailzie to leave that country. Bones of the domestic fowl, the stork, sparrow, and swallow, are totally wanting in the kitchen-middens. The mammals that have left there their remains are the stag, roe, wild boar, urus, beaver, seal, wolf, fox, lynx, wild-cat, marten, otter, hedgehog, water-rat, and dog. Next to the mollusks, the stag, roe, and wild boar evidently constituted the principal food of the coast people. The dog, which was represented by a small race, was their only domesticated animal, but also eaten by them in the fashion of our Indians, who keep dogs as companions, and use them as food, especially on solemn occasions. The urus, it will be remembered, has become extinct, and the beaver no longer inhabits Denmark. No bones of the hare have been found in the kitchen-middens, perhaps for the reason that those ancient people were prevented by superstitious motives, like the Laplanders of our day, from eating that animal. The reindeer and elk are thus far missing in the refuse heaps, though their bones have been discovered among other remains of the Stone Age in Denmark. The marrow-bones of the ruminants and wild boars are broken or split for extracting their contents, and they often exhibit the cuts produced by flint implements. When the bones were thrown away the dogs made a second meal of them, eating the smaller ones, especially bird bones, and gnawing off the soft portions from those of larger size. Prof. Steenstrup has made interesting experiments to elucidate that fact. Locking up some dogs, and restricting them to a bone diet, he ascertained that all the bones rejected by the dogs were the same that are present in the kitchen-middens, while the bones, or portions of bones, devoured by them are correspondingly missing there.—*Harper's Magazine.*

RUSSIA, PRUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.—There is no love lost between Germany and Russia. Any one at all acquainted with the state of opinion in the reflecting circles of St. Petersburg knows well that the German Empire is there regarded with the most profound distrust. It is not for the purpose of carrying out ambitious designs upon the East that Russia, like France, is straining every nerve to complete her military organization; the embraces and kisses with which the German and Russian Emperors so frequently and so gushingly saluted each other had, it is to be feared, something of the Judas in them, and the kisses may not impossibly prove to be the preface to treachery and bites. If Germany chose to disarm France completely, how could Russia interfere? In a war with France in her present exhausted state, Germany could easily spare 100,000 soldiers and experienced officers to restore the temporary independence of Poland, and the occupation of the Baltic Provinces would be a feat by no means impossible to Moltke. Any intervention on the part of Austria is out of the question. The Austrian Empire exists only by sufferance, and a finger lifted in menace to united Germany would provoke a punishment which would amount to complete political annihilation. Besides, Austria cannot forget that it was France that substantially assisted to drive her out of Italy, and that if France had been her friend she might have prevented the catastrophe of Sadowa. Austria wants years of peace to recuperate her forces; she has absolutely nothing to gain from a war with the German Empire, and her statesmen can scarcely conceal from themselves the fact that her interests are really one with those of Prussia, however much national vanity may be wounded by the reflection.—*London Society.*

ALFONSO AND HIS RECEPTION.—Remembering that orthodoxy and unity of religion which have led, in the Spanish Peninsula, to such blessed and happy results, I was, I own, somewhat surprised to find that precedence over the Bishop and clergy of Sigüenza, in respect of addressing the Majesty of Alfonso XII., was given to the Mayor and Corporation. It is true that the Alcalde had got the keys of the town, on a handsome cushion of crimson velvet trimmed with gold lace, to present to the monarch, whereas the Bishop had nothing to offer to his Majesty beyond his episcopal bessing. Kings like to see their subjects standing before them with offerings in their hands. At all events the municipality did their spiriting first; and it was a fine sight to behold the Alcalde, with a loyal smirk on his face, presenting the cushion with the keys thereupon at the portal of the royal carriage. It was a kind of Castilian version of Mr. Frith's admired composition of "Sherry, sir!" Two glorified latchkeys—they had only just been revilt evidently, for little particles of gold-leaf or Dutch metal were fluttering half disengaged about their rusty wards—were handed to Don Alfonso, who evidently did not know what to do with them. The young gentleman was not yet sufficiently versed in the etiquette of regality to know that he should forthwith and amicably have shoved the keys, cushion, and all, towards the Mayor, and informed his worship that the objects could not be in better keeping. Instead of doing so, he held the keys of Sigüenza in one hand, and once or twice "offered," as the country folk say, to put them into his pocket. He was desperately short of ready money just then, his courtiers told me; and the unwonted sight of gold, or seeming gold, might have tempted him. But an aide de camp discreetly whispered something in the royal ear, and the monarch handed the keys back to the Alcalde, who was by this time half through a flaming address, in which he was comparing the youthful sovereign to Alonzo el Sabio, to the Ruy Cid Campeador, to Gonzalvo de Cordova—to Perea Nena and the Spanish dancers, for aught I know. When he had finished, the band struck up the "Marcia Reale," and the gentlemen of the royal suite, thrusting the upper halves of their persons from the carriage windows, signalled to the crowd to cheer, kindly officiating as tuglemen and leading the *vivas.* These salutations were not very numerous nor very enthusiastic, from the platform at least; but all the blackguard little boys of Sigüenza shrieked a shrill accompaniment to the "Marcia Reale," and that at least was something.—*George Augustus Sala—Belgravia.*

LONDON BIRDS.—Only those who have tried rising with the lark know what a *rus in urbe* may be found before 9 A. M. in the London parks. Thrushes feed there late and early in the day, and even build in high trees inaccessible to boys. Chaffinches, gay as in a country orchard, may be seen there, and robins; indeed the latter penetrate, especially in Winter, to the squares. There are rookeries at Kensington Palace and in Holland Park. The wood-pigeon's coo floats to the ears along with the distant roar of the awakening city, from the tallest trees in Kensington Gardens and Regent's Park. In this latter locality and in Hyde Park the blackcap sings during Summer. In such situations too the swallow tribe may be noticed, being banished there and to the suburbs by the smoke and noise. The starling, however, makes its nests on the top of the tall West End mansions, and occasionly a few martens will build under the eaves of such houses. The birds indigenous to London may thus be catalogued, according to the frequency of their occurring: Sparrow, redbreast, starling, rook, thrush, blackbird, blue titmouse. During the severe weather which closed 1874 fieldfares and redwings were picked up starved to death in the great West End thoroughfares. On one day at the beginning of January, 1874, our friend observed in the Temple Gardens, as the snow was melting early in the afternoon, a Royston crow, two redwings, two thrushes, a blackbird, several starlings, and a moorhen. The enumeration of these birds will surprise those who fancy that the practical study of ornithology is impossible in London, and nothing has been said of the many Summer visitants which attentive observation will discover by their notes at early morning and after the park gates are closed at night. To ascend to a higher family than any which we have hitherto touched, some years ago a pair of sparrow-hawks reared their young among the coils of rope at the feet of Nelson, in Trafalgar square, and another pair for several seasons built and reared their young between the wings of the golden dragon which formed the weather-vane of Bow Church, Cheapside.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

RICHARDSON'S CREATIONS.—Every writer, consciously or unconsciously, puts himself into his novels, and exhibits his own character even more distinctly than that of his heroes. And Richardson, the head of a little circle of conscientious admirers of each other's virtues, could not but reproduce on a different scale the tone of his own society. The Grandisons and the families of Miss Byron and Clementina merely repeat a practice with which he was tolerably familiar at home, while his characters represent to some extent the idealized Richardson himself—and this leads us to the most essential characteristic of his novels. The greatest woman in France, according to Napoleon's brutal remark, was the woman who had the most children. In a different sense the saying may pass for truth. The greatest writer is one who has produced the largest family of immortal children. Those of whom it can be said that they have really added a new type to the fictitious world are indeed few in number. Cervantes is in the front rank of all imaginative creators, because he has given birth to Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Richardson's literary representatives are far indeed below these, but Richardson, too, may boast that, in his narrower sphere of thought, he has invented two characters that have still a strong vitality. They show all the weaknesses inseparable from the age and country of their origin. They are far inferior to the highest ideals of the great poets of the world; they are cramped and deformed by the frigid conventionalities of their century and the narrow society in which they move and live. But for all that they stir the emotions of a distant generation with power enough to show that their author must have pierced below the surface into the deeper and more perennial springs of human passion. These two characters are, of course, Clarisen and Sir Charles Grandison.—*Hours in a Library, Leslie Stephen.*

# ZADKIEL'S BALL OF CRYSTAL.

*THE NOSTRADAMUS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

THE ALMANAC—IT PROPHESIES THE DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT—WHO WAS ZADZIEL?—MORRISON VS. BELCHER—SUIT FOR LIBEL—LADY BLESSINGTON'S CRYSTAL—BULWER ON THE STAND—DAMAGES FOR PLAINTIFF TWENTY SHILLINGS.

Two recent cases—that of Rubery versus Simpson, in which the *Times* was mulcted to the tune of £500, and the Jounson-Atlas case, so disastrous to the London *Anthenæum* on the first trial, have been fully reported here, have excited much comment, and have been the source of considerable surprise to all who are not familiar with the idiosyncracies of an English jury. In this country the twelve will, in an aggravated case, take the law into their own hands, and seek to render substantial justice, irrespective of the legal directions of the Judge. In England, however, although in criminal suits the jury are still the determined guardians of what they conceive in each case to be the right, in civil suits they, as a rule, implicitly follow the directions of the Court as to the law, and even find the facts in accordance with whatever view he may indicate to them as his own.

Never was this peculiarity of the English jury more forcibly exemplified than in the following case, which was decidedly *sui generis*, and which while it lasted afforded to counsel as good an opportunity for poking fun as did any other occurrence which has ever taken place in Westminster Hall. Few persons in England do not, and few here do, know what is meant by "Zadkiel's Almanac." It is (perhaps we should say "was" for it is nearly a year since its author's death, and its publication may be discontinued,) an annual almanac, which in addition to the usual information contained in publications of that kind, predicts in somewhat general language, events of more or less public interest, as likely to occur in the course of the year. The principle its predictions profess to be based on, is the old judicial astrolgy and the calculation of nativities, and for that reason its prophecies are mainly confined to approaching death or danger to certain public characters. Being worded in an ambiguous manner the author is always able gracefully to withdraw when the prophecy fails altogether, on the ground that the danger is past, whereas if any accident happens to the party within the year, he takes due credit for the prediction. Any difference of a few months in the happening of a predicted event is readily explained as arising from an ignorance on the part of the seer of the exact hour of birth. Of course Zadkiel occasionally makes quite lucky hits.

This ingenious publication has always had a wide circulation in England. Many of the purchasers are no doubt influenced simply by a curiosity, which is childish, to say the least of it, while others buy it for the sake of a laugh. *Punch* has cracked many a jest at Zadkiel. Still there are those of its patrons, principally among the more ignorant classes, who believe in astrology and place confidence in Zadkiel's prophecies, for the same reason that leads them to part with the last shilling to cross a gypsy's palm with silver. Be the cause of its wide circulation what it may, the publication went on undisturbed for a number of years, until in an unlucky hour the author came out with a prophecy of the death of Prince Albert, which was duly fulfilled within the year. The passage in question appears in the almanac for 1861, in these words: "The stationary position of Saturn will be very evil for persons born on or near the 26th August. Among the sufferers I regret to see the worthy Prince Consort of these realms. Let such persons pay scrupulous attention to their health." On the 23d of December, 1861, the Prince Consort expired, and, a few days after, appeared Zadkiel's Almanac for the new year.

Prince Albert had been dearly loved by the English nation, and the recollection that his death had been predicted in the manner above alluded to excited public feeling against Zadkiel. The views of many were expressed in a stinging article which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* for Jan. 31, 1862, concluding with the query, "Who is Zadkiel?"

Hereupon under the sway of that impulse which leads the Anglo-Saxon race on the slightest provocation to load the desk of the patient newspaper editor with its lucubrations, a response to this query was promptly forthcoming. Rear Admiral Sir E. Belcher, K. B., seized his pen and rushed into print with the following letter, which was duly published in the *Telegraph*.

SIR: In your impression of this day you say, Who is this Zadkiel, and are there no means of ferreting him out and handing him up to Bow street, as a rogue and a vagabond? I will aid you on the scent by first informing you that he stands as a Lieutenant on the Navy list; next, that he has his admirers at Greenwich Hospital, who fancy him a prophet A 1, and that his mischievous propensities are not solely invoived in that foolish publication, Zadkiel's Almanac. * * * His name is C. J. Morrison. * * * He is the crystal globe seer who gulled many of our nobility about the year 1852. * * * Making use of a boy under fourteen, or a girl under twelve, he pretended, by their looking into the crystal, to hold converse with the spirits of the Apostles, and to tell what was going on in any part of the world. * * * One noble lady gave one of these boys £5 to give her intelligence respecting her son, who was in the Mediterranean. The boy "practised" he let the cat out of the bag. Of course the information was false. He took money, if he be really the same, for these profane acts, and made a good thing of it. * * * As to his position as a naval officer, excepting in the Coast-guard, he has not served since 1815. ANTI-HUMBUG.

But the Quixotic Admiral soon discovered that he had better have left matters alone. He had run a tilt with a windmill, and promptly received a buffet in return. Morrison sued him for libel, and after the usual delays the case came on for trial in the Queen's Bench, before Chief Justice Sir Alexander Cockburn, whose subsequent connection with the Geneva Arbitration Commission and the Orton case has rendered his peculiarities of temper familiar to all American readers.

The court-room was, of course, crowded; the Bar was present in full force, for the nature of the opposing forces gave promise of a sharp conflict. Sergeants Shee and Ballantyne led respectively for plaintiff and defendant. The latter even then had the reputation of being the ablest advocate and the most skillful cross-examiner at the English Bar. Even Lewis, of Old Bailey fame, (the original of "Chaffeabrass" in Trollope's *Orley Farm*,) was not his equal in anatomizing an unfortunate witness. He has recently sustained this high reputation by his skillful defense of the Gaikwar of Baroda, for the neat little retainer of 10,000 guineas. Snee's opening was brilliant, and showed that he had carefully "crammed" for the case; his display of astrological knowledge called forth the compliments of the court. The plaintiff then took the stand. He was attired in plain clothes, and wore two medals on his breast. He had served, he said, in the Royal Navy from 180, to 1829. Since then in the Coast-guard, and acknowledged himself to be the publisher of Zadkiel's Almanac. Two copies of this work were then produced, and passages read, to the amusement of the audience.

In the Almanac for 1862, under November, was the following: "Lord Derby, Lord Cardigan, and Sir G. Grey, all begin to feel trouble from the great conjunction which fell on their nativities." Under the heading Nativity of Lord Palmerston: "We have reason to fear the country will lose the benefit of the noble lord's services in his seventy-eighth year. Not being informed of the hour of his birth, we may be some months out in the period, but if he should reach the middle of March, 1862, unscathed, he will then have a most fatal combination of threatening influences." Then, under the head Nativity of Lord Brougham: "This interesting nativity was published by us in 1834. The planet Mercury nearly conjoined with Venus, denoting a master mind of the highest grade, yet a perfect Proteus, is a splendid proof of the truth of astrology. I notice it here, because on his eighty-fourth birthday, 19th September, 1862, the evil Saturn will be very near the Sun, and on the 23d September will pass over the stars wherein the Sun was placed, when this great man first drew breath. If he lives to reach this day, the influence will be fatal to his life and health."

This same copy of the Almanac also contained an account of the wonderful crystal. "Zadkiel" said that it had not been used much of late, as the only mediums he had been able to procure were young children. Now, however, he was in better luck. He had four adult mediums, two of whom, gifted with the art stic spirit, were able to depict in sketches what they saw. They had been favored with splendid scriptural scenes, among which figured the miracle of the "five loaves and two small fishes." Judas Iscariot also appeared, and stated that he was very wretched in hell; asked to be let go from the crystal, and said he would be "happier after next Sunday."

The plaintiff's examination then continued amid the suppressed merriment of the audience. He stated that he had heard of the wonderful ball as in the possession of Lady Blessington, and sold among her effects. He had himself bought it in 1849 from a London dealer in curiosities. Here the ball itself was produced and put in evidence. It was a rock crystal, three or four inches in diameter, with several flaws, handled by means of a ribbon, and carefully kept in a cushioned box. The Chief Justice first peered into it, and it was then passed around among the jury and finally turned over to the Bar for their inspection. No one developed the talents of an "adult medium," but as some of the briefless ones were inspecting it, Sergt. Ballantyne raised a laugh by suggesting that his younger brethren were looking into it to see their prospects of future business. The plaintiff then went on to say that his son, a lad of thirteen years of age, was the first who professed to see visions in it; the scenes described by him were laid chiefly in the Arctic seas, and appeared to relate to the fate of Sir John Franklin and his crew. He had sent an account of these visions to the *Athenæum*, which had published it. A young man named Usher had also seen visions in it, but that crowning mercy had been denied to the plaintiff himself. Several persons of distinction had at different times desired to see the crystal, and it seems from the evidence to have been quite the rage at one time to engage the services of Zadkiel and his crystal as an aditional entertainment, at evening parties. The plaintiff ran over a long list of persons to whom, at their own request, he had exhibited the crystal. Among these figured Baron Bunsen, several countesses, a bishop, an archdeacon, and a member of Parliament. Admiral Belcher, it seems, had witnessed the performance at an evening party and did not then manifest any indignation at the "imposture." The plaintiff also testified, and this was the legal point in the case, that he had never taken money for exhibiting the crystal. In fact, the most reasonable explanation of the whole affair seems to be that Morrison was cracked on the subject of astrology, and fully believed his visions and predictions. Examined as to the nature of the visions, he stated that they were of various kinds, sometimes of distant places unknown to the seer, sometimes of deceased persons. As a sample of the visions a number of sketches were presented, and the direct examination being over, the plaintiff fell to the tender mercies of Sergeant Ballantyne. One of the sketches represented an imposing personage in full armor, which was said to be the genius of the crystal, the great Zadkiel himself.

Ballantyne—Zadkiel looks like a Knight Templar?

Plaintiff—So he is said to have appeared.

Ballantyne—Then there is Eve as she seems to have appeared to some one.

Plaintiff—A spirit, who called herself Eve.

Ballantyne—Called herself! do you think she told an untruth? I hope these spirits are not guilty of false pretenses?

Plaintiff—She represented herself as Eve.

The Chief Justice—How? Did she speak? I thought it was all by vision.

The plaintiff here explained, that although nothing was said, still legend appeared coming out of their mouths, on which their names were written. In answer to further questions he said that various languages were used in these legends, English, Persian, Turkish, and Hebrew, and acknowledged that where the legends appeared in these languages nobody translated them.

Ball—What language did Eve use? She is not generally supposed to have understood English.

Plaintiff—English, I believe.

Ball—Then I see Titania as she appeared in a chariot and St. Luke as he appeared on several occasions. We have Shakespeare's authority for Titania's understanding English; but with regard to St. Luke, it would be a question of great interest, for there is a controversy as to what language he wrote in.

Witness stated that both used English.

Allusion being made to the prophecies which appeared from time to time in the almanac, he said that he never prophesied, he only predicted; and on being taxed with the failure of his recent prediction as to the death of Lord Brougham, he explained that he never predicted death, only danger; that it was an annual prediction, extending from birthday to birthday; "he is in danger till his next birthday."

Ball—Oh! I see. He is "in danger" till his death, and then he is out of danger.

The cross-examination continued in this style for some time, until the Chief Justice interposed and said there had been enough nonsense.

The plaintiff then brought forward his witnesses to prove that he had exhibited the crystal freely and without charge. Among them were several peeresses. The defendant's counsel did not cross-examine the ladies beyond ascertaining the fact that gentlemen had been present at the various *séances*, whom it was suggested it would have been more becoming for the plaintiff to have summoned. The noble ladies, however, did not seem much concerned at appearing in court, and rather regarded it as "awfully jolly." One noble Countess, being asked it she made any inquiries of the seer, replied, "Oh, dear, no! I thought it such awful nonsense."

The Earl of Wilton made his appearance among the witnesses. Two days before there had been concluded in the same court a rather notorious suit, in which the noble Earl had figured as a party defendant together with Viscount Combermere and Gen. Peel, (Secretary of War in 1855,) being charged by one Lieut. Col. Dickson with conspiring, by means of false and malicious charges, to have him removed from the command of the Second Tower Hamlets Regiment of militia. A ripple of amusement ran around the court when the witness said he had consulted the crystal several times. It broke into a laugh when Ballantyne playfully asked him: "Did you see any particular 'conjunction' it suggested—any sort of 'combination to you?'" Witness said no. One lady testified that Zadkiel had informed her that she had "seven guardian angels." She remarked she thought it rather a large number.

The plaintiff's witnesses were not happy ones for him, so far as he expected to prove any successful visions by them. One of them, a clergyman, said the medium pretended to see his (witness') son and wife, (who were then in the West Indies,) sitting in front of a large house, but the description was so vague it was impossible to test its accuracy. Another witness testified that he was at the house of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton when the crystal was exhibited, and that a servant girl of Sir Edward's looked into it, and in explaining what she saw, accurately described Knebworth, her master's country seat, which she had never seen. The momentary sensation caused by this evidence soon subsided when Sir Edward himself took the stand. He said that although the girl had not seen the place, she might very easily have seen an engraving of it. Moreover the description was so vague that it made no impression upon him, which it certainly would have done had the occurrence been any way remarkable, as he was then engaged in endeavoring to find the natural causes by which strange and wondrous effects might be introduced. How far he succeeded in his search the readers of *The Haunters and the Haunted* and *A Strange Story* need not be told.

The monotony of the evidence given by this long array of doubting Thomases was at last relieved by the appearance of one sincere disciple. An old lady was placed on the stand, who, although not one of the advertised mediums, nor in any way connected with Morrison, professed to have repeatedly seen visions in the crystal. She had first beheld her grandmother, who had been dead fifty years. "The scene was so solemn she would never forget it." She had also seen the man in armor, who, as Morrison informed her, was the presiding genius of the crystal, and a lady in a pink dress, reclining lovingly on his shoulder. The scene would "never pass from her mind while she was blessed with memory." Being pressed by the Court to take a look at the crystal there and then, and report what was to be seen, she indignantly refused. It was altogether "too solemn a matter."

This ended the plaintiff's case. The defendant called no witnesses. Sergeant Ballantyne relied on his opportunity of holding the plaintiff up to ridicule, and most unmercifully did he handle the whole case, keeping the audience in roars of laughter. Alluding in the course of his remarks to the able opening of his opponent, he said he fancied the plaintiff regarded Sergeant Shee as his "bright particular star," and that he cared not a straw for any other conjunction whatever. He had predicted the death of Lord Palmerston and Lord Brougham, but, happily, they survived. As to the former—the "fusty-minded statesman," as Kinglake dubbed him—he no doubt cared more for combinations in the House of Commons than for any conjunction of stars whatsoever. Counsel wondered whether the prophet had consulted the stars as to the result of this trial; whether he found that Mars crossed Venus, or whether Saturn was in the ascendant. Here Chief Justice Cockburn interrupted with "I fancy he will think he is in Scorpio."

The charge to the jury was a model of that unflinching adherence to precedents which marks the English courts, and is such an element in the stability of English law. The plaintiff was a charlatan, and would anywhere else have been laughed out of court, but he had made out his case. The defendant had charged him with having taken money for the false predictions; he proved that he had not done so, and was therefore entitled to a verdict. After a short discussion the jury awarded him twenty shillings damages. The court refused the usual certificate for costs, so that, although victorious, Morrison did not gain much by his suit, except perhaps an increased notoriety for his almanac.

## *A REMARKABLE CASE OF CATALEPSY.*

A remarkable case of catalepsy has lately occurred in one of the principal hospitals of Paris. Professional men found it a rare subject for attention and study. The closest examination was allowed, and every witness was afforded an opportunity to apply his own means of verification. The phenomenon is not one of those which are often shrouded in the clouds of the supernatural, but simply a pathological fact of purely scientific interest.

A female patient, Marie Lecomte, was admitted to the Hospital Cochin, to be treated surgically by Dr. Després. Soon after admission, she was taken with dysmenorrhœa and obstinate vomiting. Other distressing symptoms intervened, and on the 5th of April she fell into a state of lethargy. Her respiration became almost imperceptible, her lips were rosy, her complexion natural, her pulse normal, and when the fingers were pressed on the glottis, a most sensitive spot, there was not the slightest movement or coughing.

On the 6th of April all the muscles of the patient were hard and stiff. It was rigor mortus, minus death, for the pulse was 70, and the temperature of the body at 38° Centigrade. There was then catalepsy and lethargy. This condition lasted six days, during which the patient remained in a state of apparent death, and did not take any food whatever. The muscles were rigid, limbs stretched, and the arms drawn close to the body. The position of a limb could be changed by force only. The hands and fingers would preserve for hours the strangest postures, then all at once snap back into the position from which they had been disturbed, and resume their former tension.

The patient was freely viewed at every hour of the day and night, and her condition always was the same. Some attempts to awake her failed, and the attending physicians were all convinced that the cessation of reflex movements was complete and unmistakable.

On the seventh day the patient muttered a few words, and asked to drink. She took a little coffee and beef tea, but vomited part of it a few hours later.

On the eighth day she relapsed into the cataleptic state, and remained in it forty hours.

On the twelfth day there was another incomplete return to active life. The patient would call some inmates, medical attendants, and the nurse, without recognizing them or answering the questions she was asked.

On the thirteenth day there was another relapse; catalepsy and lethargy lasting for sixteen hours. On the fourteenth day incomplete consciousness, followed by an attack of eight hours' catalepsy.

In the intervals of the crisis the patient drank beef-tea and coffee. She grew visibly thin, and her faint pulse at 100, pointed to the customary effects of insufficient nutrition.

From that time the fits of catalepsy cease l. The patient remained in a state of half-consciousness. She could not recognize anybody, but was, nevertheless able to take some food.

On the seventeenth day a new complication set in. The patient complained of loss of sight; she thought she was blind, and would rub her eyes with such paroxysms of rage that it became necessary to tie her hands.

On the eighteenth day she was restored to sight, recognized some of the attendants, and succeeded in taking food regularly.

On the twenty-fifth day there was no more vomiting; signs of returning health were manifest, and the patient complained only of a great sensation of fatigue in her limbs.

On the thirtieth day she was able to get up, and since the 5th of May she has been entirely recovered.

This curious case belongs to a class of nervous diseases characteristic of hysterical temperaments. Marie Lecomte is a foundling. She is twenty-four years old; she had never left the asylum of the *Enfants Assistés*, nor the farm where she had found a situation.

Simple and good, this poor girl had neither exaggerated religious ideas nor loose morals. Before and after her attack, during the state of trance and somnambulism which followed the six days of catalepsy, she held no connected conversation, said no prayer, nor once pronounced the name of God; but she asked for water or ice, called the inmates who were best known to her; in short, spoke according to her tastes and habits. The case, which will be published with full details, becomes a scientific fact, the authenticity of which is better established than that of all similar facts of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. In those times the hysterical cataleptics or religious insane were considered to be God's elect, and the ecstatic or somnambulistic cataleptics, who did not speak of God, used to be exorcised, and sometimes burned.

In regard to lethargy and absence of food, Marie Lecomte is not the most remarkable instance. There have been some insane who remained as long in the cataleptic or lethargical state, but the narrative of the facts is obscure, and it is not ascertained whether for the time during which the fit seems to have lasted the muscular system was rigid, as it has been in the case of Marie Lecomte during a period of six full days.

It may here be asked whether, in presence of the state of apparent death, ignorant people might not have believed it to be a state of real death, and have buried the patient. In answer it may be said that the most inexperienced physician, who would have felt the pulse, could not have had the least doubt. If ever a cataleptic patient in a state of lethargy has been buried alive, it is because the physician has not exercised due care. Marie Lecomte's history leads to the assumption that in spite of all the appearances of death, there were sufficient signs of life to remove any uncertainty as to the real condition of the patient.

## *LARGE THEFT IN OHIO.*

Letters from Canton, Ohio, say that much excitement has been caused there by numerous attempts at burglary. On Friday night, July 9, the residence of Mrs. Joseph Meyer was entered and a large amount of valuable property taken. The first intimation Mrs. Meyer had of the affair was the receipt of a letter through the Post Office on Saturday, saying that if she would pay $500 the property would be returned. She thereupon took a survey of the premises, and found that a trunk containing bonds, notes, and other securities, a quantity of silver plate, and a gold watch, had been taken from under a bed in the upper part of the house, without the knowledge of its inmates. The next morning the trunk was found on the Shoob farm, near town, cut to pieces. Subsequently a young man named Jerome Markell was brought before Mayor Braden for a preliminary hearing, upon suspicion of having, in conjunction with accomplices, committed the theft. The property stolen consisted of $13,854 in mortgage notes, silverware to the amount of $300, and gold and silver watches and other articles, aggregating probably $20,000. Mrs. Meyer had her suspicions as soon as she saw the handwriting, and believed that it might be some one who was acquainted with her house. So, with the assistance of her son-in-law, Mr. John Blake, and the Police force, she went to work to obtain her property, and ferret out the thief or thieves. Markell was arrested, and City Marshall Webb and assistant went to what are called the Lake Woods, accompanied by Markell, and found all the property with the exception of a watch and some minor articles. The notes were quite wet, and adhered one to another, and the silverware and other articles were somewhat tarnished, but aside from this the things were in the same condition as when taken, and were returned to the owner. The affair created much excitement, the more because Markell had none of the appearances of a bad character, was always well dressed, and was quite gentlemanly in appearance, and of quiet and unassuming manners. He was recognized to appear before the Court of Common Pleas in the sum of $2,000, upon failing to procure which he was remanded to jail. It is believed that Markell will implicate other parties.

## *THE MISSISSIPPI LEGISLATURE.*

Acting Gov. A. K. Davis, of Mississippi, has called a special session of the Legislature of that State, to convene at the Capitol, in Jackson, on Tuesday, 27th inst. His proclamation recites that it has been adjudged by the Supreme Court of the State that there is no law requiring Tax Collectors to give bond for properly securing the revenue which may come into their hands, the law previously existing having apparently been omitted in the Revised Code of 1871, and subsequent legislation by accident or inadvertence not provided. The proclamation also intimates that as much doubt exists as to the validity and proper construction of the registration laws of the State, it is desirable to have further legislation in this respect.

# PHILOLOGY AT NEWPORT.

*THE IMPORTANT PAPERS OF THE SESSION.*

SEVENTEEN ESSAYS READ—LATIN PRONUNCIATION—THE ENGLISH, CONTINENTAL, AND ROMAN METHODS EQUALLY DIVIDED AMONG THE COLLEGES—HON. J. H. TRUMBULL DISCUSSES AMERICAN AND INDIAN DIALECTS—PROF. FRANCIS A. MARCH ON THE YOUTHFULNESS OF SHAKESPEARE—NEW MEMBERSHIP.

*From Our Own Correspondent.*

NEWPORT, R. I., Thursday, July 15, 1875.

The number of essays read before the society this year was seventeen. This would not be small if every performance had been the greatest effort of a fine writer, or had presented the last results of an original and valuable investigation. Such, however, is not the case. A paper, for instance, pretending to give the statistics of Latin pronunciation merely reported the replies received from a number of colleges to a question of the National Bureau of Education as to the mode of pronouncing Latin. The answers amounted roughly to this—that one-third of the colleges used the so-called English method, or pronounced the Roman tongue substantially like Engl'sh; one-third used the Continental, and the last third the Roman method. The difference between the last two lies, for example, in the letter C, which, according to the Roman method, always has the sound of K; both the Roman and the Continental systems pronounce the vowels as in Italian or German. It would, however, be erroneous to infer from this, that American readers of Cicero, Cæsar, and Horace are deeply divided on the subject. Not all the colleges have given their answer, and an institution like Yale counts far more practically than a small university in Florida or Nebraska. Experienced people know, moreover, that all English-speaking scholars understand and substantially are using an English or semi-English way of pronouncing the tongue of classical Rome. The term "continental" is, at the same time, a dim expression, since every action on the continent of Europe has a particular fashion in this manner; a Swede is hardly intelligible to an Italian when speaking his Latin, and the Spanish Bishops at the late Vatican Council could hardly understand Bishop Doellinger and Cardinal Rauscher.

A long paper on the first sentence in Cæsar's *Commentaries* was full of fervent sentiment, vast reading, bad taste, and worse philology. The society, however, listened to it with admirable patience, and applauded the sorry remarks of the reader repeatedly. A paper on the word "juise," by Mr. W. A. Goodwin, a civil engineer, of Portland, Me., was good-natured and entirely harmless. The learned and valuable essays of Mr. Williams and Prof. Harkness have been mentioned. It is perhaps probable that they will appear in the society's transactions. A communication from Prof. E. S. Holden, of the Naval Observatory at Washington, D. C., claimed that the writer used over 30,000 of the words contained in Webster's unabridged; to Shakespeare he assigned about 24,000 words, and to Milton's poetry less than three-fourths of these. He battled against the well-known statement of Hon. G. P. Marsh, who is of opinion that an educated American and Englishman uses less than 10,000 words. Mr. Holden admitted, however, that he used the term "word" in a broader sense than our accomplished Minister near the Court of Italy. On the other hand, it does not seem conclusive that a gentleman should consider all the words in the dictionary, which he seems to understand, as a part of his own vocabulary. No one can open a German or French or Spanish dictionary without finding hundreds of words that seem quite intelligible, and yet tell the speaker when he would use them either in conversation or in writing. Neither the premises nor the conclusions of the inquiry seemed to be satisfactory. The society has at no meeting made much of a show in Hebrew and its kindred dialects, Chaldee, Syriac, and Arabic. It was therefore an agreeable announcement that Rev. George R. Eatler, Ph. D., was to compare the language of Deuteronomy and the Prophet Jeremiah. No new conclusions, however, as to the mooted questions of Old Testament philology or theology were arrived at by this painstaking essayist, and the roundness of his paper was much injured by frequent omissions and a somewhat sudden conclusion.

Prof. Franklin Carter, of Yale College, read a careful discussion upon the ending of weak preterits in Germanic dialect, accounting for the origin of *ed*, for instance, in the past tense of gathered, the ordinary explanation being that it is a decayed did or had.

Prof. Haldeman read a paper on the change of English consonants in such words as brass—brazen, glass—glaze, life—live, proof—prove. The fact that this consonantal transition occurs in more than a hundred sets given by the Professor seems to prove the existence of a general law. The latter, however, Mr. Haldeman was hardly willing to account for. Indeed, he seems singularly analytic and scientific, and strangely averse to philosophic conceptions. Much devoted to philosophy and metaphysics, Mr. C. W. Ernst, an enthusiastic German, read a paper on the arrangement of words in the German sentence. He attempted to reduce the subject to a simple and philosophic operation, and met with much favor. A very careful and elaborate essay on the grammatical phenomena in the old English poem of "The Owl and the Nightingale" was read by Mr. L. A. Sherman, of New-Haven, Conn. He, too, abbreviated—too much so to make his eminently interesting work show to good advantage. If it is right to judge from his disconnected reading, he has done much and valuable work, and should not withhold his researches from the students of old English. Mr. A. C. Merriam, of New-York, presented, through Col. Higginson, a long essay on the discoveries made of late at Troy and Cyprus. The essayist concludes with the statement that he wishes to present the facts that demonstrate the numerous lines in which the art of Cyprus ran parallel with that of Troy, now discovered by M. Schliemann, was interlaced with it, or stood as its fountain-head and model.

Prominent among the proceedings of the meeting was the annual address of the President, Hon. J. H. Trumbull. He discussed the American language, the dialects of the Indian and of the white man. The former he divided into four branches, that cover the country east of the Rocky Mountains and north of Mexico. These are the Eskimo, Athabascan, Algonkin, and Dakota or Sioux. Of these the Algonkin is the largest, and has been caltivated by Mr. Trumbull with assiduous care. He assigns to its subdivisions the highest grammatical and logical development. To bring them all under one head, as has been done with the Indo-European languages, seems to be impossible as yet, and the facilities for making original and immediate investigations are lessened every year. But he quoted Mr. Duponceau approvingly: "The fundamental characteristic of the Indian languages is a universal tendency to express in the same word not only all that modifies or relates to the same object or action, but both the action and the object, thus concentrating in a single expression a complex idea, or several ideas, among which there is a natural connection. All the other features of the language seem to be subordinate to that general principle." The pronouns and a few particles excepted, Indian was said to consist substantially of verbs. These verbs have perfect moods and tenses. The common error that the Indian speech is deficient in abstract terms was refuted by interesting illustrations. The "I am" is a constant element of Indian grammar. Man in Indian is expressed by "like myself;" woman by "one who follows me;" father by "one from whom I come;" supernatural by "something beyond me;" and this last word, "Manito," has been successfully used by missionaries for the English and Christian word God. Mr. Trumbull then discoursed English spelling. Bad spelling, he said, costs about $15,000,000 per annum. This part of his address was taken up by Prof. F. A. March, who had discussed it a year before in his President's address, and it was voted that a committee be appointed to take the whole matter of English spelling reform into consideration, with power to sit in the recess and to report at the next meeting of the association, and that the committee consist of Prof. W. D. Whitney, Dr. J. H. Trumbull, Prof. F. J. Child, Prof. F. A. March, and Prof. S. S. Haldeman.

If the society means to use its energies in this direction at all it has taken the right step. The committee consists of the very best men—Whitney representing the general science of language, Haldeman that of etymology and phonology, March of English philology, Child of English literature, and Trumbull of American history. Prof. Francis A. March read two essays—one on dissimilated germinations, in such forms as Thompson from Thomason, slumber from slummr, mumble from mummil, empty from emmig, and another on the youthfulness of Shakespeare, appearing in the play of "Hamlet." This delightful essay contained the following passages: The old biographies of Shakespeare are apt to begin by saying, "We know little or nothing of the life of Shakespeare." There is not much knowledge in the form of testimony, not much hearsay about him. But there is a great mass of facts from which philological science may find out everything. I mean his works. It is doubtful whether any great man has left so complete a record of himself. The great students of the laws of nature record laws, not character. Great students of character are apt to sophisticate their own record. Whether Goetne is real or make believe at any particular moment is almost always hard to tell. Shakespeare speaks right out. We have pretty nearly every mood and every trait of him, as well as all the thoughts that ever interested him much. In the great folio of his works all these facts are thrown together and lie like the strata of the earth, or our languages, without visible order. They are material for research, from which science can construct the life of Shakespeare. The master thought just now of scientific men is development. It is inevitable that Shakespeare students should try to use it upon him. The first thing to be done to that end is to make out the succession in which the plays were written. A critical examination of the style has disclosed grammatical and metrical differences in them which afford tests of age. The frequency of rhymes, of lines ending in unaccented syllables, of those ending in superfluous syllables, of those ending with a pause, the management of the cæsura of the verse, are the tests which have been most used. They settle the relative age of many plays with certainty. When these plays are put before us in order of time, it is plain at the first glance that Shakespeare rose by slow and cautious steps to the heights of his power. He worked for years dramatizing popular tales with a comic vein, and years more on patriotic parts of English history, before he attempted anything in the grand tragic strain. Setting aside the love song of "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet" was his first tragedy. It has been generally esteemed the greatest of all Shakespeare's works. It is the most universally liked and admired. There is an age at which there are more votes for "Romeo and Juliet," but we outgrow that. "Hamlet" represents the last moments of youth, the experiences of one called to enter on the battle of life during the pause before the battle, and during the brief struggle in which he dies. These misgivings, shrinkings, questionings common to all are the last experiences which most readers of poetry enjoy the reading of. After they have become immersed in life they cease to read them with delight and earnestness. They never outgrow "Hamlet." But Shakespeare did. He passed on to "Othello," "Macbeth," and "Lear," to the "Winter's Tale" and the "Tempest." The characterization of the earlier plays is less penetrating and pervading. The chief personages are lovely youth, with no depth of experience, and no very profound difference developed, and the subordinate persons attract comparatively little attention. In "Hamlet" it is stri ingly true that the subordinate characters are unimpressive. The *King* talks a great deal, but there does not seem to be anything of him. *Hamlet's* mother, *Horatio*, the scholars, the courtiers, except *Polonius*, the players, are little remembered. *Hamlet*, *Ophelia*, *Polonius*, the grave-diggers are about all we recognize. The imagination does not perfectly pervade and shape the material. Matter that is not essentially connected with the plot is brought in to please the audience. So a complaint to *Queen Elizabeth*, an easy remark on Puritan sanctimoniousness, the ridiculing of the *Lascies*, are things for a origin young man like Shakespeare to bring down the house with. The characters are youthful, and are often made to talk just for the pleasure of it, and they sparkle with wit and good things of every kind, which are without particular character. They are the effervescence of Shakespeare, sometimes the good things from his common-place book. "Hamlet" abounds with passages which come under this head. So the advice to the players, the imitation specimen of rant from Marlowe, and the famous reflections on suicide. Shakespeare, working on old stories, sometimes leaves portions without change which cannot well belong to the play as he rewrites it. But there are particular facts or traits, such as we call anachronisms, we let them go, knowing well that Shakespeare doesn't mind such things, and that they do not injure the unity of his work. They are, however, blemishes. Shakespeare, in his earlier plays, has a theory of his characters by which he guides himself. He seems to have had a theory about insanity, and to have worked it out to the injury of the part of *Hamlet*. The youth thinks of other youths as ripe men and women. The young Shakespeare shows us a girl just entering her teens as perfect. No one needs to be older than *Juliet*. Her father and mother have failed out into old age. But men do not see goddesses after they are thirty, Emerson says. So in *Hamlet*. *Ophelia* is ripe in age, and her sagacious old father is presented as a superannuated bore. Poor *Polonius*, old fogy! Youth has its own way of thinking about other matters than love. *Hamlet* is filled with his own thoughts, with clouds, speculations about the world, now and hereafter. He sees that there is much to be said against his childhood's belief. He knows that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy, and the old wisdom seems folly to him. A sagacious remark is not far from the wearisome, and made-up minds seem superficial and unpenetrating. So *Polonius* seems foolish. Not so *Prospero*, or any of the wise men in the later plays. Thus is Shakespeare's first use of a ghost, and it is to be noticed that it is the simple, supernatural ghost of the mediæval stories. In the later plays the ghosts are apparitions of a diseased mind, tokens of reason's breaking up in the person to whom they appear, visible to him alone. The "Hamlet" ghost appears to vulgar eyes, and though introduced with beautiful and impressive surroundings, described in Shakespeare's happiest vein, it must be confessed that he is in himself characterless and uninteresting, and long-winded, and stagey, it there is such a word. And when the pose and declamation on the stage, and his movable subterranean noises, *Hamlet* does not wholly believe in him. The formal metrical peculiarities of Shakespeare's youthful plays are rhyming lines, or lines constructed like rhyming lines, with an accented syllable at the close, and two pauses in each line, one at the end, and the other balancing the two parts of the line with a certain uniformity; the general regular succession of iambics, in five accents and ten syllables; all observe like those of other good poets, the common metrical habits of the literature. The later plays drop the rhymes, leave the last syllable unaccented, use the Cæsura with the greatest freedom and variety, and rarely have the pauses and pause of unaccented syllables. In short, Shakespeare gives the reins to his imagination and produces his musical combination of sound without thought of formal restraints. In "Hamlet" we have a ripe stage of the metre. Restraint is gone with the rhymes; but there is still a certain care and finish—the perfect art without the negligences of the latest period.

There were three daily meetings, making in all a daily session of nine hours, and only the afternoon of Thursday was set aside for an excursion up Narragansett Bay. Also, the finances of the Philological Congregation are in fair condition, and show a balance of $1,332 10 in the hands of the Treasurer.

The following gentlemen and one lady were made members of the society by the customary vote: Mrs. N. W. De Munn, of Providence, R. I.; Prof. John Binney, of Middletown, Conn.; Mr. W. F. Bradbury, of Cambridge, Mass.; President J. M. Gregory, of Illinois; Prof. G. O. Holbrooke, of Hartford, Conn.; Prof. E. S. Holden, of the Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C.; Col. A. H. Hoyt, of Boston; Mr. J. C. M. Johnston, of New-Haven, Conn.; Prof. D. H. King, of Easton, Penn.; Gen. A. G. Lawrence, of Newport, R. I.; Mr. D. P. Lindsley, of Andover, Mass.; Mr. N. W. Lawton, of Jackson, Mich.; Prof. J. J. Mallatt, of Granville, Ohio; Prof. John Meigs, of Easton, Penn.; Mr. A. C. Merriam, of New-York; Rev. S. M. Newman, of Taunton, Mass.; Mr. C. M. O'Keefe, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. W. T. Peck, of Providence, R. I.; Mr. L. W. Richardson, of Hartford, Conn.; Prof. W. G. Richardson, of Richmond, Ky.; Dr. J. J. Sachs, of New-York; Prof. F. W. Tustin, of Lewisburg, Penn.; Mr. G. H. White, of Amherst, Mass.; Rev. S. J. Andrews, of Hartford, Conn.; Rev. H. T. Fuller, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Prof. R. T. Greener, of Columbia, S. C.; Dr. J. B. Bittinger, of Sewickly, Penn.; Mr. W. A. Goodwin, of Portland, Me.; Mr. J. A. Shores, of Sulfield, Conn.; Rev. J. C. Wrightman, of Taunton, Mass.; Prof. W. H. Whitsitt, of Greenville, S. C.

The next meeting is to be held in New-York City, commencing on the afternoon of Tuesday, July 18, 1876; but the Executive Committee of the society is ready to receive invitations to other places. A rule was adopted that the reading of an essay shall not occupy more than three-quarters of an hour, unless by special privilege of the association. It was also expressed that as far as convenient it should be announced beforehand who was to appear before the association as a speaker, and what would be the subject.

## *THE SHOE BUSINESS OF LYNN.*

The Boston *Globe* prints an illustrated article on Lynn, Mass., in which the following brief account of the beginning and growth of its great manufacturing interest is given:

"For a long time Lynn was almost purely an agricultural community, but in 1635, only six years after the settlement of the town, Philip Kertland arrived from England and began making shoes, in which occupation he was, probably, the first to regularly engage in the country. The same year, Edmund Bridges, also a shoemaker, settled in the town. It is probably due to the influence of these men that shoemaking gradually became the occupation of the citizens, and that many a long year ago the farmers were driven back into the country and their once blooming fields occupied by crowded factories. In a quiet way, the manufacture of women's shoes was continued till 1750, when John Adam Dagyr, a Welchman, arrived in Lynn and gave the business a great impetus by turning out work which f

# The New York Times.

## TRIPLE SHEET.

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, JULY 18, 1875.


*THE NEW-YORK TIMES.*

THE NEW-YORK TIMES is the best family paper published; it contains the latest news and correspondence. It is free from all objectionable advertisements and reports, and may be safely admitted to every domestic circle. The disgraceful announcements of quacks and medical pretenders, which pollute so many newspapers of the day, are not admitted into the columns of THE TIMES on any terms.

TERMS TO MAIL SUBSCRIBERS.

*Postage will be prepaid by the Publishers on all Editions of* THE TIMES *sent to Subscribers in the United States.*

The DAILY TIMES, per annum, including the Sunday Edition.....$12
The DAILY TIMES, per annum, exclusive of the Sunday Edition.....10
The Sunday Edition, per annum.....2
The SEMI-WEEKLY TIMES, per annum.....3
The WEEKLY TIMES, per annum.....2

CLUB RATES OF THE WEEKLY.

FIVE COPIES (per annum).....$7 50
TEN COPIES (per annum).....12 50
TWENTY COPIES (per annum).....22 00
THIRTY COPIES (per annum).....30 00

AND ONE EXTRA COPY TO EACH CLUB.

For every club of fifty, one copy of THE SEMI-WEEKLY TIMES to the getter-up of the club.

CLUB RATES OF THE SEMI-WEEKLY TIMES.

Two copies, one year.....5
Ten copies, one year, (and one extra copy free,).....25

New names may be added to clubs at any time during the year, at club rates.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY and WEEKLY mailed one year to clergymen at the lowest rates.

These prices are invariable. We have no traveling agents. Remit in drafts on New-York or Post Office Money Orders, if possible, and where neither of these can be procured send the money in a *registered* letter.

Terms, cash in advance.

Address THE NEW-YORK TIMES.
New-York City.

*This morning* THE DAILY TIMES *consists of* TWELVE PAGES. *Every news-dealer is bound to deliver the paper in its complete form, and any failure to do so should be reported at the publication office.*

*THE UP-TOWN OFFICE OF THE TIMES.*

*The up-town office of* THE TIMES *is located at No. 1,257 Broadway, between Thirty-first and Thirty-second streets. It is open daily, Sundays included, from 4 A. M. to 9 P. M. Subscriptions received, and copies of* THE TIMES *for sale. Dealers supplied at 4 A. M.*

ADVERTISEMENTS RECEIVED UNTIL 9 P. M.

*Persons leaving the City for the Summer can have the Daily* TIMES *mailed to their address, postage prepaid, for one dollar per month.*

Some of the newspapers are commenting on the statements of Messrs. DUN, BARLOW & CO., with reference to the business failures in the last six months as very encouraging. We confess that we do not find them altogether so. They are at best extremely vague, because there have been no previous semi-annual statements, and the only way of making comparisons is to place the failures of the last half year by the side of one-half the failures of previous years. Taking this very rough method, Messrs. DUN, BARLOW & CO. say it "shows a very trifling increase in the number of failures, while it will be seen that the amount of liabilities is considerably less than the average of the four years." This does not strike us as a very clear presentation of the facts. The increase in the number of failures over one-half of last year is sixteen per cent.; over the average of the four years it is twenty-four per cent. The decrease in the amount of liabilities from the average of the four years is only eight per cent., from last year only three per cent. It hardly seems correct to call the increase of twenty-four per cent. "very trifling," while the decrease of eight per cent. is "considerable." To us, it looks very much as if the stress of the times had spread, and was spreading, among the smaller dealers, and that the process of "liquidation" made necessary by the collapse of 1873 had not yet been completed. On the other hand that process is an extremely healthy one, and severe as its immediate effects may be, it is an absolute condition precedent to solid prosperity

The work of President-making goes on actively in various quarters. The Atlanta (Ga.) *Herald*, a Democratic paper, has come to the conclusion that the nomination from its own party is pretty sure to fall in "the quadruplet" of THURMAN, HENDRICKS, BAYARD, and TILDEN, with "HENDRICKS' chances much the best." It thinks that Grandfather TILDEN "will find it hard to convince the convention that a New-York man should be tried again," "three losing nags," MCCLELLAN, SEYMOUR, and GREELEY, having already been taken from one unhappy State. The impertinence of speaking of these three great men as "nags" is something quite dreadful. The *Herald* thinks that finance will be ignored, or remanded to Congress, as "the tariff business" was "handled" at Cincinnati. It does not seem to remember that these tactics with the tariff were not very successful, and that there are some questions which cannot be whistled down the wind. However, it is as well to notice that this rather rampant Southern Democratic paper wants a candidate that can "make a strenuous fight," and it does not "care a baubee what his views on the currency may be."

Last week a considerable advance had taken place in the number of cases of smallpox in this City, there being 116, to only 80 the previous week. To-day we are able to announce that the disease has begun to recede, and that but 103 cases are reported. They are still more closely than last week confined to a somewhat narrow section on the East Side, between Grand street and Tompkins square.

The dispatches concerning the shooting at Wimbledon yesterday are unaccountably late. Up to the hour of writing we have only the fact that FULTON'S score in the St. Leger Sweepstakes was 35, being the utmost possible, and that GILDERSLEEVE "followed hard upon" with 34. Whether FULTON'S shot was equaled we do not yet know, though the result must have been telegraphed to London by 6 o'clock, and ought to have been known in this country at least twelve hours since. The contest was not very important, but the score of Col. FULTON is a remarkably good one.

Call loans at 1½ per cent. to 2 per cent., and an increase of over three millions in the legal tenders in the New-York banks—these are the prominent features of the financial situation at the close of the week in this City. If the inflationists can see in these any argument to sustain their assertion that "the needs of business" require more greenbacks, we shall be surprised. Yet we have no doubt that Judge KELLEY can make an argument of ten columns, which shall say nothing about these facts. When a man starts out to air a theory, especially a beautiful theory that is going to make everyone rich and happy, it is astonishing how few facts he can get along on. Meanwhile, it is worth while to remember that the national banks, having the legal right to issue more currency, don't do anything of the kind. They are blind to the requirements of the world's happiness, we suppose.

*THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE.*

There can be no question to any one familiar with the thinking people of the day that the faith in immortality is weakening with many. That "great hope," as it has been called, which so lighted up the world in its time of greatest gloom, just before the destruction of the Roman Empire, has again grown dim. Considerable numbers of persons—almost whole classes—live and die now with scarce more belief in continued existence than had HORACE or TACITUS. Some when reading the inspired words of PAUL, preaching of the "GOD of hope," and of his triumphant assurance of future life, will say of him as CICERO said of PLATO, "*Dum lego, assentior: quum posui librum, et mecum ipse de immortalitate animorum coepi cogitare, assentio illa omnis elabitur.*" (While I am reading, I agree: when I have laid aside the book, and have begun to think myself on the immortality of souls, all that agreement slips away.)

The science of the age has been steadily sapping the faith in immortality; not merely from the materialist argument, that thought is only an effect of matter, but from the broader statement that the "law of continuity" forbids future and invisible existence, for experience teaches that nothing exists beyond the visible universe, and that nothing exceptional or out of the category of physical laws can be admitted. "We know that death disorganizes life," the objectors say, "but we do not know of any cause to make it revive." Even the Christian believer will often find himself admitting, in such an age of skepticism, his desire that some more definite physical or scientific basis could be discovered for that faith without which life is an insoluble problem, and the shadow of nothingness and vanity rests on all his hopes and aspirations.

It seems to him but natural that a universe like this, proceeding from our Creator, should correspond in every portion, the invisible answering to the visible, and that the two revelations in Nature and in CHRIST should be but two different leaves in the inspired volume. It is impossible for him to conceive, and therefore to be much sustained, (however strong his "faith" may be,) by the thought of an utterly invisible, imponderable, unphysical world—an existence where no law of the seen universe has any force or existence, and where all conditions are utterly novel and strange. He gladly welcomes, therefore, any argument or investigation which will bind the seen and unseen, and make immortality a scientific probability.

Two scientific investigators in England have recently attempted to supply this link of argument in a remarkable work—*The Unseen Universe*—a work which has attracted more attention among scientific thinkers than any of the kind which has seen the light for a long period. The authors are evidently men profoundly versed in the theories and modes of reasoning of physical science, much more than, for instance, in historical research or criticism, as their singularly inadequate description of Buddhism, and their rather lame exegesis of Biblical statements, serve to prove. But this defect rather the more fits them for their task, for it is on the side of physical science that "faith" most needs strengthening.

The authors open their argument with only one assumption—the self-evident existence of a Creator of all things, and the natural corollary that the laws of the universe are His laws, according to which all its beings are conditioned, as regards time, place, and sensation. They admit, too, as the very basis of all their reasoning, the absolute cogency of the "law of continuity" in all portions of the universe—that is, that created things are everywhere and at all times under law; that nothing (really) exceptional or miraculous (according to the old conception) anywhere occurs; that we are forced to discover for every event an adequate cause, and that we are to throw back the only necessary or logical miracle, creation, as far as possible. Another mode of stating the law of continuity is thus vividly given: that "GOD will so work as not anywhere to put us to permanent intellectual confusion."

With regard to individual immortality, the authors admit three conceivable suppositions: It may be a transference from one grade of being to another in the present visible universe; or a transference from the visible universe to some other order of things intimately connected with it; or, lastly, a transference to an order of things entirely unconnected with it. The last supposition is ruled out by the law of continuity, so that the writers only discuss the two first.

The first investigation is, then, as to the possibilities of the present visible universe for individual immortality. These are not hopeful. It is true that there is something besides stuff or matter in the material world—there is force. It is true that we have an absolute proof of the reality of matter, because we cannot produce or destroy the smallest quantity. The same thing is equally true of force or energy—that it is never destroyed, but only transferred. But energy can be degraded. Life physically depends on transformations of energy. Age by age the possibility of these is becoming less. The present potential energy of the sun is enormous, but not infinite. His warmth must at length cool; and this earth and all the present system be drawn nearer to the central body, until

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

This inevitable absorption of the earth and the planets into the sun, can only prolong temporarily the existence of that luminary. He must finally himself become extinguished, his energy degraded, and swing a blackened mass in the ether till he, too, falls into some greater sun and new nebulæ and systems be formed. Science teaches that the present visible universe began and that it shall come to an end. Now, in the processes of the visible universe, one remarkable fact strikes the observer: the apparently wasteful character of its arrangements. All but a very small portion of the sun's heat goes, day by day, into empty space, and a mere fraction only is used by the planets. Here is a frightful expenditure of the life-blood of our system. What becomes of it? Energy of the most productive and delicate nature is pouring forth into space at the rate of 188,000 miles per second. What is done with it? Moreover, the force of thought occasions molecular motions, and the law of gravitation teaches that any displacement which takes place on the earth, however small, is conveyed throughout the universe, and accordingly each consumption of the tissue of the brain under human emotion, is felt in the remotest star. But what becomes of these spent forces? Are they merely wasted?

The law of continuity makes it certain that there is alongside of the visible universe an invisible one. As one of the Apostles wrote, "The things which are seen are temporal; the things which are unseen are eternal." There is evidence that this invisible universe existed before the visible, and this great law demands that it shall continue to exist when the other has passed away. It is, moreover, closely connected with the visible. We are now prepared for the great argument of the writers, which was put forth a year ago in *Nature*, in an anagram, (in order, probably, to forestall any other claim to it as a discovery:) "Thought conceived to affect the matter of another universe simultaneously with this, may explain a future state."

The argument, however, will be more clear to our readers if we retrace our steps a little. The scientific facts are the apparently wasted energy of creation, and the existence of a medium which approaches in its character the immaterial or supersensual forces—the ether. This mysterious medium evidently contains forms or properties of which science as yet knows little. Certain facts in gravitation and the extinction of starlight point to the existence of ultra-mundane corpuscles, or to a corpuscular constitution of the ether. It certainly has the power of transmitting motion from one part of the universe to another. Now it is not an incredible supposition (nor is it a new one) that continual photographs of all occurrences are produced and retained in the ether by the sun's light. A large portion of the energy of the universe may be invested in such pictures. This idea has often before been expressed and amplified. But this book goes further. As every thought by its molecular motions displaces matter throughout the universe, so each feeling and intellectual movement of the human being may be imprinted on the finer and semi-spiritual matter of the ether—the invisible world—and become there an organ of memory in the invisible and spiritual body; for without memory and without energy for action, we cannot conceive individual existence in the future life. Thus the ether, absorbing wasted energy from this system, stores it up for the spiritual body and the invisible life. It gives it back, too, to the visible. Thus there is a perpetual bond between the visible and invisible order of things. The ether then becomes a bridge from one world to another—a storehouse of energy for the unseen life; an absorber of all force lost here, to be employed there; a source from which the "spiritual body" of which PAUL speaks shall be fed with new life, and where memory preserves its eternal photographs of all events and thoughts and feelings in the present life.

This theory has some of the true features of a correct hypothesis. It accounts for facts unaccounted for; it is consistent with what we already know; it shows where the wasted energy of the universe is used; it sustains the law of continuity; it is in harmony with physical science, for science teaches that there is an individuality, an unseen body which survives the constant flux and change of the particles of the visible body, which preserves memory and identity, though the separate cells of the brain have passed away, and which there is no evidence that death destroys. All that the hypothesis claims is to demonstrate the possibility of immortality. Beyond this, to make it certain, we must go to Revelation.

The force of the argument will be felt most by those accustomed to the recent investigations of physical science. Modern research certainly tends toward what we may call spiritualizing matter, toward making force or energy the essence of matter. The reasoning in the present volume is in harmony with this tendency, though it takes account of all theories as to the nature of matter.

The obvious and principal objection to the theory is that this may be another instance of taking *ignotum pro magnifico*. We do not yet know the ether, and therefore we make it the theatre of the "unseen universe." It is true that future investigations may explain properties of this medium of which now we are ignorant, and that the wasted energy of the universe may be accounted for. But at present the authors take the most recent mathematical and physical conclusions, and base a hypothesis upon it. This is certainly philosophical.

To all who object to such theorizing as intruding with human science into divine mysteries, we can only say that the volumes of Nature and Revelation are from the same Great Author, and must, in the last criticism, agree.

*THE ASTOR LIBRARY.*

One-half of the Astor Library is temporarily closed, and although the books are made as accessible as possible to the public by the intelligent care of the librarian and his assistants, the closure is sensibly felt by a part of the community which generally receives little attention and consideration in proportion to its worth, and to the benefit which it confers upon the world at large—the thoughtfully studious. This incident, and the fact that the whole library will soon be closed for the brief Summer vacation, lead us to glance at the recently-printed annual report of the Trustees of the institution.

The report of this body is in itself always very brief. The Trustees of the Astor Library are not men who waste words, or who write or speak for buncombe. It is pleasant to light, once in a while, on a body of public men who do not do either. It has, at least, the charm of novelty. But in the three or four pages which, as usual, afford ample room for the Trustees' account of the condition of the Library and its doings during the past year, are some facts which are of considerable interest to all those who are interested in literature. In the first place, we remark that only two thousand six hundred and sixty-six books have been added to the library during the past year, and that of these only seven hundred and twenty-eight came by purchase. It may be safely assumed that the smaller number represents much the greater value. Books bought by such a capable bibliographer and careful buyer as the present Superintendent of the Astor are sure to be worth very much more than the average of books given to any public library. We except, of course, such valuable gifts as that by Dr. AUSTIN FLINT, Jr., of the *editio princeps* of the works of Dr. HARVEY, (the discoverer of the circulation of the blood,) printed at Frankfort in 1628. But it is a constant occasion of regret that comparatively so few books are added to this library yearly. The need in various departments is great; and by no one is this now felt more, we are sure, than by the Trustees and the Superintendent themselves.

But, although the number of books shows comparatively little increase, that of readers multiplies more rapidly. There were 34,854 readers this year, against 29,438 last year, showing an increase of more than five thousand; and this is exclusive of the important class known as alcove readers. A table embodied in the report shows that, during the last fourteen years, the number of readers, in the open hall and in the alcoves has almost doubled, the number in 1860 having been 23,085; that in 1874, 41,692. The increase has been gradual, but very steady, except in 1870 and 1871, when there was a falling off of two thousand, for reasons unassigned and difficult to discover. Since 1850, the number of volumes in the library has been increased from about 20,000 to more than 150,000—a seven-fold augmentation. And we remark with pleasure that in referring to this point the Trustees say plainly that this represents a much greater body of knowledge and of literature made accessible without cost to the public than if it were reported of other institutions, for the reason that while in other libraries works of a light and ephemeral character, and several copies of the same work, are necessarily added, in the Astor Library no duplicates are needed, and, as far as is practicable, no books are bought except those of lasting value and importance, because this library "is only for reference and consultation." It is gratifying to see this position openly and decidedly taken by the Trustees. That one assertion that the library is intended only for reference and consultation is an answer to all petty, carping criticisms which have been often vented upon its management.

Indeed, the wonder is that so much, instead of so little, has been done for the public by the founder—we may almost say the founders—of the Astor Library, and by the Trustees. The original endowment fund was $400,000; and this has been increased, chiefly by gifts from a member of the founder's family, to nearly $775,000. When we consider that this has come, to all intents and purposes, out of one pocket, we must admit that it represents a very handsome contribution to the cause of literature. And why, with such a nucleus, say rather, with such a grand beginning, is this library allowed to remain almost without aid? The closure to which we have referred is caused by necessary repairs. As these will be chiefly made during the Summer vacation, the hindrance which they cause is the least of their detriment. They will absorb money which would otherwise have been spent in books, eating grievously into the little surplus so jealously hoarded for that purpose. And yet with a City full of rich men, there is no one to give any important aid to this library in this respect. There is some cause for shame in this. It springs less, we are inclined to think, from a lack of willingness to part with money than from a jealousy which we should call petty, were it not that jealousy is always petty. Cræsus will give of his gold, if the gold will bring glory to Cræsus, or at least cause his name to be repeated. This is a great weakness, and is one cause of the enfeebling diffusion of all our literary effort. We have a dot of a college here and a scrap of a library there; the strength which would be respectable, and even admirable, if concentrated, being frittered away into insignificance by being broken up and divided. And all this is, in a great measure, because one man will not give his money or his exertion to another man's foundation. This is very pitiful. It shows that a small personal vanity, and not a generous disposition, is at the bottom of too much of what is called munificence. The way to do the most good to literature, science, and art is to strengthen and expand institutions already well established, not to set up another shaky little affair and call it after your own name. Now, there is not an institution in the land which deserves such aid more than the Astor Library, or one where any gift, or addition, small or large, would be in its way productive of greater public benefit.

*GEN. WASHINGTON IN UNDRESS.*

The notion which most people have of Gen. WASHINGTON is that of a very precise and formal man, capable of exciting respect and even reverence, but hardly affection; a man whose mind worked with something of the method and rigidity of a machine, and whose judgment or his temper was seldom disturbed by the causes, small and great, which tell so strongly on most men. This conception, which is very general, is incorrect because it is partial, and it is due rather to the biographers through whom WASHINGTON is known than to the man himself. Of these, the principal have been MARSHALL, SPARKS, and IRVING. MARSHALL brought to his task a profound admiration for WASHINGTON'S character as a public man, but he had a Judge's somewhat extravagant estimate of the importance of dignity in private life as well. IRVING kept most of his qualifications for a complete biographer for his works of fiction, and produced a life of WASHINGTON which is smooth, pleasing, amiably appreciative, and above dullness, but only just above, and which is far from complete. SPARKS, to whom the country owes a great debt for his painstaking, conscientious, and laborious efforts in the field of American biography, added to his account of WASHINGTON'S life eleven large octavo volumes of his letters, which present to the careful reader a vast amount of material for a correct and comprehensive estimate of WASHINGTON'S character. But in carrying out this work, Mr. SPARKS felt it to be his duty to make a great many small changes, each in itself unimportant, perhaps, though not always so, which, in the aggregate, affect considerably the impression received by the reader. In fact, the reader does not see WASHINGTON as he was, but in a great many details as Mr. SPARKS thought he ought to appear. We do not mean to intimate that the editor ever consciously sought to change the impression of the reader, or to present what he himself considered a picture even in trifles incorrect; but the fact remains that the impression is not that which the letters themselves produce.

The most convenient means of obtaining an idea of the extent and manner of Mr. SPARKS' alterations of WASHINGTON'S letters was afforded by a little book published some twenty odd years since by Mr. WILLIAM B. REED, of Philadelphia. There had arisen some dispute between Mr. SPARKS and Lord MAHON, of England, as to the accuracy of SPARKS' edition of certain letters from WASHINGTON to JOSEPH REED, an ancestor of Mr. WILLIAM B. REED, and an intimate friend of WASHINGTON. These letters Mr. WILLIAM B. REED, therefore, published *verbatim et literatim*, with the changes made by Mr. SPARKS noted in the margin. Few readers can get access to any considerable number of the originals of WASHINGTON'S letters, but most of them can find Mr. REED'S little volume in some public library; and we commend them to an examination of it if they would freshen and correct in some significant and interesting details their impression of the great American.

In the first place, they will find that Mr. SPARKS has made numerous corrections in the grammar and spelling of the letters. This he was almost always quite justified in doing, and yet, for our part, we believe few intelligent readers will fail to experience a real enjoyment of the quaint errors or archaisms which the commander of the American Armies used, as he wrote hurriedly from his camp—always a busy place for him, and usually a post of danger, and haunted with harassing care and anxiety. We confess that it is not unpleasant to read that "the new arrangement of officers" "sets" heavily on his mind; that Connecticut has "compleated" the officering of its corps by a method which departs from the "principals" of common justice; that he has an "abhorance" of the Tories; that certain accused officers desire an "opportunity of vindication;" that the "manouvres" of the enemy puzzle him, and that his own "rifflemen" behave with spirit.

But while it is clear that Mr. SPARKS would be generally justified in correcting these slips of the pen, yet there are other points in which no such license ought to have been taken. When Gen. WASHINGTON writes from Cambridge, on the 28th of November, 1775, with reference to the re-enlistment of his Army, which was melting away before his eyes, "such a *dirty* mercenary spirit pervades the whole that I should not be at all surprised at any disaster that may happen," it is a mistaken kindness to leave out that homely little word which we have put in italics. When WASHINGTON writes that "100,000 dollars will be *but a flea-bite* to our demands at this time," why should the expression be changed to "totally inadequate?" Why, too, should he not be allowed to call the American privateersmen "rascally"—especially as they undoubtedly were so? If the British, in 1776, appeared to him "a nation which seemed to be lost to every sense of virtue, and those feelings which distinguish civilized people from the most barbarous savages," is there any harm in our knowing it? Or is there any in letting him say of the New-Englanders that "there is no Nation under the sun (that I ever came across) pay greater adoration to money than they do," or of the Scotch that they are "universal instruments of tyranny"? Mr. SPARKS gives us the account of the evacuation of Boston, which WASHINGTON sent to Congress, to which there can be no objection, but we enjoy much better the story he sent to Mr. REED, in which he calls it "the Rumpus." There are touches of personal characterization, too, which Mr. SPARKS represses, which, it seems to us, he might have retained, to the decided refreshment of his readers. WASHINGTON says, for instance, of Gen. FRY—and SPARKS omits it: "At present he keeps his room, and talks learnedly of emetics, cathartics, &c. For my own part, I see nothing but a declining life that matters him." And again WASHINGTON writes, April 1, 1776—also omitted by SPARKS: "Gen. FRY, that wonderful man, has made a most wonderful hand of it. His appointment took place the 11th of January; he desired, ten days ago, that his resignation might take place the 11th April. He has drawn three hundred and seventy-five dollars, never done one day's duty, scarce been three times out of his house, discovered that he was too old and infirm for a moving camp, but remembers that he has been young, active, and very capable of doing what is now out of his power to accomplish," &c. Surely such expressions as these give us an idea of the manner in which WASHINGTON'S mind worked, and of the feelings and impulses which guided him, that we can hardly afford to lose. Excellent, in many respects, as are the works that have been written about our national hero, we cannot resist the hope that we may yet have a biography more complete and satisfactory than any of them.

*THE COLONNE VENDOME.*

The restoration of the statute of Napoleon I., for the Vendôme Column, has been confided to M. Pennell, restorer of objects of antiquity to the Louvre Museum. The work in question has been so mutilated that fears were entertained that it could not be repaired. It is at the moment at the Palace of Industry, divided into five pieces, fastened together with iron pins, and will soon be removed to Montrouge, to the foundry of M. Charnod, where M. Pennell will execute his difficult task. His first care will be to analyze the composition of the bronze, so as to know to what temperature it can be heated without melting; then he will have made some special tools, without which he could not possibly raise some of the dents caused by blows with a hammer, particularly those on the head and in the folds of the mantle. The able artist has also been charged to reproduce the small statuette of Victory, which the Emperor held in his hand, and which disappeared the day the column was thrown down. A model in plaster will be given him by the direction of the Beaux-Arts, and from that the new one will be cast. The whole will be completed in six months.

*AMUSEMENTS.*

AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT.

Messrs. Grau & Chizzola have engaged for a series of fifty representations in America the eminent Italian tragedian Signor Ernesto Rossi. Signor Salvini and Signor Rossi divide the favor of Italian critics in about equal proportions, the prevailing opinion, we imagine, according to the former artist greater power and spontaneity, and to the latter increased thoughtfulness and refinement. Signor Rossi's American performances will be commenced at the Lyceum Theatre in November.

GENERAL MENTION.

Mr. J. L. Toole sailed for Europe aboard the Adriatic, yesterday.

The Vokes family sailed for this port yesterday by the Russia.

On Saturday afternoon next 1,000 children from Randall's Island are to visit the Hippodrome.

The Thirty-fourth Street Theatre is to be opened by Mr. J. Berry on to-morrow evening week.

Mr. Gye has finally abandoned all thoughts of having an operatic tour this Autumn, but Sir Julius Benedict will take a concert troupe through the chief towns of the provinces. Mr. Gye will be the impresario of this company, of which Mlle. Albani and Mlle. Zaré Thalberg will be members.

On Wednesday evening next a series of representations by a company known as "The Troubadours," and organized by Mr. Frank Maeder, will be entered upon at the Union Square Theatre. The peculiar entertainment furnished by "The Troubadours" will be supplemented by a comedietta in which Miss Rose Massey is to appear.

Herr Edward Carlberg, the well-known musician and conductor, will have a benefit at Terrace Garden on Friday evening next. Offenbach's operetta called "Le Violoneux" will be sung, and a concert of vocal and instrumental music will be given, with the co-operation of Mme. Pauline Bredelli, Mr. Brandt, Mr. Kutzleb, and a complete orchestra.

The present week at the Olympic Theatre is announced as the last but one of the season. Messrs. Wayne and Lovely, Miss Kate Williams, Mr. G. R. Fortescue and "Little" Jenny Yeamans are the principal performers at the Olympic, and to-morrow's entertainment being for the benefit of Mr. E. W. Wolcott, a number of volunteers are to co-operate with them.

That opera bouffe in English, if well performed, would become decidedly popular, has been proved by the success of "Giroflé-Girofla" at Robinson Hall, this work reaching its last rehearsal yesterday after having been played for nine weeks. To-morrow evening Offenbach's bright little opera, "The Rose of Auvergne," and Hervé's "Chilpéric," will be produced, with new scenery and dresses. For the proper representation of these pieces the company has been largely reinforced.

A performance in aid of the sufferers by the inundations at Toulouse was to be given in London at the Lyceum Theatre, at which many of the French musical and dramatic artists were to assist. Mmes. Nilsson, Marie-Roze-Perkins, and Trebelli, MM. Capoul, Gillandi, Santley, and Castelmary, were to sing. The second act of "La Fille de Madame Angot" was to be given, with M. Capoul as *Ange Pitou*, supported by M. Humbert's Criterion troupe; Mlle. Delaporte and M. and Mme. Bilhaut were to play in the French comedietta, "L'Autre Motif;" an *apropos* in verse by M. de Bornier, entitled "Paris—Toulouse," was to be recited by Mmes. Bilhaut and Damain, and MM. Capoul and Joly were to play in Offenbach's "Les Deux Aveugles."

A *fête* held at the Alexandra Palace in London, on July 3, for the benefit of the Dramatic College attracted, despite unfavorable weather, a large attendance. The amusements provided were of a very varied description. In the theatre the Strand, Vaudeville, Adelphi, and Olympic companies took part in selections from "Patient Penelope," "Our Boys," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "The Ticket-of-Leave Man." Signor Salvini recited scenes from "Saul," an English version of which had been prepared by Mr. Arthur Matthison. Music was represented in the performances of Miss Rose Hersée, Miss Marion Severn, Miss Banks, Miss Alice Fairman, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. George Perren, and others, who took part in an agreeable concert. In the Great Hall there was a Richardson's Show, in which a mock melodrama drew crowded houses. Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Miss Fowler, Miss Ada Swanborough, Mrs. Howard Paul, the Misses Vokes, Mr. H. Paulton, Mr. George Conquest, and Mr. Macdermott contributed to the day's pleasure in a series of miscellaneous amusements.

*THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION AND NEW-YORK SHAD.*

*To the Editor of the New-York Times:*

As fault has been found in a portion of the press of this State with the action of the United States Commission of Fisheries in taking young shad from the Hudson River for distribution throughout other States of the Union, it is but right to present the case as it truly stands. A certain number of young shad were presented to the United States Commission in the early days of its existence by the New-York Commissioners for, the purpose of making experiments in acclimating this fish to different waters. Since then others have been obtained by the same Commission for distribution, not a large number and not to an extent to seriously affect the fisheries of the Hudson. It must be borne in mind that a very small percentage of the eggs of shad which are deposited in the natural method ever hatch. Insects, foul water, freshets, predatory fish, and disease sweep them off by myriads, so that probably scarcely more than one in 500 ever matures. Consequently, in determining the extent of the loss to our fisheries by the abstraction of a certain number of eggs, we must consider not how many fish were actually hatched by the artificial process, but how many would have hatched in the ordinary way. This would make the positive loss really quite small. Scientifically manipulated the ova are practically all matured; left to nature 499 out of 500 die.

The increase of the fish resources of the country by a matter of common interest, not to be restricted to narrow or sectional views. Most of our large water-courses intersect or touch more than one State, and their restocking is not a mere local question. When the New York Commissioners propagated shad in the Hudson, they necessarily benefited New-Jersey fishermen, who claim the part of the river that bounds their coast. So, while the United States Commissioner has taken shad from the Hudson, he has returned salmon from Maine and California. The New-York Commission has heretofore obtained whitefish from Michigan and Canada, and there has been more or less free interchange of fish between the States. Of course it is not to be expected that any State would willingly see its waters depleted for other localities, but that is supposing an extreme case, which has not yet arisen, and is not likely to arise. Personally, I believe in the utmost liberality in such philanthropic and humanitarian undertakings. There should be harmony and concert of action among all those who have them in charge, such as has existed, I am happy to say, among the fish-culturists of this country.

The United States Commissioner, Prof. Spencer F. Baird, has in view this year the propagation of shad on the Connecticut on a large scale, and the cultivation of land-locked salmon in Maine, both of which enterprises will inure greatly to the benefit of the State of New-York, which is now in position to utilize these efforts, and turn them to the best account. Especially will the introduction of the land-locked salmon be advantageous, and the State hatching-house will enable the New-York Commission to hatch all the eggs that the United States Commissioner can let them have. I write this letter as an act of justice to Prof. Baird, and in order to remove any mistaken feeling which his proceedings may have occasioned.

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT,
of the New-York Fishery Commission.

*A NEWSPAPER SUED FOR LIBEL.*

BALTIMORE, Md., July 17.—In the Court of Common Pleas yesterday orders for three suits in the names of Gov. James Black Groome, State Treasurer Barnes Compton, and State Controller Levin Woolford, who compose the Board of Public Works, were filed against the proprietors of the Baltimore *American*. The suits are for alleged libel contained in two or more articles appearing in the *American* of recent date relative to the manner of purchase of site, contract, and manner of award for the erection of the House of Correction. It is claimed that the publications reflect on the character of the complainants as public officers. The damages claimed are $20,000 in each of the three suits.

## NOTES FROM OVER THE SEA.

*BY GRACE GREENWOOD.*

MISERIES OF THE LONDON SEASON—VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY — DICKENS GONE INTO MAGNIFICENT BANISHMENT —WHERE HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN BURIED—THE BEAUTIES OF ST. PAUL'S.

LONDON, Thursday, June 24, 1875.

I have fallen hopelessly behind time in my notes of travel. The sights and excitements of London in the fashionable season are too much for me, in my state of semi-invalidism. The decorous quiet of cathedrals, theatres, and university soirées, and the multitudinous roar of the city alike appal me. The mighty beating of this great heart of the civilized world seems to shake and unnerve me. I am idle, and yet I never rest. I drift like a straw in the vast social vortex, though only on the edge. Old habitués speak of the London season as "awful"—even we on one night of last week went to a dinner party, a scientific soirée and a literary and artistic reception. We did them, and they finished us. I think on the whole, I would rather make the ascent of Pike's Peak than undertake it again. To see how "swell" people stand this sort of thing, and how fresh and cheerful they are under all they are called upon to endure, gives me great respect for the British constitution. When I see them on dress-parade in the park—driving, trotting, galloping—for our critical inspection, or running the gantlet of ten thousand curious eyes, on the long promenades, I recognize the traditional pluck of Old England; I do homage to the "hearts of oak."

Having fallen in these ways so far behind time, I will not attempt any system or sequence in the slight notes I shall send from London, nor do I propose, at any time, to describe the usual "sights," already described a thousand times over.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The Abbey is the first shrine toward which all good Americans wend their pious way. I found it little changed from the time of my first visit. What is a quarter of a century to this Methuselah of minsters. We sought it in a right worshipful spirit, a true and tender reverence, which proved that transplanting had failed to kill the old English root of sentiment—that "many waters cannot quench love." Coming back to the temple of our fathers' faith, to the ancient monuments of our glorious dead, looking into the solemn arches still dim with the morning twilight of our history, we felt like so many "lost sheep of the house of Israel" returned to the old fold.

After attending service, which surely did not lessen our reverential feeling, we walked directly to the Poet's Corner, and in a brief moment were standing on the very slab which covers the grave of Charles Dickens. It is a most unobtrusive stone, bearing only his name and the date of his birth and death. I had come that morning from Tavistock square, where I had gazed wistfully at the house in which on my first visit to London I had seen Mr. Dickens—young, happy, brilliant—surrounded by his loving family and troops of loyal friends, and it all seemed so recent that the bright scene almost effaced from my memory the later picture of Charles Dickens in America, so sadly changed—looking so worn and overstrained, yet so strangely restless—so resolutely and preternaturally active—alive in every nerve and fibre of body and brain, to receive and give out—to enjoy and to suffer. So it seemed to me as I stood there, that he had gone before his prime, in the morning splendor of his fame, and I could not be reconciled to his lying there in the sombre twilight which better befits the soberness of age, and the pomp and exclusiveness of what is called noble birth. It is a grand thing, doubtless, to be buried in Westminster Abbey, but it is a dreary sort of isolation in death for a social, kindly man like Dickens. No friend can come to keep him company; no child may be laid at his side. He loved light and warmth and color; all cheerful sights and sounds. Change was necessary to his alert spirit, and he should have been laid in some pleasant open burial-ground in or near the great city, with the sounds and movements of every-day life about him. That was the life he loved to paint. He never was at home with lords and ladies. He has gone into magnificent banishment here, where the perpetual tramp of strange feet, coming and going, is like the ebb and flow of a sea across the granite which shuts him down amid unkindred dust, where no faintest influence of the sun, no intimations of the changing seasons, can come. But they say his coffin was heaped high with flowers. Midsummer went down with him into the grave, and was hid away with him in fragrant darkness there. And on each anniversary of his death there are placed on that cold, gray slab the sweetest and brightest flowers of this festal month—crosses of white lilies and roses, "pansies for thought," "rosemary for remembrance," and always a peculiar offering from some unknown hand—a wreath of scarlet geraniums, looking in that shadowy corner like flowering flame, the very expression of passionate love and sorrow.

In strong contrast with the simplicity of the inscription over Dickens is the pompous and elaborate epitaph of Bulwer. The very marble groans under the letters and pedigree of the dead patrician.

CANON KINGSLEY AND HIS MEMORY.

When one day last Summer we parted with Canon Kingsley in the Rocky Mountains he said, "Now remember when you come to England I am to show you over the Abbey. I am at home there if nowhere else." God rest his great soul, he is now at home in a grander minster—a "house not made with hands"—about whose altars lurk no shadow of death, no mold of decay, from whose arches droop no battle-torn banners, within whose chapel stands no monument of tryanny. In that "temple eternal in the heavens" there are, thank God, no money-changers.

While the English Government is so nobly throwing open to the public its magnificent museums—so costly in their creation and maintenance—the richly-endowed English Church still taxes heavily the love and reverence of the pilgrims to its holy shrines. After all, the things we wonder at most worshipfully belonged to the old unreformed Babylonian institution, which, whatever its sins, never exacted tribute of the stranger within its gates in so shockingly systematic and mercenary a manner. I think I can understand the feeling of English Romanists when they see this establishment trading in the dust of Catholic saints, kings, and heroes, while she sits complacently like a cuckoo in the magnificent nests of the proud old mother bird, which once brooded over the whole Christian world.

It was a fearful come-down from the once-cherished hope of being shown over the Abbey by the poet-canon, having pleasant converse by the way, to find ourselves hurried from chapel to chapel "like dumb driven cattle" by a vulgar old verger. We had been obliged to wait on him for a long time at a locked gateway, leading to the profitable portion of the sanctuary, while he took in the shillings until he had secured as large a drove as he could manage. As he walked behind us in his black gown he jingled the goodly amount of coin, and the sound among those solemn old tombs was something revolting; and as for his story—that wondrous story of the Abbey—an epitome of English history—no showman of a traveling collection of wax-figures could reel off his lesson

in a more maddeningly monotonous manner. It was a sort of refined torture to be compelled to hear him. Such things are outrages on taste and sentiment. Guides are necessary here, doubtless, as for obvious reasons visitors cannot be allowed to go about "promiscuous" at their own sweet will; but these guides should be men of some education, and, instead of this systematic levying of taxes, and this setting up of toll-gates in the house of the Lord, the reverend Dean and canons should exercise a little faith in Heaven and their fellow-men, and rely on voluntary contributions. I believe it would work as well. We were shown over Chester Cathedral by an English clergyman, and, of course, a gentleman of culture, and so grateful were we for his courteous and profitable guidance that we gladly dropped each our shilling into the contribution box for the restoration of the church, though we don't believe much in restorations, and ought, in justice, to state that of late Saturday has been set apart as a free day through the influence of Dean Stanley, to whom the people owe much good, and only good.

Few visitors to Westminster find and see the Jerusalem Chamber, which, with its ante-rooms, forms one of the very oldest portions of the Abbey. It is a wonderful old place, in an almost perfect state of preservation. Its beautiful wainscoting, roof, and lofty mantel of carved cedar are as fragrant of piety, poetry, and Palestine as they were seven hundred years ago. This was the sanctuary of Westminster. Elizabeth Woodville took refuge here with her children. Here Henry IV. died; and here Prince Hal tried on the crown.

"This chamber is not open to the public," says Murray; but a little silver key unlocked for us the mystery and sanctity of ages. *Verbum sap.*

AT ST. PAUL'S.

At St. Paul's we found the same system of petty taxation that obtains in the Abbey. Here and there stand the stalls of the money-changers. You cannot ascend into the heaven of the dome, or descend into the Hades of the crypt, without paying your sixpence.

This vast Protestant cathedral, as at first, scarce impresses me with a sense of vastness. It is comparatively cold and bare and empty. With all its grandeur of proportion, it is essentially a human structure. Its grandest feature, the dome, was modeled after a mighty heathen type, the Pantheon. Titanic strength heaved at these pillars—skilled artisans, not inspired artists, rounded these lofty arches. It lacks the atmosphere of antique consecration. In its hugeness and comparative newness it is more desolate than a ruined abbey—at least on a dull day—except in the beautiful choir and chancel, where color and rich carving and a something of religious coziness comfort and rest one somewhat. This cathedral is the work of one man, and he died but yesterday. The Abbey can hardly be said to have been built, even by the Princes and priests whose names it perpetuates. It was the work of Christianity itself—it grew with the advance of Christian civilization. It was the stone chronicles of the ages while yet religion was the soul of human government, while miracles and martyrdoms were possible, and God had not been reasoned and resolved out of His universe. Those majestic arches, the marvelous carved roofs, pillars, and portals, and screens, and chimes, are prayers, thanksgivings, anthems, and aspirations taking form in stone, while in the stained windows the old heathen sun has for centuries had his morning splendors and evening glories converted into saintly ecstasies and adorations. All these old minsters and cathedrals seem to me to be haunted by the soul of the old faith. I fancy a faint odor of incense hangs round them still, and with it an influence, mysterious and mournful, yet sweet and tender and intensely human—the memory of the banished Madonna and her child.

By far the most interesting part of St. Paul's is the crypt. Here, while looking for the graves of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Benjamin West, we suddenly came on that of Sir Edwin Landseer. The gray slab bears but a slight inscription, and is quite plain. It seems to me that his grave also should have been in a brighter spot, and that his monument should have been beautiful with many a bas-relief of horses and deer, while the humanly-loving faces of his own dogs should have watched over his rest. Nelson sleeps well, under the great dome, in a massive mausoleum, and a little further on, Wellington, housed till doomsday, and it would almost seem for longer, in a mighty sarcophagus of porphyry. In a crypt or chapel by itself is preserved the magnificent funeral car on which he was conveyed to the cathedral, nearly twenty-four years ago. Grouped around it are all the funeral draperies, crapes, and plumes, and mourning banners. To form the wheels of that last triumphal car of the great conqueror, cannon he had captured in his splendid victories were melted and recast. It was a grand idea, and helps to make this crypt more solemn and impressive than the place of sepulture. Here the martial glory of England has taken sanctuary—and here, in awful silence and shadow, his memory lies in perpetual state. As I regarded the magnificent provision which England has made for almost eternizing the dust of her great sailor and soldier in the place of all honor, under the mighty dome of the mightiest of her modern temples, I set myself to think what America has done for *her* dead heroes and saviours. An early Congress, grieved by the death of Washington, voted a goodly sum for his entombment under the dome of our Capitol. It is true that, beyond obtaining the widow's consent, they took no steps toward the removal of the body from Mount Vernon; but certainly the grave was voted. Then there is the Washington Monument, and there are statues and busts of Washington, Lincoln, Perry, and Farragut, the like of which, as melancholy and mortuary memorials and effigies, no other nation on earth can show, unless it be old Nineveh, in the British Museum. Doubtless a tomb in St. Paul's or the Abbey is something worth fighting for, but America "expects every man to do his duty" without hope of anything of that sort. The service of the Republic is an austere fealty. It sometimes ends in popularity and the Presidency, never in apotheosis and canonization.

Wren's plans for the embellishment of the interior of his cathedral have not been carried out yet. It is to be feared they never will be, if the matter is left to the rich tradesmen and official grandees of the city proper. The cold, bare edifice even now appeals to the outside world for help. It is a stately old mendicant, standing by the wayside, silent and proud, while busy, money-making London goes roaring by. The Government should undertake this and carry it through in the same grand manner in which it has accomplished other high empruses of art. If the noble lords and gentlemen in Parliament could only have for this pious work the zeal they manifest in opposing the work of Moody and Sankey, the magnificent dreams of Sir Christopher Wren would soon be realized, and his melancholy ghost cease to haunt his unfinished monument.

THE MOODY AND SANKEY DEBATE.

I must confess that I laughed heartily over the late hot and heavy debate in the House of Lords, arising from the startling intelligence that permission had been given by or through Mr. Gladstone to those dreadful disturbers of the profound peace of the aristocratic order of things to hold one of their popular meetings near Eton College, and that the young Etonians had been especially invited, doubtless with a view to their surreptitious salvation. The alarm of these "potent, grave, and reverend seigneurs," just back from the Derby and Ascot, lest the high-bred religion of these young gentlemen in roundabouts should suffer by admixture with the primitive article, served to the multitude by these republican itinerants, struck me as a genuine bit of high comedy. They were quite serious, however, and superbly contemptuous, characterizing as "entertainments" and "performances" the impassioned preaching, and earnest praying, and inspired singing which have moved and melted the hearts of the people as nothing has done since the days of Whitfield and Wesley. It is admitted on all sides, and in very high ecclesiastical quarters, that these men are doing a good work among the common people; but it seems they must not trouble "*the repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere.*" The daily papers took up the matter, treating it in some instances in a spirit of ridicule and proscription which I could but think unwise. It only needs a little old-fashioned persecution to deepen this popular interest into a profound and overwhelming religious enthusiasm. English love for religious liberty is a dangerous thing to tamper with. It were worse than gunpowder under the House of Lords. Frightened by the great commotion in that august assembly of coronets, the Mayor of Windsor withdrew his permission to the revivalists to hold a meeting in the Town Hall, and the great crowd of people spiritually hungered wandered about in a helpless manner, seeking for a fold wherein they could be fed. At last a wealthy citizen threw open his beautiful garden to them, and they entered in and were ministered to. When we remember what velvet lawns and fine flower-beds are to an English gentleman—how he revels in his roses and dotes on his rhododendrons—we may be able to realize the exceeding zeal of this good Christian brother. Heaven doubtless accepted the sweet sacrifice. Those crushed flowers sent up a double and divine fragrance.

After all their tribulations, Messrs. Moody and Sankey probably preached and sang with more than their usual magnetic force and fervor, but they put on no martyr-like airs. They bore bravely up under the House of Lords, and were meekly triumpnant; but they were discreet. With a stroke of tact worthy of wise old Paul, they put forward a pious Earl—an elderly man, of course—who opened the meeting with prayer. To prove that they were not much put down, they mustered a goodly company of independent Etonians, and had a handsome array of carriage and titled people, with retainers in livery, some wearing wigs and powder, and all that sort of thing. Wasn't it a field-day for our poor republican evangelists?

The breeze has blown over now, and I believe no great mischief has been done to "the nursery of England's gentlemen, statesmen, and warriors." The boys who on that momentous occasion showed themselves most decorous, if not devout, have not yet become "prigs" or "muffs," as was dismally prophesied. They have not given up cricket for prayer-meetings, or turned from the grave, edifying classics, such as Terence, Juvenal, and Anacreon, to the light literature of Watts, Baxter, and Bunyan. I suspect they still prefer Dundreary to Moody, and Sims Reeves to Sankey.

## *THE RED CLOUD AGENCY.*

THE INQUIRY INTO THE ALLEGED FRAUDS —THE AGENTS EXONERATED ON SIMILAR CHARGES MADE EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO—THE COMMISSIONER DESIRES THE FULLEST SCRUTINY.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—The Commissioner of Indian Affairs says that the inquiry into the Red Cloud Agency affairs being in the hands of competent gentlemen for investigation, with instructions to take the freest range of inquiry and find whatever wrong exists, the facts will now undoubtedly be reached, and if they disclose frauds in the service no one can be more interested than himself in getting such facts. The statement that these alleged frauds have been frequently reported to him heretofore without receiving attention he pronounces absolutely false. Charges similar to those now made, quite as serious, and rather more bitter, were made against this agency some eighteen months since, when the Secretary of the Interior immediately required an investigation through a commission, of which Bishop Hare was made Chairman, the other members being Rev. S. D. Hinman, the well-known missionary and Sioux interpreter; J. D. Bevier, United States Indian Inspector, and J. H. Smith, President of the Young Men's Christian Association of Washington, a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, and sent by that board when Mr. Brunot was Chairman.

This commission visited the Red Cloud Agency, and made a thorough investigation into the charges. Bishop Hare and Mr. Hinman are officers of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which, by accepting this agency and nominating the agent, has become morally responsible to the Government, and before the people, for his honest administration of affairs. It would be monstrous to suppose that such a commission would desire to cover up any fraud. Their full and unanimous report to the Commissioner not only completely exonerated Agent Saville from wrong intent, but declares that the charges against the agent were weak, both in their origin and in their spirit. Their report says:

"That some of the affidavits which seemed to reflect most upon the character of the agent were such partial statements that they amounted to a culpable *suppressio veri*, and that some of the testimony on which were based the most damaging attacks upon their administration was the testimony of a well-known deserter, and thief. Facts cited to the discredit of the agents, which were gleaned at the agencies during their absence and which they then had no opportunity to account for were when brought to their notice satisfactorily explained. Practices which were irregular were shown to have been unavoidable in the peculiar circumstances in which these agents were placed, and transactions which at first sight seemed suspicious, and to which a criminal intent had been imputed, were shown to have been characterized by entire good faith, and to have been carried on in broad daylight, and when not justifiable, to have been, not wrong-doing, but the mistakes of men new in an office where peculiarly the incumbent can learn only from experience. The commission indorse the replies of the agents in all their material points, and give as the result of their prolonged investigation into the points touched upon in Mr. Walker's report, and the result also of their intercourse with the agents, and their personal observations of men and things at the agencies, the entire relief of Agents Saville and Howard from the suspicions cast upon their characters and their administrations, and the earnest conviction that these gentlemen have performed their duties during a time of great trial and in the midst of great embarrassments with energy, honesty, and entire fidelity to the interests of the Government and the Indians, and that they deserve the confidence and commendation of the Department."

On this report, by persons whose judgment and findings he had a right to deem competent and every way reliable, the Commissioner has acted. Respecting the Paxton contract for beef at the Red Cloud Agency, which the Commissioner is charged to have fraudulently made in March last, he states that it was made by him in strict conformity with law, and, as the records abundantly show, on the advice and recommendation of the Board of Indian Commissioners, after careful inquiry by that board into the facts and necessities of the case. As to the other and indefinite charges of fraud or connivance with wrongdoing in any way on his part, Commissioner Smith makes the most positive and comprehensive denial, and says he desires nothing so much just now as the severest scrutiny of his official acts by fair-minded men. Respecting the charge against Secretary Delano of complicity with frauds at Red Cloud Agency, the Commissioner says that it is but the simplest act of fairness for him to state that he has no knowledge of any such complicity on the part of that officer, and knows of nothing tending to show it. That on the contrary, so far as he knows the action of the Secretary, all matters pertaining to Red Cloud Agency during the past year have been the ordinary official routine action of the department upon matters submitted by the Indian Office, generally approving the suggestions of the Commissioner, and never in any way dictating or even making suggestions as to purchases or contracts or pecuniary transactions of any sort.

## *COST OF EXTENDING OCEAN AVENUE.*

At a meeting of the Commissioners to assess for benefit and damages in extending Ocean avenue from its present terminus, at the Prospect Park fair grounds, to Coney Island beach, held yesterday in the office of the Park Commissioners, the representatives of the Prospect Park Fair Grounds Association claimed $1,000 an acre for land included in the proposed extension; Register McLaughlin, $500 an acre; William Engerman $16,000 for damages to his property, and Martin Schoonmaker contested the claim of the town of Gravesend to certain land lying near the beach and within the improvement valued at $30,000. The Commissioners, after hearing the statements of the property-owners, adjourned.

## JESSE POMEROY.

*REMARKABLE STATEMENT BY THE BOY MURDERER.*

HE WRITES HIS OWN LIFE WHILE UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH—NARRATES HIS FIRST CRIMINAL EXPERIENCES—HE RETRACTS HIS CONFESSIONS OF THE TWO MURDERS, AND DECLARES THEM FALSE THROUGHOUT—HOW THEY CAME TO BE MADE.

*From Our Own Correspondent.*

BOSTON, Saturday, July 17, 1875.

The Sunday *Times* of this city will publish to-morrow an extraordinary article written by the notorious boy murderer, Jesse Harding Pomeroy, while lying in jail. He entitles it "An Autibiography of Jesse H. Pomeroy, written by himself." The entire statement will make fourteen columns of printed matter, of which the *Times* to-morrow will publish the first half.

After relating with much minuteness his recollections of early boyhood, he narrates the circumstances of his early crime as follows:

At about the first day of August we moved to South Boston. I, of course, had to change schools. So, at the beginning of the school term in South Boston, I applied for admission at the Bigelow School, corner of E and Fourth streets. I was admitted. This was about the 2d or 3d of September, 1872. After I had been at the school about a week or so, a police officer (whose name I afterward ascertained—at the time of my arrest—was Mr. Bragdon) and a little boy came into the school, and he looked at all of us, and said to the officer, "The boy isn't he." That little boy's name I afterward found out was Joseph Kennedy. His object in coming there was to see if he could identify the boy who had assaulted him. He visited all the schools of South Boston, and you will take notice of what he said, "The boy isn't here." On the 21st day of this same month (September) I was walking up Broadway toward home. I stopped a moment and looked, out of mere curiosity, into the Police Station, No. 6.

HIS FIRST ARREST.

I then walked along, when just as I got up to C street, this officer that came into the school that day came out of the police station, accompanied by this boy, and took me by the arm, and said he wanted to see me at the station. I told him I had done nothing, and commenced to cry, I was so frightened. He took me to the station, and those boys that had been so maltreated by another came and said that I was the boy that did it to them, and the only way they identified me was because I had a spot on the right eye. Well, the officers questioned me, and then I was locked up in a cell, not allowed to see my parents or friends. Here that night I was kept in torture, I could almost say, by the questioning and flinging in my face all about this case. I could not give an iota of the way I was treated by the men and officers of that station. They used nasty language to me, called me all sorts of names, and I venture to state that never was a boy of my age placed before in such a condition. All this time, bear in mind, I had denied my guilt; in fact, I did not have hardly an idea of what I was arrested for. My feelings I will describe by and by. What wonder is it that, on account of this being flung in my face at every opportunity, and the officers using nasty language to me in describing the cases, that with my terror and confusion I was in,—what wonder is it that I requested to be let alone, and not talked to so much? And because I did make that request, the officers said I was guilty; but they would not let me alone; they plied me with question upon question, but did not get me to contradict myself, or to confess to my doing those horrible crimes.

HOW HE WAS URGED TO CONFESS.

At night, about 12 o'clock, I was aroused from sleep by two persons coming to my cell and telling me to get up. One of them came in and took me on his knee and said, "Jesse, tell me how you did these things." I told him I did not do them; then he swore he would make me confess. Then he went away, but in a few moments he came back again with this same man, and took me on his knee and said, "Jesse, I know you did do these things, and if you do not confess they will send you to prison for a hundred years."

I was half awake and nearly dead with fear, and hardly knew what I was saying. I repeat, what wonder is it that I told this man that I did do those things? Our conversation I do not remember, but he promised me that if I told him I did do it, he would do all he could for me when I was tried. I told him—for I had heard enough of the officers talk to know who and what was done to the boys. What I had not heard I denied. Now, the question naturally comes up: Why did that man come to me at that time of night, and why did he try to frighten me by saying as he did, everything he could to do so? I think it is to be borne in mind in this fact, that he knew, and the officers at the station knew, that my manner and my conversation did not implicate me in that crime, and therefore, they resolved to try a little stratagem, by representing to me that it would be better for me to say I did do it than to be shut up 100 years. Anything that was likely to frighten me they resolved to say. Now, it is not singular that I was frightened, or that under their representations I confessed, is it? No, I do not think it is, and my wonder is that I did not confess long before.

You will please bear in mind how it was, and under what circumstances I did confess. Well, on the morning I was taken over to the tombs in Boston, and some of those boys from Chelsea came over, and they all—except one, and he did after pressing—said I was the boy who had done it to them, and the only way they knew was by my eye. This one who at first said I was not the boy, but afterward said I was, was Tracy B. Hayden. He came into the room where I was, and the officer asked him if I was the boy who did it to them. He said, "No, it isn't;" then the officer said, "Look again," and he said "No, I am sure he is not the boy," but on being asked a third time he said, "Yes, that is the boy, and the only way I know it is by his eye." You will please to observe that I had not been found—that twice he denied it, and a third time said yes. Now, I ask, if that boy knew who it was that did it to him, and could identify him, if he saw him, why did he not say I was the boy, if he thought so, in the first place instead of in the third? It is not to be found in the fact that I concealed my eye, for I could not, while the officer told me to look straight at the boy and directed the boys to my eye; it is not to be found in that, but in the fact that the boy knew I was not the one, and hesitated to say I was, but on being pressed he said I was, for perhaps the boy that did it to him did have an eye like mine, and therefore he said I was the boy; but on no other ground.

SOME CLOSE REASONING.

Now it is very singular that those boys cannot identify me except on account of my eye. Not one of them did or could tell what dress I wore or how my voice sounded—in fact, failed to notice everything that a sharp boy would, and fell back on the untenable ground of identifying me by my eye. And how, you will say, untenable? For this reason: it is utterly impossible for me to believe that these boys could be taken on the street and some of they said they were used, and not see some other points of this boy. They would be most likely to see what kind of clothes this boy wore, if he had a black, white, or blue suit on, and in fact all about his personal appearance. And again, their position of identifying me solely on the ground of my eye is untenable, for the reason that there are other boys with eyes like mine, and therefore, if two persons of an eye like mine were to be arrested for doing it to them, ten to one they both would be discharged on the ground that having an eye alike is no sign of their doing as they are charged; and the boys would hesitate to say which one did it to them. But I have before considered the reasons why I do not think I did those things, and when the place comes for to insert them I will tell you. In the afternoon of that day I was taken to my so-called trial. The complaints were read to me, and I understood them about as much as I would Greek or Latin. I said I did do these things, but as I cannot recall to my mind all that I said or was said, I will only state these facts, that no one was allowed to speak for me; I was not allowed to speak for myself; that I was convicted on the testimony of seven small boys, whose only point against me was my eye; and lastly by a Judge who either would not or (didn't know enough to) could could not weigh the testimony against me; who allowed himself to judge in a partial manner. I was sent to the Reform School at Westboro during my minority. Now I do not think I had a trial. It was not justice dealt out, but rather injustice. Now I ask, is a case of such importance, not to me only, but to the people of Massachusetts, to be decided by the testimony of a few boys who are prejudiced against me, and who think I have done them an injury? It should, it ought, not to be so, and a Judge who occupies so high a position as he does is not fulfilling his trust when he allows himself to be influenced by other than just motives of justice and humanity. No, I did not have justice, have not had it, and what I am the law has made me. Well, I arrived up at the Reform School on the 24th day of September. I was immediately put to work in the chair shop, braiding chairs.

THE KATIE CURRAN MURDER.

Pomeroy then details his doings while confined at the reform school, and then passes on to speak of the Katie Curran murder. He says: After I had been home about forty days there was great excitement in South Boston, occasioned by the mysterious disappearance of a young girl named Katie Curran. The first I ever heard of it was the next night after, as I was carrying my papers to a house on Fourth street. I think it was Mr. Neil who came to the door and said, "That is very strange, isn't it, about the disappearance of that girl." I had never seen the man before. I replied, "What girl?" He asked me if I had not heard of the disappearance of Katie Curran. I told him no, and asked him what it was. Then he told me that a girl had been missing from South Boston since yesterday morning, and that it was supposed she had been kidnapped. That was all he said, and that was the first I knew of it. And you will recollect that in a few days it came out that the girl had started from her house to go to buy some things at Tobin's, where she was last seen, and that a little boy said he had seen a carriage drive up the street, and a man take and put Katie in. She was crying, and it was generally thought that her father had sent her to a convent or some place; I have forgotten what was then said. You will please bear these facts in mind, as I shall refer to them again, as they formed a particular part of my confession. A week or some time after the girl had disappeared, a reward of $500 was offered for any information about her. As it did not concern me any, I never thought about the thing. I believe, till after a body was found in the cellar of our store. But I am going ahead too fast. I continued at my daily work of carrying papers, as usual, and nothing worthy of record happened till the 22d day of April. On that day a small boy was murdered on the South Boston marsh. Somehow—I have never been able to find a reason unless it be mere suspicion—suspicion fell on me, and at 10 o'clock that same night, just as I was going to bed, two gentlemen came to see me. I came down stairs, and they took me into the parlor alone, and told me that they wanted to know where I had been during the day, and I told them.

He then details what he did on the day of the murder, evidently intending to account for himself, and set up, at this late date, an alibi. He proceeds: This gentleman, after having asked me a number of questions, said he wanted me to go down to the station so he could consult a third party. I turned to mother and said: "Don't fret, mother, I haven't done anything; so don't fret." I think the man said I could come right back again. Mr. C—— went down with me. They took me to the station and took off all my clothes except my pants, but gave me them all back again except my undershirt. They asked me where my vest was; I told them at home, and they wanted to know where my knife was, and I told them at home in my vest. Then they took my boots and asked me what made them so muddy? I told them walking so much. They kept me up till 2 in the morning. All this time I had not the slightest idea of what I was arrested for. In the morning a few men came to the cell door and hollered out, "You are guilty, and will be shut up for a hundred years." Then they laughed and went away. In the morning I was taken up stairs and in the presence of a great many men, Mr. Savage told me I was arrested for the murder of that boy on the marsh. I don't remember what I said then, I know I was very much scared. Then Mr. Wood and Mr. Dearborn asked me if I did not kill H. H. Millen. I told them "No." They said it would be better for me to confess. I said I had nothing to confess. That is the way they kept talking to me, first one, then the other. At last I said, "I might have done it." They winked at that. I was so frightened, and resolved to say it so as to get rid of them. I did not know hardly what I was saying. Then they told me I was to go and see the body. I supposed they meant to go to the boy's house, and as I do not like to see a dead person, and as the men had been telling me horrible stories how it looked, they got my nerves all unstrung, but I went to the place where the body was on Washington street, Roxbury, and I went and looked at the body in between the glass cases. The man said I trembled. I don't doubt it, for I never saw such a sight before in my life. The poor little boy was laying there with his throat cut. But I need not describe his appearance. Enough to say it was awful. The man took up the boy's little cap and said me if I had ever seen it before; I told him "No." and his story of my confessing is a lie from beginning to end, and he knows it; or, at least, if I did say so I have no recollection of it, and I do not believe I said I did do it. Well, they took me back to Station Four, and in the afternoon took me to City Hall. During this time I had not seen any of my friends. That night Mr. Woods and another man (Dr. Green) came and wanted to talk with me, but I told them that I did not wish to, as I knew perfectly well what they were about. But in a few moments this Woods came and took me out of my room and talked to me. He said he knew perfectly well that I did it, and that you (mother) believed it. Then I told him that he lied, for saying that. We had more talk of the same sort, but I have forgotten what it was. The next day (Friday) I was taken early in the morning to the Ninth Police Station and got there at about 9 in the morning. Then I was taken up into a cell, and in the afternoon the Coroner came to see me. We had quite a talk, but as it is so long ago, I have forgotten it, though among other things he said that the inquest would take place at 3 in the afternoon, and he asked me if I thought I was crazy. I told him "No." In the afternoon the inquest came off, and I gave my testimony without any hesitancy or attempts to evade anything. It was substantially the same as written here, and a general denial of the murder, or of knowing anything about it, till informed of it.

Pomeroy then proceeds to say that the Police having arrested his mother and brother, he resolved to release them by confessing and feigning insanity, and he details his confessions to the Sheriff, Chief of Police, and others. After doing this, he says: But let us look at the testimony of the inquest and the verdict that was brought in. I propose to show that the verdict was unwarranted on account of improper testimony; also that it was instigated by a spirit of prejudice; also, that the girl could not have been killed by me the way I said she was. The testimony of the inquest was insufficient for an impartial mind to bring in a verdict.

*First*—No evidence was produced to show that I had been seen with Katie Curran on the 18th or any other day of March, or any other month.

*Second*—No evidence was given of blood being on my clothes.

*Third*—They produced not a particle of evidence of blood being found in that cellar.

*Fourth*—Isn't it a little singular that there was no evidence of a bad smell being in the cellar, except as noticed by the family up stairs? If that body was there from the 18th of March to the 18th of July, why didn't some one notice the smell, as the Margerson family says there was? Is it not strange that they should be the only ones to notice it? How do the jury explain the fact of its being there four months, and remaining unnoticed by Mitchell's folks and our folks; also the fact of men working there nine days and not noticing any smell? They didn't explain it nor can they now.

*Fifth*—The evidence against a bad smell there is almost overwhelming.

*Sixth*—There was no testimony put in to show any strange conduct on my part. Do you suppose that, if I killed that girl, I could do it, and then go about without anything looking strange about me?

But enough of what is not proved. Let us see what evidence there is against me. Strip the case of all its glitter, and we find the evidence to consist only of—the finding the body in the cellar; not a particle of testimony as to my being seen with the girl or the girl being seen at the store; no unusual noise at the time she was killed. All this, and much more, failed to be produced, and I say the only evidence was the finding the body in the cellar. But what is that to prove? Certainly not the fact that she was killed there by me or killed anywhere by me; nor that any one connected with the house killed her. But it does prove that somebody killed her. I do not take into account my confession, for the facts have got to be proved independent of the confession, whereas it was not so, and that is one of the reasons why I say that they were influenced by prejudice proof.

This is the pith of the article. The *Times* announces that it will publish the remainder of the remarkable document in its issue of Monday.

## *THE POSTAL LAWS.*

MODIFICATION OF THE RULES GOVERNING THE DELIVERY OF PACKAGESS USPCETED OF CONTAINING DUTIABLE ARTICLES.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—At the suggestion of the Treasury Department a modification has been made by the Postmaster General of the postal regulations governing the delivery of letters and packages suspected of containing articles liable to Customs, as follows:

When letters or sealed packages, the wrappers of which cannot be removed without destroying them, from a foreign country, are received through the mails at any Post Office, and the Postmaster has reason to believe that they contain articles liable to Customs duty, he shall immediately notify the Customs officer of the district in which his office is located, or the Customs officer designated by the Secretary of the Treasury to have access to the several Post Offices to examine the mails arriving from foreign countries, of the receipt of such letters or packages and the names of the persons to whom the same are addressed, and retain such letters or packages a reasonable time for the purpose of allowing such Customs officer to examine them. Letters (registered or ordinary) or packages, or sealed packages, the wrappers of which cannot be opened without destroying them, can only be opened by the parties addressed, and when such letters or packages are received at the office of destination, stamped as hereinafter provided, the parties addressed shall be notified by the Postmaster at the office of delivery that such a letter or package has been received at his office; believed to contain articles liable to duty, and that the same will be returned to the office of the country whence it came unless the person to whom it is addressed shall appear at the Post Office at a time, in the said notice to be designated, not exceeding twenty days from the date of said notice, and receive and open the said letter or package in the presence of an officer of the Customs, and Postmasters are hereby instructed and directed to extend to Custom-house officers all proper facilities, and permit Customs officers specially designated for that purpose by the Secretary of the Treasury to have access at all times to their respective offices for the purpose of examining mail matter received from foreign countries, in order to prevent the Customs revenue from frauds practiced through the mails; provided, however, that nothing herein contained shall authorize or allow Customs officers to seize or take possession of any letter or package while the same is in the custody of a Postmaster, nor until and after the same has been delivered to the person to whom it is addressed, unless the package when examined is found to contain articles liable to Customs duty; and provided further that no letter or package which is believed to contain articles liable to duty shall be detained at an intermediate office when the discovery inducing that belief is made at such office more than twenty-four hours, nor at the office of delivery a longer period of time than may be necessary for the person to whom such letter or package may be addressed to appear after the notice hereinbefore provided has been given; but when an unsealed package is found on examination to contain an article or articles liable to Customs duty, it should be delivered to the proper officer of the Customs, and the Postmaster should inform him to whom it is addressed, of its arrival in the mails, and its delivery to the Customs officer, and it shall be the duty of the Postmaster at an office at which the letter or sealed package, addressed to an interior office, suspected of containing articles liable to Customs duty, shall arrive in the mails from a foreign country, before forwarding such letter or package to the office of destination, to cause the envelope and wrapper thereof to be plainly stamped across its face with the words "Suspected liable to Customs duty."

## *LIFE AT SEA.*

To a man of middle age whose occupations have long confined him to the unexhilarating atmosphere of a library, there is something unspeakably delightful in a sea voyage. Increasing years, if they bring little else that is agreeable with them, bring to some of us immunity from sea-sickness. The regularity of habit on board a ship, the absence of dinner parties, the exchange of the table in the close room for the open deck under an awning, and the ever-blowing breeze which the motion of the vessel forbids to sink into a calm, give vigor to the tired system, restore the conscious enjoyment of elastic health, and even mock us for the moment with the belief that age is an illusion, and that the "wild freshness" of the morning of life has not yet passed away forever. Above our heads is the arch of the sky, around us the ocean rolling free and fresh as it rolled a million years ago, and our spirits catch a contagion from the elements. Our step on the boards recovers its buoyancy. We are rocked to rest at night by a gentle movement which soothes us into the dreamless sleep of childhood, and we wake with the certainty that we are beyond the reach of the postman. We are shut off as in a Catholic retreat, from the worries and anxietics of the world. No *Times* upon the breakfast-table calls our thoughts to the last news from Spain or St. Petersburg, or the vehemently expressed nothings of last night's debate in Parliament. Once, indeed, when we were crossing the Atlantic in a Cunard steamer, the steward entered the saloon with a pile of fresh damp sheets under his arm. "Has it come to this?" I said to myself. "Has Yankee enterprise invaded even the ocean, and robbed us even of our ten days' respite from the leading article and the latest intelligence?" But the steward was but playing piersantly with the spiritual appetite of the passengers. He had kept back half the stock which he had brought with him from Liverpool, and had preserved it between moistened blankets; if the reality was beyond our reach we might stay our hunger with the imaginary substitute. This was the explanation of the mystery; the waste of waters was still unconquered, and such of us as prized our brief interval of tranquility were left undisturbed.

We are speaking at present, however, not of the stormy passage across what the Americans call the herring-pond, but of the delicious latitudes of the trades, where the water is sapphire blue, where soft airs breathe lightly on the surface, and sharp jerks of the angry wave is never felt; where the flying-fish spring from under the bows on either side the ship like lines of spreading foam, where you sleep with your doors and windows wide open, a sheet the heaviest covering which you can bear, and the air is sweet and cool as in that far distant land where Menelaus dwells because he was the son-in-law of Zeus:

Where never falls or rain, or hail, or snow,
And ever off the sea the whispering breezes blow.

Here newspapers, here letters even from those who are nearest to us are an intrusion into "the session of sweet silent thought" which has been snatched out of the tumult of our ordinary existence. We enter the world alone, we leave it alone. There is always a part of our being into which those who are dearer to us far than our own lives are yet unable to enter. The solitary side of our nature demands leisure for reflections upon subjects on which the dash and whirl of daily business, so long as its clouds rise thick about us, forbid the intellect to fasten itself.

The mind, nevertheless, cannot steadily itself by its single strength; we require companions—but companions which intrude upon us only when we invite them: we require books, and the choice is a serious one. Of novels in the cabin library there is always a liberal supply. Passengers provide themselves with shilling and sixpenny editions, which are strewed about the benches and the hatchways, and by those whose future is still a land of hope and uncertainty are greedily perused. As we grow old, however, the class of novels which we can read with interest rapidly diminishes. The love-agonies of the Fredericks and Dorotheas cease to be absorbing, as the possibilities of such excitements for ourselves have set below our horizon. At the crisis of the lovers' fortunes we incline to the parental view of the situation, knowing as we do, by painful experience, the realities of the weekly bills and the rent-day. A novel which can awaken us after middle life must represent such sentiments, such actions, and such casualties as we encounter when we have cut our wise teeth, and have become ourselves actors in the practical drama of existence. The taste for romance is the first to disappear. The taste for caricature lasts longer but eventually follows. Truth alone permanently pleases; and works of fiction which claim a place in literature must either introduce us to characters and situations which we recognize as familiar, and which would interest us if we fell in with them ourselves, or, like the adventures of the Knight of La Mancha, must play gracefully and humorously with the disappointed pursuit of those high ideals which the noblest natures follow longest, and which never lose their fascination for us, even when their ill success is most ridiculous.

But the best company at sea are the immortals, those on whom the endurance of their works has set the seal of excellence; which are read from age to age, from era to era, and prove, by the tenacity of their hold, their correspondence with the humanity which under all changes remains the same. Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Pindar, Horace, Virgil, we never weary of, and in our later enjoyment of them we forgive and even bless the once unpleasant measures by which Greek and Latin were driven into us so indelibly.—*J. A. Froude in Fraser's Magazine.*

## *REGATTA OF THE BAYONNE ROWING CLUB.*

The second annual regatta of the Bayonne Rowing Association took place yesterday at their club-house at Bayonne. The club-house was tastefully decorated and the attendance was good. The first race was between four-oared gigs—two entries. The first was manned by Walter Mann, stroke, E. Shaw, J. Beach, and W. E. Van Buskirk, bow; color, red. The second was manned by E. R. Craft, stroke, J. Cadnus, W. H. Jasper, and John H. Elsworth, stroke; color, blue. The course was one mile from the boat-house eastward and return. The blue took the lead at first, but the red soon overtook them and turned the stake-boat in advance. They preserved their advantage to the end, winning the race in 7m. 20s., reaching the home stake-boat three lengths ahead of their competitors.

The second race was between four-oared barges. The entries were the Bayonne, color, blue, manned by L. Van Buskirk, stroke; J. Chadwick, C. Van Reiper, G. Stitt, and G. S. Voice, coxswain; and the Argonauta, color, white, manned by G. Cadmus, stroke; T. Mettarn, D. Jasper, T. Jasper, and W. T. McIntyre, coxswain. The Bayonne shot across the home line many lengths in advance of the Argonauta, winning the race in 8m. 30s.

In the single-scull race which followed, E. Shaw, W. L. Beach, and W. E. Van Buskirk were entered. The race was well contested, Van Buskirk, winning in 11 m., passing the home stake-boat first Shaw second, and Beach third.

Edward Smith and Frederick Eldred, of the Argonauta Club, acted as judges, and Frederick Schilling, of the Bayonne, as time-keeper and referee.

After the races the boats containing the friends of the several visiting clubs passed the boat-house in review. They were of the Neptune Club, the Harlem, Viking, Oneida, Nassau, Argonauta, and Bayonne.

In the evening the club handsomely entertained their friends. A string band furnished the music for the dances, and the festivities were kept up to a late hour.

## *THE CHAIN-GANG.*

The following are the various crimes and sentences of the prisoners removed from the Tombs to Sing Sing by Deputy Sheriffs Daly and Coughlan during the past week: James Sorline, grand larceny, three years; Edward Enright, grand larceny, two years and six months; Gus Hausman, grand larceny, two years; Charles Martin, grand larceny, two years; James Lambert, grand larceny, two years and six months; David Witzberger, burglary, six years; William Memaengo, grand larceny, eight years; James Malloy, grand larceny, two years and six months; John M. Miolon, burglary, two years; William Edward West, grand larceny, four years; James Anderson, grand larceny, one year; Charles Kelly, grand larceny, one year; Gustave Mellen, grand larceny, one year; Michael J. Williams, grand larceny, two years; Charles Keller, grand larceny, three years; William C. Calhoun, grand larceny, one year; Arthur J. King, forgery, three years; George S. Anderson, petty larceny from the person, three years.

## *AN ITALIAN'S MURDEROUS ASSAULT.*

AN UNPROVOKED ATTACK UPON A WOMAN —A FRIEND INTERFERES AND IS FATALLY STABBED.

At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon a fight occurred in the tenement house in the rear of No. 215 Hester street, during which I. Giovanni Morrelli was stabbed in the right breast and mortally wounded by Giuseppe Franga, who also stabbed Giuseppe Rosetta. The participants in the affray are Italians, and they all live in the house where the affray occurred. It appears Mrs. Margaret Perry, an Irishwoman, living at No. 308 Mott street, visited Morrelli in his apartments for the purpose of consulting him in regard to some books belonging to her child, who goes to the same school which the children of Morrelli attend. While there Frango entered, and Mrs. Perry, who, from constant association with her Italian neighbors had caught a smattering of their language, bid him "good evening" in Italian. Frango, who is said to be of a very morose and quarrelsome disposition, took umbrage at what Mrs. Perry deemed to be a pleasant greeting, and struck her in the face. Morrelli then interfered, and told him that he ought to be 

# DARING CRIMES.

## *MEMORIES OF THIEVES AND DETECTIVES.*

**PARALLELS TO THE DANSER CASE—DAYLIGHT THE BEST TIME FOR EXPERTS TO WORK—SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL CASES—NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.**

"Why there's nothing new in all this!" The speaker was a man of small build and stature, wrinkled with age, and bearing in his face not only the marks of time, but of those ceaseless endeavors which come to naught.

"What's in all this, any how," he continued. "I've known many a better job done in old times than this in Eleventh street and that other one in Mangin street, which is altogether a 'snide.' Nuthin's easier than to git inter a house in day time like these fellers did, and put away wimin as they did."

It may be necessary to explain that this and what follows was said in a lager-beer saloon where I had by appointment met the man of suspicious and repulsive exterior who sat opposite me. It was my purpose to learn something of crimes of violence in New-York in former years, and I felt sure from the way he began that I was not to be disappointed. But he was provokingly slow in beginning. He seemed to be musing in rapt admiration over the prowess of bygone criminals, and I was at last forced to lift him out of his reverie by asking him, "How about Saul and Howlett?" His eye brightened, and he became voluble instantly.

"Them was fellers! Wash Walling, who's Super now, can tell you all about them, for he got them dead to rights. You oughter have known Saul and Howlett. They was the cleverest fellers ever in the business. Neither one was twenty when he was hung in 1853, but they done more murders and robberies between 'em, than all the other men ever strung up in New York put together. They would'ent have stopped with gagging Mrs. Danser. Not much. That was'ent their style. They'd have strangled her and then gone comfortably about cleaning out the house, and you can bet they'd have done it thorough. But house-robbing was'ent their 'racket,' 'cause you see they was pirates, which is, they boarded ships in the harbor, in the night, and took away what they liked. It was always a good thing for the watchman to attend to his own business and let Saul and Howlett alone when they came aboard. If he did'ent, he'd get chucked overboard, and that was the last of him, for they always took care that he should'ent come up after once he'd gone down. There's no telling how many chaps they got away with, for fellers were, all the while disappearing from ships which was robbed, and nobody ever could tell what became of them. But it's a long lane has no turn and they were brought up with a mighty short turn at last. One night in August, 1852, they boarded the Thomas Watson, anchored in East River, to rob her, but there was a watchman named Baxter on board who thought he wouldn't let 'em. Exactly how everything happened nobody ever knowed, but anyhow, they killed him, and give themselves away by forgetting to throw the body overboard. That was the last of them, for they was collared and they was hung in the Tombs in the next January. That seemed to take the heart out of the boys, for there was no pirating at all for a long time, and never has been since anything like what they did."

At this point my friend of the hour called for more beer, and dropped as it were into himself. Not knowing what else to do, I remained quiet and gazed at him, wondering whether I should ever have the pleasure of meeting him on my staircase or in my bed-room in the middle watches of the night, and, if so, whether he would remember our acquaintance sufficiently to stay his ravaging hand and be as pleasant as he apparently can be in a beer saloon. While I was wandering in this conjecture my friend broke forth again.

"Don't you make the mistake of supposing that when Saul and Howlett was hung there was an end to all this sort of thing in New-York. Not by no means. The boys kept it up in one way or another, and always made it lively for the Police. Wash. Walling will tell you that, if you ask him, and he knows. I don't want to bore you with all that was done in them years, so we'll skip a few, and come down to 1857, when Johnson's house in Fifth avenue was done by Long Cahill and his pals. That was a nice job, and no mistake. Johnson lived next door to Judge Pierrepont—the bloke who's General Attorney, or something of that sort, now—and he and his neighbors goes off to the country, as the swells always do in Summer. What does Long Cahill do? Why, him and his pals gets into the house and does up the bronzes, lace-curtains, silver-ware, carpets, and sich, in parcels convenient to carry away. Does they take the chance of getting away with the swag in the night? Not by no means. They fixes the front door so as they can open it easy from the outside, and off they goes. Next day, 'bout noon, up comes Long Cahill in front of the house with a big truck. He rings the bell, bold like; one of his pals is already inside dressed as a footman, and opens the door. We've come for them things, says Long Cahill. All right, Sir, says the pal, and they bundles the swag into the truck and drives off before the eyes of a hundred people who supposes it's all right. Now that was a neat job—ever so much better than the Danser business—yet it did'ent do them fellers any good. George Elder and poor Tom Hoey who's dead and gone years ago, got foul of Long Cahill and settled him for I dont know how long. They was detectives, and Elder is yet, bad luck to him."

With this second reminiscence my friend became taciturn again. Beer had additional charms for him. He had a third glass, and swallowed it without pause or ceremony. The fluid loosened his tongue and he blurted out, "See here, you, I'm tired. If you want to know all about this sort of thing go and see Wash. Walling, the Super, or such fellows in the Detective office as Elder, or Phil Reilly, or Holly Lyon, or Dick King. They can tell you all about it. See you agin." With these words he abruptly strode out of the saloon and left me in such questionable company that I quickly followed his example, fully determined to profit by his advice.

The next morning I acted upon it. My first rencontre was with that honest man and able officer, Superintendent Walling. I had known him for many years in several grades of the Police service, and had known him always as fearless, honest, independent, knowing his duty always, and doing it always. My first question was whether he knew of a parallel to the Danser outrage. There was a quizzical look in the eyes of the Superintendent when he answered: "Why you know, and I know, that the records are full of them. In fact daylight is the best time for the adventurous thief. The bungler needs darkness to cover his deeds, but the master of his art can afford to go out in daylight and do a job. I don't think it worth while to go very far back for parallels to the Danser case, so let's take the Morey case to begin with. That occurred in Broadway, in the Fall of 1863, just at dusk. Morey was sitting alone in a gambling room on the second floor of the corner building, when he was pounced upon by the robbers who by some means had got keys to the room. Morey was bucked and gagged and robbed of a very large amount of money in full sight of the thousands who at that hour always surge up and down Broadway. Now, the Danser case was nothing to this, for here a man was attacked, and the robbers were liable to be interrupted at any moment, as it was well known that a large number of men had keys to the room, and could enter it at pleasure. But that was only one case, and not the worst by any means, for there was the robbery of the Cashier of the Higgins Carpet Factory, who was knocked down in the open street in broad daylight, and robbed of a large sum of money. It was on Saturday, and the Cashier having been to the bank to get the money was on his way back to the factory to pay the hands. He had been watched during the whole day no doubt by the thieves, who belonged to what we called the 'butcher cart gang,' because they always had a butcher cart with a fast horse to get away after doing a robbery, and they usually did get away. They certainly did in this case, although the robbery was witnessed by hundreds of people. Then there was the Central Park Savings Bank robbery done in daylight. The bank, you know, is in Third avenue, one of our most crowded thoroughfares. Yet the robbers walked boldly in at midday, fastened the doors, bucked and gagged the Cashier, rifled the bank, and going out a rear door jumped into their butcher cart, standing in the side street, and got away with a big plunder. Even that was nothing compared with the robbery of the messenger of the Bank of the State of New-York in December, 1868. That was done in Pearl street, near William, about noon, and you know how crowded that part of the City is at that hour. The messenger was walking along the street when a party of men drove up in a sleigh. Some of them jumped out, knocked down the messenger, seized his property—consisting of a large amount in money and certified checks—jumped into the sleigh and drove off, and did it all so quickly that of the hundreds who witnessed the outrage, including some policemen, not one could do anything to prevent either the robbery or escape. There have been many such cases as this in Wall street and vicinity, as you well know, but I give this one as a type of them all. Coming back now to the other, you remember the case of Jackson, the pawnbroker in Amity street, just out of Broadway. He was sitting alone in his office, in the middle of the afternoon, when two men entered, struck him on the head with a sand-bag, and robbed his place at their leisure. They escaped at the time, but were got subsequently, and are now doing a term of fifteen years. They should have been tried for murder though, for Jackson afterward died of a sickness of which the injury he received that day was the real cause. Another case, probably more daring than any of them, was the robbery of the show-window of Benedict Brothers, in Broadway, near Bleecker street, just at dusk. At that hour Broadway is always crowded with pedestrians and vehicles, and it was on that evening. But the thief smashed in the window with a large stone he brought for the purpose, and, seizing a large number of watches and other articles, got away. Another jewelry case was on Nov. 11, 1871, in the store of Henry F. Piaget, No. 86 Nassau street. During a short temporary absence at 12:30 P. M., of Mr. Piaget, three men entered his office, and robbed it of over $3,000 worth of watches and watch movements. The office was in charge of Lewis Niger, a lad sixteen years of age, whom the thieves forced into a back room, gagged, bound, and nearly killed, then covered him with Mr. Piaget's over-coat while they committed the robbery, which did not occupy more than five minutes.

These are some of the principal daylight cases," continued the Superintendent, "but to show how common crimes of this sort have been in the past, here is a list of a few of a minor character:

May 4, 1870—Peter H. Walsh, No. 138 Henry street, offices No. 333 West street and No. 53 South street, was shot at while in a gig on Broadway, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets. One thousand dollars reward was offered for the 'arrest' of the party.

June 9, 1870—Ephraim Stineman, No. 628 Sixth avenue, was followed to a secluded spot in Central Park, and robbed of a silver watch, under threat of taking his life if he did not deliver up.

July 18, 1870—Dr. McKenzie Elliott, Elliottville, Staten Island, office No. 12 University Place Building, Washington square, was knocked down and robbed corner Fortieth street and Tenth avenue.

Aug. 19, 1870—William Bolte was knocked down and robbed of watch and chain by unknown men.

Sept. 15, 1870—Alfred S. Jaffe, No. 84 William street, while posting a letter at the General Post Office, was robbed of $5,000 in national bank bills.

Aug. 4, 1871—Joseph Donnelly, No. 219 East Seventy-first street, was knocked down and robbed of silver watch corner Sixteenth street and Eighth avenue.

Nov. 8, 1871—Patrick McShane, No. 111 Eldridge street, was knocked down at Bowery and Catherine street and robbed.

Oct. 31, 1872—Thomas Hamilton, No. 424 East Fifteenth street, was met by three men at the corner of Fifteenth street and First avenue, one of the men holding a pistol to his head while his companions robbed him.

Feb. 10, 1873—Leonard Jardozo, No. 138 West Sixteenth street, was knocked down and robbed in Union square.

March 13, 1873—John Slater, Thirty-third street and Ninth avenue, was knocked down at his own door and robbed of gold watch and chain."

To these cases of the Superintendent, my own memory added that of the famous Rogers' murder, which occurred at 7 A. M. on Dec. 30, 1868. The facts of this famous crime are too fresh in the public mind to require rehearsal. With this mere mention of the most notable of all, this resumé of former deeds of violence is brought to a close. It confirms the opinion of the thief and the Superintendent that such crimes are nothing new in New-York. Whether the Police could in past years have prevented them, whether they can now, or, whether failing in this, they could have brought or can bring the perpetrators to justice, are matters on which it is not intended to enter.

## *AN ADVENTURE AT JUBBALPORE.*

Any one experienced in campaigning will concur in the remark that there is no pleasanter way of spending the evenings than by following the example of the natives of Eastern countries, and indulging in story-telling, an occupation which is one of the most agreeable features connected with camp life.

The following is an episode in the career of a young officer during his service in British India, and is one of the many stories to which we listened with pleasure round our camp-fire when on a hunting expedition last Fall. S—— was a good story-teller, and therefore I will make use of his own words as nearly as I can recollect them. Stretching himself at full length on his blanket, with his feet toward the burning embers of our camp-fire, which threw a flickering light on all around, he started as follows:

I believe you fellows know that when a Cornet in the Twenty-seventh Regiment I spent three years in her Majesty's service in India, but I have not told you how on one occasion during the time I was in the East, I experienced the sensations felt by a man who is tried for murder. It came about in this way:

To begin with, let me inform you that one of the dullest places in which a military garrison can be quartered in the Bengal Provinces, is Jubbalpore. To use a slang phrase, it is a "one-eyed" town. A great thing against the place is the heat, as the thermometer rarely marks below 100° in the shade. This, however, we could put up with, but it was far more difficult to become accustomed to the absence of society, and the dry, sterile sand-banks, which met the gaze on every side. There was rarely anything new stirring in the place, and why it was a garrisoned town the British War Department only knew. Day after day the same routine duties, pertaining to muster, parade, and mess, had to be performed, and the very antipodes of the saying that "variety is charming" could be realized there in the fullest sense of the words.

You can well imagine then, that it was with no very pleasurable feelings we received orders to leave Calcutta and proceed to Jubbalpore for the purpose of relieving the garrison there. As in the case of death and quarter-day, however, there is no evading a military mandate, and a week after receiving the order we reached our destination, the appearance of which fully bore out the description previously furnished us respecting the town and its surroundings.

Almost immediately after our arrival the regiment we had come to relieve got into marching order, and prepared to start for Calcutta. When a garrison of an up-country town in British India is under orders to move to Madras or Calcutta, it is only natural that the out-going regiment should be in somewhat better spirits than are to be observed in the men who are about taking their places, for life in the large Indian cities is much more enjoyable than it is in the small towns of the interior. Accustomed as many of my brother officers were to this ebullition of feeling, they were more than surprised when they noticed the expression of intense joy which was depicted upon the countenances of the troops we were about to relieve. They had been quartered at Jubbalpore for nearly a year, and were heartily glad to get out of it, making no secret of their satisfaction with the change.

"Is it long ye'll be quarthered here, Patsie?" called out an Irish Sergeant of the out-going regiment to an acquaintance he had recognized among our men. "Shure in one week it's kilt entirely ye'll be, or else married to a nayger to pass the time away. And she'll do it for ye, be jabers," he added.

"Silence in the ranks!" commanded Capt. B——, who did not wish our fellows to get a worse opinion of the place than they had already, for the chances were they would have to remain in it for the next six or eight months at least.

There were some half-dozen officers and about a company of the regiment with whom we were exchanging who had been ordered to remain behind for another month or six weeks. Their curses at this order were both loud and deep, and their cast-down looks and constant grumbling were not encouraging to us. From the account they gave of the place, we thought we had been very hardly dealt with in being sent there, and it was particularly annoying to me, for I had only arrived from England a fortnight previously, and had scarcely made my *entrée* into Calcutta society when I was placed under marching orders.

We used one common mess-room, in which we all dined together that evening, and, as may be supposed, the principal theme of conversation was the place in which we were about taking up our residence. "What's to be done here?" was frequently asked, and it always called forth the answer, "Nothing whatever." We could see for ourselves some of the inconveniences with which we would have to put up. Mosquitoes, sand-flies, and grasshoppers swarmed about the dinner table, and were constantly committing suicide in our soup or wine, while every now and again a big moth or beetle would strike one violently on the face, and then fly into the lamp, half extinguishing it, until the insect was pulled out by one of the native servants and crushed to death on the clay floor beneath the bare foot of the domestic.

The account we received of the past history of the place was enough to give us the blues. It was too hot to play cards, we were told, and even if it were not, the mosquitoes were so troublesome that it was impossible to collect one's thoughts sufficiently for the purpose. Four men belonging to our friends' regiment had tried to play whist every evening when first they were stationed there. They revoked about a dozen times nightly, and two of them nearly had a duel in consequence of a dispute as to whether there were thirteen or fourteen tricks in the pack. In spite of this they kept on for a few more evenings, and then gave it up, for one of the four died.

About six months after the arrival at Jubbalpore of the regiment which preceded ours, there was general rejoicing among the members of the officers' mess, for a billiard table—about which they had been in correspondence with head-quarters at Calcutta for a very long time, so long indeed that they had almost given it up—unexpectedly arrived. The delay had been occasioned (so they told us, but I don't vouch for the truth of it,) because of certain alterations which it was necessary the table should undergo before it could be serviceable in such an out-of-the-way place as Jubbalpore. A small gas-pipe had been fastened round it for the purpose of keeping up a uniform heat in cold weather, so that the cushions would not become hardened. It is needless to say that this arrangement was never turned to account, for several reasons, one of which was that cold weather was unknown there, and another that no gas existed in the place. For several weeks this billiard-table was the centre of attraction, and the authorities at head-quarters were toasted several evenings in succession, the delay which had taken place in complying with the request that they should be furnished with this means of passing the time having been quite forgotten. But the enjoyment consequent upon the advent of the table was, like love at first sight, "too hot to last." The denouement came about in this way: One evening, on leaving the billiard-room for dinner, a party of officers who had been playing pool all the afternoon gave a native servant instructions to brush the chalk marks off the cloth. The man found that some of these marks could not be easily removed with the brush alone, and he therefore had recourse to soap and hot water, with which he thoroughly renovated the green baize. The next morning the cloth had shrunk in some places, stretched in others, and presented about as uneven a surface as a piece of cocoanut matting. If a slow stroke were played upon it the ball was sure to turn off at a tangent down one of the numerous ruts in the cloth, and the shot was missed in consequence.

The following day will not soon be forgotten by the native servant. He asked for a holiday in the evening, to go and bury his father, and by some oversight never returned. This request to attend the funeral of a relative is the universal pretext made use of if a native servant wants a holiday, and in my own experience the father of my mess-boy was buried at least half a dozen times. Captain B—— facetiously remarked, for our encouragement, that they had been corresponding with head-quarters for nearly four months upon the subject of a new cloth for the table, which he hoped would once more be put in a playable condition before we left Jubbalpore.

To cut the matter short, we found that the only amusement to be had was in trotting horses. I was rather interested in this subject, for I had brought a favorite roan mare from England with me. In the course of conversation we learned that some unusual excitement (for Jubbalpore) had been caused for the last few days by a half-caste, who drove a splendid trotting horse. He was always to be seen on the mile-drive the first thing in the morning, and made a point of racing with every dog-cart which overtook him if he saw that the driver was inclined to try the respective merits of their horses. You may be sure the challenge was always accepted; but, much to the chagrin of the military element, the officers had in all cases come off second best. It was rarely that the stranger spoke to any one, and therefore he passed under the *soubriquet* of the "Silent Man." The more I heard of this stranger the more was I interested, and at last I broke into the conversation by saying that I was ready to make a wager of 100 rupees that I would beat him with my roan mare. The wager was immediately accepted. It was agreed that no arrangement need be made with the "Silent Man," as he was sure to put in an appearance on the drive the following day.

Before turning in that night I visited the stable, and found to my satisfaction that the mare was in excellent condition, and none the worse for the long journey she had performed.

I was up at 6 o'clock the next morning, personally inspected the harnessing of my favorite into the light dog-cart, and shortly afterward was trotting along the drive in company with the officers who had dined at the mess the previous evening, and who had turned out *en masse*, some on foot, some on horseback, and some driving, to see the result of the wager.

They had not been mistaken in supposing that the "Silent Man" would be out. Just as we reached the end of the drive furthest from the town, we met him returning. He passed us, and it was immediately arranged that I should turn round and drive after him. He was not going faster than a walk, and if he put on the pace as I attempted to get ahead of him, it was agreed that the race should commence.

I turned at once, and in a moment had overtaken him and was driving alongside. As if divining my intentions, he smiled as I got level with him, and, without saying a word, raised his hat, in a manner which made me remark *sotto voce* that if he was only a half-caste he was at least a polite one. I saluted him in return, and, as he had been through a similar performance previously with several of the officers, he at once accepted it as a challenge. Touching his horse lightly on the flank with his whip, he started at a brisk trot, an example which my roan followed without loss of time. We had a clear run of a mile before us, and for half of that distance we kept neck and neck, holding our horses in. I had neglected to ask where the race was to terminate, but presumed it would be where the drive entered the town. At the corner of one of the barracks the road turned abruptly to the right, and I thought if I reached that corner first I could fairly consider I had won the race. Three-quarters of the distance were passed, and then my dark-skinned opponent suddenly increased his speed, until he was about twenty yards ahead of me, and was gaining rapidly.

"This won't do, Nelly," I said to my roan; "for the credit of the regiment we must pass that stranger."

As if the intelligent animal understood every word I had said to her, she at once increased her speed until her head was level with the tail-board of the stranger's dog-cart. Then I held her in for the final struggle. We were within fifty yards of the building, but still I held her, although she was pulling hard at the reins. The house was not twenty yards distant when I let her go, and, with a rush, was level with my opponent. He lashed his horse almost furiously, but I gained on him, passed him, and just as I reached the corner I glanced over my shoulder and saw his horse's head a yard or two behind.

At this moment my dog-cart gave a sudden lurch, which nearly threw me from my seat. Hastily drawing rein, I turned, and found to my horror, that I had driven over a native, who had been coming round the corner as we approached it. Upon examination it was found that the man was stone dead, one of the wheels having passed over his neck and broken the vertebræ of his spine.

My friends crowded round me, but instead of congratulating me on having won the wager they joined me in my expressions of regret at the unfortunate accident which had happened. The "Silent Man" was nowhere to be seen. I placed my dog-cart at the disposal of the relatives of the deceased, who were quickly on the spot, and the dead body of the native, who was a water-carrier, was conveyed to his house.

After this I drove back to my quarters with very melancholy thoughts. I could not help feeling that—to say the least of it—I had acted recklessly, and at once made up my mind to do my best to provide for the family of the deceased, which I considered was my duty, although the fault was partly on his side.

I had not been in long before Captain B—— called on me.

"I fear this will be a very serious matter," he remarked. "The worst of it is that it is not the first accident which has happened at that point, although no one has been killed before to my knowledge."

He then proceeded to tell me that several complaints had been made before the District Judge respecting the reckless driving of some of the officers, adding that a new Judge—a half caste—had just been appointed, who would probably be much more on the side of a native than a European would have been. No one seemed to know much about this Judge, and therefore there was no telling how the case might be viewed by him.

I was well aware that there was not a very pleasant feeling existing between the whites and the natives, but I did not for one moment suppose that I should be charged with anything worse than reckless driving, as the death of the man was clearly nothing but an accident.

In this I found myself mistaken, for the same evening I received an official-looking document stating that I should be called upon a few days later to appear before the District Court and answer to a charge of killing one Muttuswamy. This was the first count in the indictment; the second was for furious driving. A note which accompanied the document informed me that no arrest had been made because my commanding officer had been at the court that morning, and had placed himself under bail of 2,000 rupees to answer for my appearance.

At last Jubbalpore had something to talk about, and the sole theme of discussion until the day of the trial was the accident and the charge which had resulted from it. I must confess that the interim was a very anxious time for me, for although I did not suppose that the jury would return a verdict of guilty on the murder charge, yet there was the possibility of their doing so, and the prospect was not a pleasant one.

The jury was to consist of natives, for there were not enough European civilians residing within the jurisdiction of the court for the purpose, and we well knew that if the military were summoned on the jury they would be objected to by the other side.

My friends tried to encourage me by pointing out that if necessary I could have the case heard under appeal by a higher court, and before a jury of my own countrymen. This would have been a very expensive affair, and one which my purse could ill afford. It was for this reason alone that I did not at once make an application for the case to be tried in Calcutta.

The morning of the trial arrived; and as I walked down the hot and dusty street leading to the court-house, I began to feel an interest in Jubbalpore which I had never felt before, and to wonder if I should return from the court-house in custody, with the prospect of imprisonment before me, or perhaps the gibbet. I had not driven my roan since the accident, and it was almost with tears in my eyes that I patted her on the neck that morning. The faithful creature whinnied as I caressed her, and said in equine language, "I know all about it, my dear master. I've gotten you into a rare mess by running over that nigger. But we beat the other fellow, didn't we?" she added with an exulting neigh, as I left the stable.

"Regina vs. myself" was the first case down for hearing. The witnesses were all present with almost unnecessary punctuality—so I thought, to whom every moment before the sentence was passed was a minute gained. The advocate for the Crown was also ready, with a voluminous brief before him. He was a native, but a man who carried a large amount of astuteness and ability beneath a black skin, as was afterward proved. The court was crowded to its fullest capacity, and the heat was overwhelming, although the huge *punkahs* were being pulled rapidly backward and forward by the *punkah wallahs*.

As I entered, a sudden silence was observed, and I felt that I was the cynosure of all eyes. I immediately surrendered myself, and took my place in the dock. As I did not put much faith in a native advocate, however good his education might have been, I had determined to defend my own case, and by this means I felt that if I failed I should have no one else to blame, while I certainly had the consolation of having saved the lawyer's fees—a matter of consideration to one who had little more than his pay as a cornet to depend upon.

Shortly after I took my stand in the dock, the crier proclaimed "Silence in Court," and the Judge entered. Imagine my surprise when I recognized my late opponent, the "Silent Man."

From that moment I thought it was certainly all over with me. The Judge was possibly still smarting under his late defeat, and he would probably twist and turn the story in such a manner in his address to the jury that they would believe I willfully ran the man down sooner than lose my wager. As I said before, the jury were natives. They spoke the English language to a certain extent, but not sufficiently well to prevent one of them speaking of the two charges in the indictment as the first and second "*account*."

For two hours the prosecution lasted, during which time evidence was adduced to the effect that I *must* have seen the man, as I was looking straight in front of me. Of course, full details as to the wager, &c., came out, and when the case for the Crown was concluded, I must confess that it looked very bad for me.

My defense did not occupy many minutes. I was fortunate in being able to bring evidence to corroborate my own testimony that at the moment the man was knocked down I was looking over my shoulder, and therefore did not see him; and even if I had seen him, I argued, the affair took place so suddenly that I should not have had time to pull up or draw on one side. I then pleaded guilty to the second count, and left myself in the hands of the intelligent (!) jury.

The Judge summed up much more fairly than I anticipated, but still he led the jury toward a verdict of guilty on both counts.

For one hour I remained in suspense, while the jury considered their verdict, and on their return into court they found me not guilty on the first count, but guilty on the second.

While the Judge was delivering a tedious homily on furious driving—just as if he had not been driving quite as recklessly himself!—he was several times interrupted by my brother officers, who came up to congratulate me, Capt. B—— narrowly escaping fine for contempt of court.

The end of it was a fine of forty rupees, and the total cost for killing the poor native amounted to sixty-six rupees, four annas, and a few odd pice, together with a headache the next morning, which was the result of a champagne supper in honor of my acquittal on the graver charge.

I need hardly add that I fulfilled my determination to assist the family of the dead man.

## *THE LATE EMPEROR FERDINAND.*

A German correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who lived many years in Vienna, writes to that journal: "Although the Emperor, whose death has been recently announced, has been almost entirely forgotten by the political world, the population of the gay capital of Austria will be always reminded of the simple-minded Prince, as some of his quaint sayings have become proverbial among the Viennese. If anybody in Vienna insists with stubbornness on having a silly whim gratified, he will certainly be ridiculed with the phrase, "Kaiser bin i', Knoedel muss i' haben." The origin of this good-natured rebuke is this: During the first year of his reign the Emperor Ferdinand made a trip to Styria, and while on an excursion to some mountain valley was surprised by a heavy shower. The Emperor, with his suite, sought refuge from the storm in a farmer's cottage where dinner had just been served. Dumplings of very coarse flour formed the principal feature of this meal, to which the Emperor was cordially invited by the farmer's wife. To the great horror of the chamberlains and courtiers Ferdinand helped himself very freely, and made a heartier meal of the dumplings than they had ever seen him enjoy at a grand dinner at the "Hofburg" in Vienna. After his return to the capital the Emperor gave orders that dumplings of coarse flour should henceforth figure every day on the Imperial dinner-table. The disgust of the *chef de cuisine* may easily be imagined, and the Emperor's physicians also unanimously vetoed his new favorite dish. But Ferdinand, who on other occasions never had shown a will of his own, remained this time firm as a rock, and would not give up his fancy for dumplings. When the physicians positively declared that they could not allow his Majesty to dine off dumplings, he stamped with his foot and cried that he would not sign another official document until he had got dumplings for his dinner. "Emperor I am, and dumplings I will have!" ("Kaiser bin i', und Knoedel muss i' haben") he shouted, and to prevent a complete deadlock of the Government machine in Austria, his fancy had to be gratified. Another anecdote is worth repeating. The Emperor was presiding at a Council of Ministers, and while one of these was making a report of the greatest importance, which it took several hours to deliver, Ferdinand apparently listened with the greatest attention. When Count —— had finished, the Emperor who was sitting at an open window, calmly said: "Four hundred and twenty-five flacres and one hundred and eighty omnibuses have passed through the Hofburg during the last two hours." Every visitor to Vienna knows that the passage through the Hofburg from the "Stadt" to the suburb of Mariahulf is as crowded as Fleet street near Temple Bar, and the counting of the passing vehicles had entirely occupied the Emperor's mind during the speech of his Minister. Another very good story shows that the deceased Emperor was not without a certain degree of dry humor, and that, though he may have lacked brain, yet he possessed a kindly heart. The first year after his abdication the Emperor was always surrounded by spies, who would follow him even into his private garden on the Hradschin in Prague, and who reported all his doings to the Police in Vienna. He was not allowed to spend any money, as the Government were afraid that he perhaps might be able to win supporters; and, though his private fortune was the largest in Austria, he never could give away a florin. Once, while walking in the park in Prague, he saw a young officer of the Army who looked so sad that the Emperor inquired what his troubles were. The young man answered that he was in love with a beautiful girl, but that he could not think of marrying her because they were both too poor to raise the 10,000 florins caution money which every officer who intended to marry had to deposit with the Secretary of War. The Emperor slily smiled, and said, "I scented and paid, but several weeks afterward the "Oberstathofmarshallamt"—that is, the competent civil tribunal for the members of the imperial family—issued a decree declaring the Emperor unfit to transact business, and appointing a "curator" for his property and estates.

## *AN OBLIGING STRANGER.*

A lady called at the Post Office in Fall River, Mass., on Tuesday to get a money order for $100 to be sent to Barrington. A blank was given her to be filled out, and on leaving the office she saw a "good-looking man" whom she requested to fill it for her. He readily consented, and stepping into a store took from his pocket two blank checks, which he filled, and telling the woman to inclose one in the letter and retain the other, by which she would save $1 50, took her $100 and left. Returning to the Post Office she was told by the Postmaster of the deception, but the rogue had made good his escape.


## SITUATIONS WANTED.

### FEMALES.

**THE UP-TOWN OFFICE OF THE TIMES.**

The up-town office of THE TIMES is located at **No. 1,257 Broadway, bet. 31st and 32d sts.** Open daily, Sundays included, from 4 A. M. to 9 P. M. Subscriptions received, and copies of THE TIMES for sale.

ADVERTISEMENTS RECEIVED UNTIL 9 P. M.

**C**OOK, JACQUIN, FRENCH, GERMAN, AND English Bureau, No. 602 6th av.—Families, hotels, and Summer-houses can find a select class of servants, especially French and German.

**C**OOK, &c.—BY TWO SISTERS, FOR CITY OR country; one is a first-class cook, and one is a capable waitress and chamber-maid, and general work; can do the work of a family together; have good references; can be seen for two days, at the Protestant Home Bureau, No. 138 6th av.

**C**OOK.—BY A FIRST-CLASS FRENCH COOK; A real cordon bleue getting up hot and cold jellies and gelatines; equal to a man cook; City or country. Can be seen at No. 1,233 Broadway, French Bureau, with references.

**C**OOK.—BY A SCOTCH WOMAN AS FIRST-CLASS Cook; understands English and French cooking, baking, and pastry; best City reference. Address Cook, Box No. 208 TIMES UP-TOWN OFFICE, NO. 1,257 BROADWAY.

**C**OOK, OR NURSE AND SEAMSTRESS.—By a respectable colored woman to take care of children and sew; or would cook for a small private family; country preferred; City reference. Call on C. J., No. 145 West 50th st.

**C**OOK.—BY A RESPECTABLE GIRL AS FIRST-class cook; understands her business thoroughly; is willing to do washing if necessary; good reference; no objection to the country. Call at No. 161 East 28th st., intelligence office.

**C**OOK, &c.—BY A RESPECTABLE WOMAN, AS good cook; would assist in washing; best City references. Call for two days at No. 118 West 16th st.

**D**RESS-MAKER.—A FIRST-CLASS DRESS-maker would go out by the day or take home work; suits made at moderate prices; best of City reference. Call at No. 259 6th av.

**H**OUSEKEEPER, &c.—BY A VERY RESPECT-able English person as housekeeper and useful companion; would superintend the cooking, and could do the marketing; can be highly recommended. Address L. M., Post Office, New Brighton, Staten Island, for three days.

**L**ADY'S MAID.—BY A GERMAN LADY'S MAID to travel around; is a very highly-recommended person; capable and refined, and thoroughly understands her duties as lady's maid; speaks several languages; dresses hair, dress-maker, and is an excellent worker. Seen at No 1,233 Broadway.

**L**ADY'S MAID OR NURSE.—FOR THE SUM-mer, or to take care of growing children in a family going to the sea-side or mountains, by a colored girl with first-class references; is a good seamstress. Address H. T., Post Office, Elizabeth, N. J.

**L**AUNDRESS.—BY A RESPECTABLE YOUNG Swedish girl as first-class laundress; City or country. Call for two days at No. 344 West 42d st., one flight of stairs.

**L**AUNDRESS.—BY A COLORED WOMAN AS laundress in a private family; has good recommendations. Apply for L. M. at No. 145 West 50th st., from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.

**L**AUNDRESS.—BY A RESPECTABLE COLORED laundress, washing for a small family by the week, or single persons; terms reasonable. Apply at No. 139 West 33d st., top floor. Inquire for A. Van Dyke.

**L**AUNDRESS.—BY A RESPECTABLE COLORED laundress a private family's washing by the week, month, or dozen. Call on or address Elizabeth Ward, No. 263 West 47th st., third floor, back room.

**N**URSE.—BY A RESPECTABLE WOMAN AS infant's nurse; capable of taking care of an infant from its birth; best City reference. Call at No. 16 West 48th st.

**N**URSE AND SEAMSTRESS.—BY A FRENCH nurse, to take care of children and do sewing; good reference. Call on Monday at 26 Washington square.

**N**URSE OR CHAMBER-MAID.—BY A PROT-estant girl as nurse or chamber-maid; good reference. Call on Monday at No. 55 West 17th st.

**N**URSE AGENCY.—WET NURSES, A GOOD selection daily from 10 to 4, at HANSEN'S old established office, 144 East 32d st, near Lexington av.

**REMOVAL.**

CARPENTER'S large Employment House, established many years at 11th st. and 6th av., is now removed to No. 108 6th av., near 9th st., where families, Summer houses, &c., can be supplied promptly with help of every kind and nationality.

**S**EAMSTRESS.—BY A YOUNG WOMAN TO SEW for families by the day, week, or month; understands dress-making perfectly. Call or address No. 207 West 29th st., first floor, back.

**W**ASHING.—BY A RESPECTABLE COLORED woman to take in washing and ironing by the dozen or by the month. Apply at No. 139 West 33d st.

### MALES.

**C**OACHMAN.—BY A FIRST-CLASS COACHMAN, who thoroughly understands his business; is a good and careful driver, sober, industrious; five years' reference from the last place; left on account of last employer disposing of his horses. Address J. D., No. 148 East 22d st.

**C**OACHMAN.—BY A SINGLE PROTESTANT MAN as first-class coachman; thoroughly understands the proper care and management of fine horses; perfectly sober, and a very careful driver; three years' reference. Address S., Box No. 206 *Times* Office.

**C**OACHMAN.—UNDERSTANDS GARDENING AND will work on gentleman's place; best reference. Address Coachman, No. 16 Harrison st.

**G**ARDENER.—OF SUPERIORITY, WHO, BY A skillful method of cultivation, productive only by marked attention to the progressive development of horticulture, husbandry, &c., has achieved very successful results in all kinds of glass culture and out-door production. Address Gardener, Box No. 209 *Times* Office.

**G**ARDENER.—BY A SINGLE MAN, ENGLISH, who understands the cultivation of stove and green-house plants, flower and kitchen gardening; willing to make himself generally useful; good reference from present and previous employers. Address L. C., Box No. 58 Orange, N.J.

**S**ERVANT.—BY A COLORED YOUNG MAN, WITH good references, who has lived with one family nine years; would like to travel with a gentleman. Address Samuel Smith, No. 714 Water st.

**S**HIPPING CLERK, &c.—BY A YOUNG MAN as shipping clerk, receiver, or collector; has unexceptionable reference and will furnish good security. Address G. H., Box No. 135 *Times* Office.

**T**O WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS.—THE AD-vertiser, a young man, is open to an engagement with an A No. 1 house in the capacity of general man; has had many years experience in the clothing trade, men's and boys', as buyer, book-keeper, salesman, trimmer, etc; unexceptionable City references. Address L. T., Box No. 126 *Times* Office.

**U**SEFUL MAN.—BY A COLORED MAN TO MAKE himself useful in a first-class dentist's office, to keep office clean, &c. Address J. T. Delph, No. 621 6th av., in the ice-cream saloon.

**W**AITER.—BY A RESPECTABLE YOUNG PROT-estant man as waiter in a private family; thoroughly competent and well recommended. Apply to Robert Carson, No. 145 Madison av.

## HELP WANTED.

**W**ANTED—BY A PRIVATE FAMILY, TO GO TO the country for the summer, City for the Winter, a first-class laundress, with references; wages $20 a month. Apply at Mrs. Sanders' Office, No. 49 3d av.

**W**ANTED—ENTERPRISING MEN TO SELL A NEW and money-saving article wanted everywhere; large profits, and exclusive territory given. Apply to Room No. 5, No. 155 Broadway, basement.

**W**ANTED—OPERATORS, RANTERS, AND FINISH-ers on coats at No. 96 Mott st., in the store.

## WATCHES, JEWELRY, &C.

**D**IAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, silverware, and other articles bought, and sold back when desired, at a very small advance. Watches and jewelry repaired by first-class workmen. GEO. C. ALLEN, Jeweler, No. 1,190 Broadway, near 29th st.

**B**ARGAINS IN GOLD WATCHES—SOME been worn; one Jules Jurgensen stem-winder. GEORGE C. ALLEN, No. 1,190 Broadway, near 29th st.

## STATIONERY.

**ENVELOPES AND WRITING PAPERS.**

BERLIN & JONES
ENVELOPE COMPANY AND PAPER WAREHOUSE,
Nos. 134 and 136 William st.,
NEW-YORK,

Have facilities for manufacturing one million envelopes per day with their patent folding and gumming machines, at prices below the average. Liberal discounts to the trade.

## DRY GOODS.

**BARGAINS!**

# A. T. Stewart & Co.

ARE OFFERING EXTRAORDINARY

# PLAY-GOERS.

## HOW AUDIENCES IN THE OLDEN TIME BEHAVED THEMSELVES.

THE YOUNG AND OLD PLAY-GOER—KEAN VERSUS MACREADY, GARRICK VERSUS BETTERTON—LAMB'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS—CRITICISMS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY—THE SPECTATORS ON THE STAGE—PIPE-SMOKING AND WIG-COMBING BY THE AUDIENCE—THE MANNERS OF THE OLD PLAY-GOER.

The man who, having witnessed and enjoyed the earliest performance of Thespis and his company, followed the traveling theatre of that primeval actor and manager, and attended a second and a third histrionic exhibition, has good claim to be accounted the best play-goer. For recurrence is involved in play-going, until something of a habit is constituted. And usually, we may note, the play-goer is youthful. An old play-goer is almost a contradiction in terms. He is merely a young play-goer who has grown old. He talks of the plays and players of his youth, but he does not, in truth, visit the theatre much in his age; and, invariably, he condemns the present and applauds the past. Things have much degenerated and decayed, he finds himself among them, but of that fact he is not fully conscious. There are no such actors now as once there were, nor such actresses. The drama has declined into a state almost past praying for. This is, of course, a very old story. "Palmy days" have always been yesterdays. Our imaginary friend mentioned above, who was present at the earliest of stage exhibitions, probably deemed the second and third to be less excellent than the first; at any rate, he assuredly informed his friends and neighbors, who had been absent from that performance, that they had missed very much indeed, and had by no means seen Thespis at his best. Even nowadays, middle-aged play-goers, old enough to remember the late Mr. Macready, are trumped, as it were, by old play-goers, boastful of their memories of Kemble and the elder Kean. And these players, in their day and in their turn, underwent disparagement at the hands of veterans who had seen Garrick. Pope, much as he admired Garrick, yet held fast to his old faith in Betterton. From a boy he had been acquainted with Betterton. He maintained Betterton to be the best actor he had ever seen. "But I ought to tell you at the same time," he candidly admitted, "that in Betterton's time the older sort of people talked of Hart's being his superior, just as we do of Betterton's being superior to those now." In truth, age brings with it to the play-house recollections, regrets, and palled appetite; middle life is too much prone to criticism—too little inclined to enthusiasm, for the securing of unmixed satisfaction; but youth is endowed with a faculty of admiring exceedingly, with hopefulness and a keen sense of enjoyment, and, above all, with very complete power of self-deception. It is the youthful playgoers who are ever the best friends of the players. As a rule, a boy will do anything, or almost anything, to go to a theatre. His delight in the drama is extreme—it possesses and absorbs him completely. Mr. Pepys has left on record Tom Killigrew's "way of getting to see plays when he was a boy." "He would go to the Red Bull, (at the upper end of St. John's street, Clerkenwell,) and when the man cried to the boys: 'Who will go and be a devil, and he shall see the play for nothing?' then would he go in and be a devil upon the stage, and so get to see the plays." How many boys are there who would be willing, even eager, to obtain theatrical entertainment upon like terms! In one of his most delightful papers, Charles Lamb has described his first visit to a theatre. He "was not past six years old, and the play was "Artaxerxes!" I had dabbled a little in the universal history—the ancient part of it—and here was the court of Persia. It was being admitted to a sight of the past. I took no proper interest in the action going on, for I understood not its import, but I heard the word Darius, and I was in the midst of Daniel. All feeling was absorbed in vision. Gorgeous vests, gardens, palaces, princesses, passed before me. I knew not players. I was in Persepolis for the time, and the burning idol of their devotion almost converted me into a worshiper. I was awe-struck, and believed those significations to be something more than elemental fires. It was all enchantment and a dream. No such pleasure has since visited me but in dreams." Audiences have always been miscellaneous. Among them not only youth and age, but rich and poor, wise and ignorant, good and bad, virtuous and vicious, have alike found representation. The gallery and the groundlings have been catered for not less than the spectators of the boxes and private rooms; yet, upon the whole, the stage, from its earliest period, has always provided entertainment of a reputable and wholesome kind. Even in its least commendable condition—and this, so far as England is concerned, we may judge to have been during the reign of King Charles II.—it yet possessed redeeming elements. It was never wholly bad, though it might now and then come to very near seeming so. And what it was the audience had made it. It reflected their sentiments and opinions; it accorded with their moods and humors; it was their creature; its performers were their most faithful and zealous servants. Play-goers, it appears, were not wont to race to the theatres in coaches until late in the reign of James I. Taylor, the water poet, in his invective against coaches, 1623, dedicated to all grieved "with the world running on wheels," writes: "Within our memories our nobility and gentry could ride well mounted, and sometimes walk on foot, gallantly attended with four score brave fellows in blue coats, which was a glory to our nation, far greater than forty of these feathern timorels!" Between the cucumber and the watermen there was no very cordial understanding, as the above quotation from Taylor sufficiently demonstrates. In 1613 the Thames watermen petitioned the King that the players should not be permitted to save a theatre in London or Middlesex within four miles of the Thames, in order that the inhabitants might be induced, as formerly, to make use of boats in their visits to the play-houses in Southwark. Not long afterward sedans came into fashion, still further to the prejudice of the watermen. In 1631 the churchwardens and constables, on behalf of the inhabitants of Blackfriars, in a petition to Laud, then Bishop of London, prayed for the removal of the play-house from their parish, on the score of the many inconveniences they endured as shopkeepers, "being hindered by the great recourse to the plays, especially of coaches, from selling their commodities, and having their wares many times broken and beaten off their stalls." Further, they alleged that, owing to the great "recourse of coaches" and the narrowness of the streets the inhabitants could not, in an afternoon, "take in any provision of beere, coales, wood, or hay." It does not appear that any action on the part of Laud or the Privy Council followed this curious petition. It seems clear that the Elizabethan audiences were rather an unruly congregation. There was much cracking of nuts and consuming of pippins in the old play-houses; ale and wine were on sale, and tobacco was freely smoked by the upper class of spectators, for it was hardly yet common to all conditions. Previous to the performance, and during its pauses, the visitors read pamphlets or copies of plays bought at the play-house doors, and, as they drank and smoked, played at cards. The ladies were treated to apples, and sometimes applied their lips to a tobacco-pipe. Prynne, in his *Histriomastix*, 1633, states that, even in his time, ladies were occasionally "covered the tobacco-pipe" at plays. Then, as now, new plays attracted larger audiences than ordinary. How the spectators comported themselves upon these occasions, Ben Jonson has described in his "Case is Altered," acted at Blackfriars about 1599. "But the sport is, at a new play, to observe the sway and variety of opinion that passeth it. A man shall have such a confused mixture of judgment poured out in the throng there, as ridiculous as laughter itself. One says he likes not the writing; another likes not the plot; another, not the playing; and sometimes a fellow that comes not there past once in five years, at a Parliament time or so, will be as deep-mired in censuring as the best, and swear by God's foot he would never stir his foot to see a hundred such as this is." The conduct of the gallants, among whom were included those who deemed themselves critics and wits, appears to have usually been of a very unseemly and offensive kind. They sat upon the stage, paying sixpence or a shilling for the hire of a stool, or reclined upon the rushes with which the boards were strewn. Their pages were in attendance to fill their pipes; and they were noted for their capriciousness and severity of their criticisms. "They have taken such a habit of dislike in all things," says Valentine, in "The Case is Altered," "that they will approve nothing, be it ever so conceited or elaborate; but sit dispersed, making faces and spitting, wagging their upright ears, and cry, 'Filthy, filthy!'" Ben Jonson had suffered much from the censure of his audiences. Occasionally, it appears, the audience compelled the actors to perform, not the drama their programmes had announced, but some other, such as "the major part of the company had a mind to—sometimes 'Tamerlane,' sometimes 'Jugurth,' sometimes the 'Jew of Malta,' and sometimes parts of all these; and at last, none of the three taking, they were forced to put off their tragic habits and conclude the day with 'the Merry Milk-maids.' If it so chanced that the players were refractory, then "the benches, the tiles, the lathes, the stones, oranges, apples, nuts, flew about most liberally; and as there were mechanics of all professions, every one fell to his own trade, and dissolved a house on the instant, and made a ruin of a stately fabric." As to the play-goers of the Restoration we have abundant information from the poet Dryden and the diarist Pepys. For some eighteen years the theatres had been absolutely closed, and during that interval very great changes had occurred. England, under Charles the Second, seemed a new and different country to the England of preceding monarchs. The restored King and his courtiers brought with them from their exile in France strange manners and customs and tastes. The theatre they favored was scarcely the theatre that had flourished in England before the Civil War. Dryden reminds the spectators, in one of his prologues—

"You now have habits, dances, scenes, and rhymes,
High language often, aye, and sense sometimes."

There was an end of dramatic poetry, as it was understood under Elizabeth. Blank verse had expired or swooned away, never again to be wholly reanimated. Fantastic tragedies in rhyme, after the French pattern, became the vogue; and absolute translations from the French and Spanish for the first time occupied the English stage. Shakspeare and his colleagues had converted existing materials to dramatic uses, but not as did the playrights of the Restoration. In the epilogue to the comedy of "An Evening's Love; or, the Mock Astrologer," borrowed from "Le Feint Astrologue" of the younger Corneille, Dryden, the adapter of the play, makes jesting defense of the system of adaptation. Pepys, who, born in 1633, must have had experience of youthful playgoing before the great civil war, finds evidence of "the vanity and prodigality of the age" in the nightly company of citizens, prentices, and others attending the theatre, and finds it a grievance that there should be so many "mean people" in the pit at two shillings and six pence apiece. For several years, he mentions, he had gone no higher than the twelve-penny, and then the eighteen-penny, places. Oftentimes, however, the King and his court, the Duke and Duchess of York, and the young Duke of Monmouth, were to be seen in the boxes. In 1662 Charles' consort Catharine was first exhibited to the English public at the cockpit theatre in Drury Lane, when Shirley's "Cardinal" was represented. Then there are accounts of scandals and indecorums in the theatre. Evelyn reprovingly speaks of the public theatres being abused to an "atheistical liberty." Nell Gwynne is in front of the curtain prattling with the tops, lounging across and leaning over them, and conducting herself saucily and impudently enough. Moll Davies is in one box, and my Lady Castlemaine, with the King, in another. Moll makes eyes at the King, and he at her. My Lady Castlemaine detects the interchange of glances, and "when she saw Moll Davies she looked like fire, which troubled me," said Mr. Pepys, who, to do him justice, was often needlessly troubled about matters with which, in truth, he had very little concern. The ladies wore vizard-masks, and upon the appearance of one of these in the pit—

Straight every man who thinks himself a wit
Pecks up, and managing his comb with grace,
With his white wig set off his nut-brown face.

For it was the fashion of the gentlemen to toy with their soaring, large-curled periwigs, smoothing them with a comb. Queen Anne, in 1704, expressly ordered that no woman should be allowed, or presume to wear, a vizard-mask in either of the theatres. At the same time it was commanded that no person, of what quality soever, should presume to go behind the scenes, or come upon the stage, either before or during the acting of any play; and that no person should come into either house without paying the price established for their respective places. And the disobedient were publicly warned that they would be proceeded against as "contemners of our royal authority and disturbers of the public peace." These royal commands were not very implicitly obeyed. Vizard-masks may have been discarded promptly, but there was much crowding behind the scenes and upon the stage of persons of quality for many years after. Garrick, in 1762, once and forever succeeded in clearing the boards of the unruly mob of spectators, and secured room to move upon the scene for himself and his company. But it was only by enlarging his theatre, and in such wise increasing the number of seats available for spectators in the auditory of the house that he was enabled to effect this reform. From that date the play-goers of the past grew more and more like the play-goers of the present, until the flight of time rendered distinction between them no longer possible, and merged yesterday in to-day.—*All the Year Round.*

# FRANK BLAIR.

## HIS RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS—STATEMENT BY THE LATE GENERAL'S PASTOR.

In his address at the funeral of Gen. Francis P. Blair in St. Louis, Rev. Dr. Post, of the Congregational church, said:

The life of our brother was an intense life; it was full of the stimuli of political strife. Political questions, public enterprise engaged him, and it may be that had not God interposed or what seemed to us a calamity, these might have engaged him to the close of his spiritual career. Something over two years ago God looked down and laid his hand upon this strong man, the heroic man, the man of political passion and party interest, and involved in the stir of affairs, and arrested him. I saw a letter from him acknowledging God's mercies to him, and stating that he felt that he had been ungrateful to his God Father, and that now he would give thought there. An old friend that he met in this city, by his conversation, had touched and affected him as men will affect one another. Having the question up before him, it was not the quantity or characteristic of Francis P. Blair to stand hesitating. His generosity, force of will, and practical decision of character bore him to one result, and for this there is reason to be grateful. Through all his changes he felt that through his mother's love God had dwelt with him, and I know that he was zealous of the faith thus implanted, and zealous of its maintenance in his own children. Thus feeling, when the hour for action came he gave himself to the Lord Jesus Christ, not with a broken intellect, as some of you may suppose, but in the full exercise of the generous, noble, decisive intellect and will that God had given to him. He was anxious to make his public profession, and he wrote that it was his purpose to have made it when he returned to the city, made it standing where he now lies. Friends, this is his confession, his confession to the Lord, our common Lord. The malady that was upon him never allowed him to make his confession here, but he made it while at Clifton Springs before he returned to the city. He went into a public assembly and there declared his adhesion to the gospel of faith and salvation of Jesus Christ our Lord. The solemnities of a public connection with the Church were deferred in order that he might make it where his old friends might see and his old friends might hear. Old friends, you may now see and hear.

## SALE OF TROTTING STOCK.

The Chicago *Tribune* of the 15th inst. supplies the following: "The sale of trotting horses at Crystal Lake yesterday proved a grand success. Some 500 persons were in attendance from Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, New-York, Massachusetts, and Canada. The sale was conducted by Capt. P. C. Kidd, of Lexington, Ky., and the bidding was spirited, and in many cases the competition was very close. The offerings consisted of the entire breeding establishment of C. S. Dole, Esq., to which Mr. E. S. Wadsworth added some sixteen head. Mr. Dole's stallions, eleven in number, brought $12,010, an average of almost $1,093; his brood mares, twenty-five in number, brought $8,740, an average of $348; his fillies, twelve in number, brought $3,705, an average of $308, and four geldings $2,020, an average of $504. Fifty-two head brought $26,455, an average of $508. The sixteen head contributed by Mr. E. S. Wadsworth brought $3,410, an average of $213. The feature of the sale was the sale of the stallion Lakeland Abdallah. He is believed to be the best-bred Hambletonian stallion in the West, having been by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, his dam Enchantress, by Old Abdallah, the sire of Rysdyk's Hambletonian. He is a horse of great power and superb form, and attractive aside from his breeding. He was started at $1,500, and quickly advanced by bids from several parties to $4,000. From this point the contest was narrowed to Mr. Charles Babbitt, of Beloit, Wis., and Mr. George W. Rust, of the *National Live Stock Journal*, Chicago. They carried him between them to $7,000, at which price he was knocked off to Mr. Babbitt."

# MILITARY GOSSIP.

## NATIONAL GUARD NOTES—RIFLE PRACTICE.

Capt. R. Kelly Styles, of Company A, Twenty-second Regiment, has resigned.

An election for Major in the Fifth Regiment will be held to-morrow evening.

Gen. Vilmar has detailed Capt. C. E. Orvis as Inspector of Rifle Practice in the Second Brigade.

The total strength of the Second Brigade at the parade on the 5th inst., as officially recorded, was 1,288 officers, rank and file.

Companies A and E, Fifteenth Battalion, and Sandhusen's Cavalry Troop contested for prizes at the Shuetzenfest at Myrtle Avenue Park last week.

Company F, Fourteenth Regiment, held a picnic at the Long Island Schuetzen Park, corner of Third avenue and Fiftieth street, Brooklyn, last Friday afternoon.

Second Lieut. F. F. Millen has been elected Captain of Company C, Twenty-eighth Battalion, Brooklyn, vice Capt. Hinrichs, transferred to the Forty-seventh Regiment.

Lieut. Col. Coddington, commanding the Twentieth Battalion, Ulster County, has been authorized by Adjt. Gen. Townsend to organize two additional companies for his command.

Company A, Thirteenth Regiment, practiced at the Canarsie targets last Wednesday afternoon. The result, as a picnic, was satisfactory, but as a lesson in rifle practice, was a dead failure.

The proceedings, findings, and sentences of the First Division Court-martial have been approved by Gen. Shaler, with the exception of the imposition of a fine of $5 upon Capt. Julius Willing, of the Fifth Regiment, which has been remitted pursuant to the recommendation of the court.

The Separate Troop Cavalry, Capt. Karl Klein commanding, will parade in full uniform, mounted, to-morrow, as an escort to Koltes Post, No. 32, G. A. R., which celebrates its anniversary by an excursion to the New York Schuetzen Park, corner of First avenue and Sixty-third street.

Company F, Twelfth Regiment, Capt. S. V. Healy commanding, will hold its annual picnic at Lion Park, corner of One Hundred and Tenth street and Eighth avenue, next Tuesday afternoon and evening. Music will be furnished by the regimental band under the leadership of Prof. Dodworth.

Company G, Fifth Regiment, Capt. John Hahnenfeld commanding, will hold a reunion at Staten Island Heights to-day. A prominent feature of the entertainment will be a dress parade by the company. The company, with its invited guests, will leave for Clifton by the Staten Island Ferry at 8 A. M.

At a recent meeting of the various Inspectors of Rifle Practice it was decided to adopt a distinctive uniform, which should combine comfort with uniformity. The hat adopted will be what is known as the East India pith helmet, of slate color. The coat will be of blue flannel, single breasted, with a rolling collar, and no embroidery. The pants will be of plain blue flannel. The insignia of rank will be worn on the front of the helmet instead of on the shoulder-straps.

At a recent election held in Company K, Fifty-fifth Regiment, Christian Reichert was chosen Second Lieutenant, vice Charles Moehring, promoted. Corp. Charles Goldziere has protested against the election on the ground of informality of proceedings during the election, and the case will be heard by Major Williamson, Judge Advocate of the Third Brigade, on Tuesday, Aug. 3. Col. Alfred Warring, of Company E, was the presiding officer on the occasion of the election. Col. Gilon has made application for a new armory under the law recently enacted.

The several committees of the National Rifle Association have been revised, and will stand as follows until further notice: Executive Committee—Gen. Alexander Shaler, President; Gen. J. B. Woodward, Vice President; Gen. M. T. McMahon, Treasurer; Major Henry Fulton, Secretary; Col. G. W. Wingate, Col. H. A. Gildersleeve, and Hon. D. D. Judd. Range Committee—Col. G. W. Wingate, Col. H. A. Gildersleeve, and Col. Richard Vose. Finance Committee—E. H. Sanford, Hon. D. W. Judd, and Hon. N. P. Stanton. Prize Committee—Col. John Ward, Capt. J. G. Story, and Capt. W. C. Casey.

The Eighty-fourth Regiment Rifle Association held its semi-annual meeting at the armory last Friday evening. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Lieut. Col. Lawrence Beattie; Vice-President, Major C. C. Conklin; Secretary, Corp. Benson M. Levy; Treasurer, Drum Major Nolte; Captain of the club, Capt. Eli Taylor. Capt. Taylor expects to produce a first-class team at the Fall meeting at Creedmoor. The last monthly meeting of Company E was a scene of festivity. Two new recruits were sworn in on that occasion, after which they provided an excellent banquet, at which the entire company participated. The annual picnic of this command will be held on Monday, the 26th inst. The invitations are not yet issued.

The Board of Officers of the Forty-seventh Regiment, Brooklyn, held a meeting at the regimental head-quarters last Wednesday evening. The proposed visit of the regiment to Philadelphia next year was discussed, and the following officers were appointed a committee to complete the necessary arrangements: Col. D. E. Austen, Major J. D. Brownell, Adjt. S. B. Treat, Quarter-master D. P. Watkins, and Capt. Wardell. A court-martial will convene for the trial of delinquencies of non-commissioned officers and privates in this command on Monday, Aug. 16, at 8 P. M. Detail for the court, Major Brownell, Lieut. George P. Bradley has been appointed acting Inspector of Rifle Practice in this command. Company G, Capt. E. A. Perry commanding, will practice at the targets at Rockaway Beach next Monday.

A meeting of the marksmen of the Ninth Regiment was held at the regimental armory last Monday evening, for the purpose of organizing a rifle team. The meeting was called by Capt. George E. Harding, Inspector of Rifle Practice in that command. It was decided to send a number of men every week to Creedmoor, from which a team will be selected to represent the regiment at the Fall meeting of the National Rifle Association, also a team of eight which will accept challenges from other companies in the National Guard. Ammunition and transportation to Creedmoor will be provided from the regimental fund to those who may desire to compete for places on the team, and all competitors will receive special instructions from Capt. Harding, both at the ranges and on the range. The team which may be selected will also be furnished with a distinctive uniform by the regiment. Meetings will be held at the armory every Monday evening until the team is selected.

Two companies from each of the several regiments of the Second Division, Brooklyn, will practice at the targets at Creedmoor as follows: Forty-seventh, Twenty-third, and Thirty-second Regiments, Thursdays, July 29, Aug. 5, 12, and 19; Thirteenth and Fourteenth Regiments, Fridays, July 30, Aug. 6, 13, and 20; Fifteenth and Twenty-eighth Battalions, Fridays, July 30 and Aug. 6; Twenty-eighth Battalion, Aug. 13; Separate Troops Cavalry, Fifth and Eleventh Brigades, on Thursday, Aug. 26. The several detachments will proceed to Creedmoor on their respective dates by the 9:30 A. M. train from Hunter's Point. The commander of each brigade has been directed in orders to detail a field officer and surgeon to accompany the detachments on each date excepting Thursday, Aug. 26. Each detachment will carry a regimental guidon. Commanding officers of regiments having no Inspector of Rifle Practice have been ordered to detail an officer to act in that capacity during the practice of their regiments.

There is a prospect that one regiment at least in the First Division will go into camp this Summer. The amount of the State military appropriation is so small that the authorities at Albany find it necessary to observe the most rigid economy in dispensing the funds, in order to meet the demands upon them for the actual requirements of the service. Consequently the expenses of all regimental encampments for several years past have been defrayed by public-spirited Colonels or other private enterprise. A generous proposition has been made to Col. Richard Vose, by the Oakland Beach Association, of Oakland Beach, R. I. This association controls a colossal picnic ground on Cowesett Bay, a beautiful sheet of water adjacent to Narragansett Bay and bounding it on the northern side. The proposition of the association is to transport the Seventy-first Regiment from this City to its grounds and provide the entire command with transportation, rations, and amusement, free of all expense, for one week. Col. Vose has visited the grounds and pronounces them in every way favorable to a regimental encampment. Owing to the lateness of the season he anticipates some difficulty in obtaining a fair representation of his regiment who will be able to arrange their business so as to enable them to make the trip, and unless he can muster ten companies of twenty-four files he thinks it would be useless to accept the liberal offer. The intention of Col. Vose, if the encampment is decided upon, is to make it a week of instruction, as well as amusement, and the ordinary details of camp life will therefore be strictly observed. As it is expected that, owing to the popularity of the place, several thousand people will visit it daily, the regimental band will give a promenade concert every afternoon, and a dress parade will be executed each evening. The officers and members of the regiment have been requested to assemble at the regimental armory to-morrow evening, when, in addition to other special business, the subject will be laid before them, and the feasibility of the project will be discussed. Mr. H. Charles Ulman, who was recently a nominee for the vacant Lieutenant Colonelcy in this command, has been obliged to withdraw his name as a candidate, owing to a change in his business affairs, which will frequently require him to leave the City.

## A KENTUCKY ROMANCE.

HOW THREE YOUNG GIRLS WERE CAPTURED AND RESCUED NINETY-NINE YEARS AGO.

[*From the Louisville Courier-Journal, July 14.*]

It was Sunday, July 14, 1776—just ninety-nine years ago to-day—and the rudely constructed fort at Boonsboro lay in droway stillness on the bank of the Kentucky River. Daniel Boone and his friend and associate, Richard Callaway, had been absent since early in the morning; and the good wives, sharers in the toil of the early pioneer days, were enjoying the rest that the Sabbath brought even to the unbroken wilderness. In the grateful shade of a tree in one corner of the inclosure, sat three young girls, giving an unwonted charm to the rough evidences of civilization which had but recently forced themselves upon the primitive harmony of the surrounding scenery.

The eldest of these maidens was Elizabeth Callaway. The experiences of life rather than the observance of nature seem to have given turn to the thoughts and tastes of the early settlers, so, while the euphonious name of Bessie might have harmonized well with the murmuring river and the soft and languid aspect of nature in her Summer garb, the hard, every-day life of the adventurous dwellers in the dark and bloody ground seemed to comport best with the harsher name of Betsy. So Elizabeth was known simply as Betsy Callaway—not a name suggestive of romance, yet she was withal a gentle and a loving girl, and had maiden fancies that gave the deep color of romance to one of the incidents of her life in the wilderness. She was just turned of sixteen. The other girls, younger by two years, were Fanny Callaway, fairer than her sister Betsy, and Jemima Boone. Though but fourteen years counted the lives of the two girls each had a lover who was a hardy pioneer. As evening drew near, one of the girls proposed that they should go a short distance below the fort to where a canoe was lying, and dritt out upon the river to catch the rising coolness of the evening.

Hardly were they seated and prepared to push from the shore, when they detected a slight rustle in the brush, and in a moment more five stalwart and hideously-painted Indians leaped to the side of the canoe. What girl of sixteen could be equal to such an emergency? Betsy Callaway, without a moment's hesitation, determined to defend the honor and the lives of herself and her young companions, and wrote her name in the annals of Kentucky. Standing erect in the canoe, she seized the paddle, and at a single blow laid open to the bone the head of the foremost savage. The other Indians pressed on, but, still undaunted, the brave girl fought them. Finally exhausted, she sank to the bottom of the canoe, and with her trembling sister and friend was dragged ashore, and hurried off to meet whatever fate might be in store for them.

The consternation at the fort can well be imagined. The fathers of the girls soon returned, and, before the night closed in, Daniel Boone, at the head of a party on foot, and Richard Callaway, at the head of a party on horseback, were off in pursuit. In Boone's party were Samuel Henderson, John Holder, and Flanders Callaway. As Henderson strode along he was thinking of the olive-cheeked heroine, Betsy Callaway; and Holder clenched his hands and ground his teeth when he thought of poor, little, frightened Fanny; and Flanders Callaway almost forgot his kith and kin for thinking of his captured Jemima Boone. We can easily smile over it now, but let any man put himself in the place of these young men and ask himself how he would feel in such a pursuit.

When the Indians started with the girls they made the younger ones take off their shoes and put on moccasins, but Betsy refused to take off her shoes, and as she walked along she ground her heel into the soil to leave a trail. Noticing this, the Indians made the whole party walk apart and deviate from the course, so as to wade through the water and destroy the trail. Then the undaunted Betsy broke off twigs and dropped them along the route, and when the savages threatened her with uplifted tomahawk if she persisted in this, she secretly tore off portions of her dress and dropped them on the road.

Boone's party soon found the trail and followed it rapidly, fearing that the girls might grow weary and be put to death. All day and all night and all day today the pursuit was kept up. On Tuesday morning a slender column of smoke was seen in the distance and the experienced eye of the hunter detected the camp of the Indians. A serious difficulty now presented itself. How were the captives to be rescued without giving the captors time to kill them? There was but one line for reflection, as the Indians must quickly discover their presence. The white men were sure shots and so they picked their men, fired upon them, and then rushed into the camp to the rescue. At the moment of attack the girls were sitting at the foot of a tree; Betsy with a red bandanna handkerchief thrown over her head, while the heads of Fanny and Jemima were reclining in her lap. Betsy's olive complexion came near serving her a bad turn at this juncture, for one of the rescuing party coming suddenly upon her mistook her for an Indian, and was about to knock her brains out with the butt of his rifle when a friendly hand intervened and saved the girl from meeting her death just at the moment when she saw liberty within her reach.

The fathers and guardians carried their loved ones home in triumph, and this romance of real life in Kentucky a century ago would not be complete without the information that the dreams of love and happiness that were so cruelly disturbed, were subsequently all realized. Brave Betsy Callaway became Mrs. Samuel Henderson, and lived to tell the story of her capture to her children and her children's children. Little Fanny became Mrs. John Holder, and Flanders Callaway took to his home Miss Jemima Boone, and thus cemented the friendly ties of the Boones and Callaways. It is a long time ago, nigh on to a hundred years; and all the actors in the romance have long since departed, but their memory is green with many of us yet, and we can all well afford to give a few thoughts to the event that marked their characters and the times in which they lived and loved.

## THE COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY.

*From the Boston Advertiser, July 16.*

The effort proposed by Mr. G. F. Hoar last Spring, to obtain by individual gifts a fund for restoring the buildings of the College of William and Mary, in Virginia, has not been abandoned. An appeal is about to be issued setting forth the reasons, now stronger than ever, why private wealth should contribute something from its abundance toward this patriotic work.

Since Mr. Hoar's letter of last April was printed, many circumstances have enforced his arguments, which at the time called out many expressions of sympathy and liberal promises of help. The spontaneous renewal and outpouring of national spirit, in which Virginia and Massachusetts have taken a leading part, would be most handsomely commemorated by such a practical manifestation of brotherly feeling and good will. Nor would it be altogether an act of charity on our part, but, in an important sense, the repayment of an obligation incurred by the thoughtless and wanton act of our soldiers, committed in violation of all the usages of war. Col. Ludwell Powell, President of William and Mary, attended the recent Commencement of Gen. Armstrong's school at Hampton, and in the course of the afternoon speeches spoke in glowing terms of the eminent success of the institution, and congratulated Gen. Armstrong as a benefactor in the cause of education. Gen. Armstrong's scholars, with one or two exceptions, are all colored, and the congratulations of President Ewell bear testimony alike to his great success in training them and to the reasonable spirit with which intelligent Virginians have overcome the traditional prejudices of that section and are preparing to deal with the great duties of the hour and the future.

## THE INJUNCTIONS OF BUDDHISM.

The London *Echo* of July 1 says: "Every religion has its martyrs, and the mild dogma of Buddhism, which inculcates respect for all life, including that of insects, sometimes necessitates painful sacrifices. Two natives, says the Calcutta *Indian Statesman*, were the other day found quarreling in the Burra Bazaar. On the Police inquiring into the cause of the disturbance, one of them said he had been "feeding bugs" for a Baboo, (a Marwaree merchant,) who had given his servant (he other native) two annas to pay him, and the man wished to deduct half an anna from that sum. As the Police officer could not understand what was meant by "feeding bugs," the man explained that, though the Marwarees were very much disturbed by bugs, still they would not destroy them, as they considered it was sinful to take the life of any insect. The Baboo paid him to sleep on bedding daily for a couple of hours before nightfall in order to give the bugs a feed, so that they would not disturb him at night. The Baboo was so very particular that he would not allow him to kill a single bug, and took care to strip him of his clothes before he went into the room where the bedding lay. "I have been tortured for two hours," said the man, "and the Baboo's servant wants me to share my remuneration with him." Could not this obliging person be put through a few of the worst of seaside lodgings before the season is over?

## DUNGEON ROCK.

In an article on Lynn, Mass., in the Boston *Globe*, incidental mention is made of Dungeon Rock, to the following purport: "The long and persistent efforts made by Mr. Marble and his son in excavating Dungeon Rock, in search of gold and jewels supposed by them to have been left near that locality in 1658, have given it a world-wide notoriety. In 1852 Mr. Marble purchased from the City of Lynn the large lot of woodland on which Dungeon Rock is situated, and, as he says, 'guided by spirit revelation,' began excavations in search of the hidden treasures. Mr. Marble died before he could accomplish his work, and his son, Edwin Marble, has continued the work up to the present time, having bored into the solid rock upward of 145 feet. The father and son have expended in labor, material, &c. upward of $50,000, yet Mr. Marble is still confident of ultimate success, and says he is in communication with spirits who tell him he will succeed. Mr. Marble is a man about forty-three years of age, small in stature, and, at the present time, is unable to work through sickness. However foolish his belief may be, no one who has talked with him—and at the same time taking into consideration the fact that he has, for the last twenty-three years, worked for this one great object—can believe for a moment but that he is honest in his convictions."

# FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

## SALES AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE—JULY 17.

SALES BEFORE THE CALL—10 A. M.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 10 | A. & P. Tel. | 19¼ | 1000 | Lake Shore | 60 |
| 800 | Pacific Mail | 38½ | 2000 | do s3. | 60⅛ |
| 100 | do c. | 38½ | 1500 | do | 60¼ |
| 25 | do | 38⅜ | 3200 | do | 60⅛ |
| 200 | do | 38⅝ | 100 | do b3. | 60⅛ |
| 500 | do | 38½ | 500 | do | 60¼ |
| 100 | do c. | 38½ | 500 | do b3. | 60⅛ |
| 700 | do | 38⅝ | 2000 | do | 60⅛ |
| 200 | do | 38⅜ | 100 | do c. | 60½ |
| 400 | do | 38⅞ | 100 | do s3. | 60⅜ |
| 300 | Western Union | 79⅛ | 800 | do | 60½ |
| 600 | do | 79⅝ | 1800 | do | 60⅝ |
| 900 | do | 79½ | 500 | do c. | 60¾ |
| 400 | do c. | 79½ | 1200 | North-western | 40¾ |
| 300 | do | 79⅝ | 1000 | do | 40⅜ |
| 700 | do | 79¾ | 100 | do c. | 40⅝ |
| 100 | do | 79⅝ | 200 | do s3. | 40¾ |
| 100 | Union Pacific | 73½ | 800 | do | 40⅜ |
| 100 | do s3. | 73⅝ | 800 | do | 40½ |
| 100 | do | 73⅝ | 100 | Han. & St. Jo. | 24⅞ |
| 300 | Erie Railway | 15 | 200 | do | 24½ |
| 100 | do | 15⅛ | 100 | do | 24⅞ |
| 500 | do | 15¼ | 200 | do | 25 |
| 600 | do | 15⅜ | 800 | do | 25⅛ |
| 100 | do c. | 15⅜ | 100 | do c. | 25⅛ |
| 2200 | do | 15¼ | 100 | do | 25⅛ |
| 200 | do | 15⅛ | 10 | do | 25 |
| 700 | do | 15 | 200 | do | 25⅜ |
| 300 | do b3. | 15⅛ | 100 | do | 25⅜ |
| 300 | do | 15⅜ | 200 | do | 25⅜ |
| 200 | Harlem | 134 | 100 | do | 25⅞ |
| 100 | North-west'n Pf. | 51 | 1100 | St. Paul | 36 |
| 100 | do | 51⅛ | 500 | do | 35⅞ |
| 100 | do | 51⅜ | 100 | do c. | 35⅞ |
| 100 | do c. | 51⅜ | 1800 | do | 36 |
| 200 | do b3. | 52 | 600 | do | 36⅛ |
| 100 | do | 51⅞ | 300 | Ohio & Miss. | 23⅝ |
| 200 | Rock Island | 104⅜ | 200 | do | 23⅝ |
| 1000 | do | 104⅞ | 400 | do | 23¾ |
| 100 | St. Louis Pref. | 58¼ | | | |

GOVERNMENT STOCKS—10:15 AND 11:30 A. M.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| $10,000 | U. S. 5-20 C. '62 | 112⅜ | $10,000 U. S. 5-20 C. '67, N. 120⅝ |
| 10 000 | U. S. 5-20 R., '65 | 119 | 5,500 do 120⅝ |
| 5,000 | U.S.5-20C.'64 | 117⅝ | 1,000 U. S. 5-20 C. '68 | 120⅜ |
| 18,000 | do | 117⅝ | 5,000 U. S. 5s, 10-40 C. | 112⅞ |
| 5,000 | do | 117¾ | 8,000 U. S. 5s, '81, R. | 112⅝ |
| 1,000 | U. S. 5-20 C. '65 | 112⅝ | 10,000 U. S. 5-20 C. '65, N. | 119⅛ |
| 500 | do small | 119 | 2,000 do b.c. | 118⅞ |
| 5,000 | U. S. 5s, '81, C. | 117⅜ | | |

FIRST BOARD—10:30 A. M.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| $2,000 | S. 8.6s, N., N.F. | 6⅜ | 18 | Morris & Essex | 102⅜ |
| 9,000 | Tenn. 6s, old | 50 | 60 | do | 102 |
| 10,000 | Va. 6s, Def'd | 8⅞ | 1900 | L. S. & M.S. b.c. | 60¾ |
| 1,000 | N.Y.S. 7s, B.R. | 106¼ | 1000 | do s2. | 60⅝ |
| 1,000 | Dis. of Col. 3-65 | 72¼ | 5400 | do | 60¾ |
| 1,000 | N.J. Cen. 1st, n. | 112⅝ | 500 | do b3. | 60⅞ |
| 1,000 | Am. Dock Imp. Co. 7s | 99⅜ | 1500 | do | 60⅞ |
| 2,000 | Chi. & N.W. c. | 97 | 600 | do | 60⅝ |
| 59,000 | Chi. & N. W. Con. C. G. Bs. | 82½ | 1000 | do s3. | 60½ |
| 18,000 | Erie 4th | 90 | 900 | do | 60⅝ |
| 2,000 | do b. c. | 96¾ | 800 | do | 60⅞ |
| 1,000 | C. F. & Min. 1st. | 80¼ | 100 | Un. Pacific b. c. | 73⅛ |
| 1,000 | N.Y.C. 6s, '83 | 103 | 100 | do | 73⅝ |
| 10,000 | Har. 1st, 7s, C. | 110⅞ | 100 | do | 73¾ |
| 5,000 | C. P. G. R. | 10 | 100 | do | 73¼ |
| 1,000 | Un. Pac. 1st | 100⅜ | 300 | do s3. | 73¼ |
| 1 000 | do | 100¾ | 400 | do | 73 |
| 15,000 | Un. Pac. S. F. | 95 | 100 | do | 72⅞ |
| 6,000 | do | 95¼ | 200 | do | 72⅞ |
| 4,000 | do | 95

## AMERICAN DRAMATISTS.

*WHY THE AMERICAN PLAY DOES NOT APPEAR.*

MANAGERS WANT ONE AND DRAMATISTS WANT TO WRITE ONE—THE MISTAKES WHICH THE LATTER MAKE—WHAT MR. BRONSON HOWARD HAS ACCOMPLISHED—THE DIFFICULTIES WITH WHICH AMERICAN AUTHORS HAVE TO CONTEND.

The seasons come and go, and yet the American play that the critics clamor for does not appear. Each of these critics can tell us precisely what sort of a drama is wanted. What is the reason that none of them sets to work and writes one himself? It is not impossible to imagine what the reply would be. One or two of the more ingenuous would confess that it is one thing to define what kind of a play is wanted and another thing to furnish it. A third might be brought secretly to confess that he had already written one, an "original American comedy" in five acts, but that the manager kept it six months before opening it and then returned it with crushing cordiality. A fourth might urge that there was no such thing as yet as a thoroughly American society, and until there was it would imply a contradiction to expect a thoroughly American play; and having got so far you lose yourself among a cloud of critics and *dilettanti*, and find yourself at midnight in the corridor of the Union Square Hotel with dramatic theories as thick around you as tobacco smoke.

Here is a nucleus of managers who swear that they want original American plays, and here is a nucleus of dramatists who swear that they are capable of writing them. These two affirmations seem to be equal to one negative, since nothing ever comes of them save an occasional play from Mr. Brouson Howard, who, whatever may be said against him, has this, at least, in his favor—that his plays are produced.

Let us examine into the thing and see where the error lies, if error there be. Alfred Mirage has made up his mind that he can construct just as good acting plays as Mr. Boucicault, if the public will only give him a chance; and, since his motto is *aut Cæsar aut nihil*, he intends to strike at Wallack's at once. He casts about him for a plot, and finally determines that he will compose a brilliant American comedy, spiced with society sensation and teeming with withering satire upon the follies of the day. It shall lug in Wall street more effectively than "The Big Bonanza," shall be more picturesque than "The Two Orphans," and shall embrace every member of the company and include a unique mechanical effect like "The Shaughraun." Mr. Mirage has never written a play before, but he feels that it is "in him." However earnest he may be in intending to achieve success, and whatever may be his talents, there are one or two things essential to victory which we may be almost sure he does not do. He does not bring to his work sufficient material, nor material of the right quality; he does not take the forethought to provide *dramatis personæ* corresponding to the talents of the company at which he is aiming; he does not provide a plot and situations bearing to the play the same relation that a keel does to a ship, and submit them to the approval of the management before his play is begun; he does not arm himself with that intimate knowledge of various phases of society which Balzac tells us is necessary to the novelist, and which is therefore necessary to the playwright as well. He underrates the difficulty of the work he wants to accomplish and overrates himself. He trusts to his talents, his intuitions, his natural brightness, his genius for repartee, that skin-deep knowledge of men and things which even the least thoughtful cannot help acquiring from mingling in the world. He has no idea of that anxious study and patient labor which distinguished the successful dramatists of the past, and which, indeed, distinguish the playwrights who are at once most artistic and most popular at the present day. He has never studied men and women, never analyzed motives, never vivisected passions, never botanized among the flowers and weeds of human nature. He does not, therefore, understand how circumstance and character act and react upon each other, so that the plots and stories of human life are at once created by human individuality and in turn help to create it. Hence, when he comes to construct his plot it is merely an unyielding mechanical arrangement, in accordance with which the characters must move, or because it is necessary for the curtain to ring down upon certain situations. He has not acquired, and probably never will acquire, the art of dove-tailing motive with action, and so imitating that wonderful plexus of temperament, conduct, and event of which the stories of our lives are composed. For a play to be worth anything it ought to be a representation from life. And because it is a representation of only an infinitesimal part of life, and merely an imitation at best, we have to resort to artifices upon the stage which will render the play approximately as complete in its way as human life is complete in its. In human life the curtain never drops and the play goes on forever, with its wonderful network of tragedy and comedy, with ecstasy and agony neighboring links of the same chain, and vice and virtue hooked into each other. But in the drama we are limited by the very medium through which we express ourselves, just as the painter is limited by the canvas and the sculptor by the stone. The drama limits us to two or three hours and four or five acts, and in them we must epitomize an interesting story of human experience. Hence strong contrasts and abounding situations, and he is the best dramatist who has so thoroughly mastered the art of compression as to give to every scene the potentiality of an act, and every act the potentiality of an entire play, yet without so crowding events and characters as to fatigue the eye and leave upon the memory vague impressions.

Mr. Mirage having written his play, (which he is sure is "American," and is convinced is "brilliant") bestows upon it the glittering title of "American Princes." He fortunately copies it in a hand resembling German text, and leaves it at Wallack's Theatre addressed to Mr. Wallack, who hands it to Mr. Moss, who passes it to Mr. Gilbert, who consigns it to Mr. Floyd, who reads it after he has read fifty others waiting their turn. Let no one complain that this is a hard fate. We see Mr. Wallack upon the stage, youthful, glossy, debonnaire, acting as enjoyably as ever those rôles full of cynicism and supineness, like *Jack Poynlz*, in which no actor shows to better advantage. Do you think all this resiliency and bloom could be retained were Mr. Wallack to immerse himself twelve hours per day in a murky den for the sake of reading all the five-act truck that comes to him bearing the name of the American drama? No. That onerous duty has to be divided, and what passes through the carefully-sifting and experienced hands of Mr. Gilbert or Mr. Floyd ultimately reaches Mr. Wallack and is scrutinized by himself. If Mirage has not got the patience to wait, if he will not take criticism with a good grace, if he has not the pluck to write two, three, four, five, and six plays, and to work on for years before achieving success, he is not made of the stuff of men of victory, and ought not to complain at being compelled to take a back seat.

Take Mr. Palmer, of the Union Square Theatre, and Mr. Daly, of the Fifth Avenue. Do you suppose that they have an invincible hatred of the American playwright, and loathe the sight of ambitious young men with five-act pieces under their arms? Mr. Palmer reads every American play presented to him—reads it at least sufficiently to know whether or not it will answer his purpose as manager of the Union Square Theatre, and is on the lookout for any play, American or not, that will enhance the reputation of his house and continue it as one of the first theatres in America. Mr. Daly does the same thing, or used to, and probably delegates some one of experience and ability, like Mr. Stephen Fiske, to assist him. All this may be admitted without denying that worse plays are sometimes produced than those which are rejected by managers and lie buried in tin boxes and desk drawers, unapplauded by any save their authors.

We allnded above to Mr. Bronson Howard, and stated that he at least had the advantage of having his plays produced. In our opinion Mr. Howard writes better letters than he does plays, and if he put into the latter as much pungency and satiric truth as, on the production of "Moorcroft" he expressed in a letter published by him in THE TIMES, intellectual merit would be added to such dramatic merit as his dramas may already have. Some recognition must be given to a man who produces at a first-class theatre a play which the public goes to see for 100 successive nights; and this was the case with Mr. Howard's "Saratoga." We might say with perfect truth, and with no disposition to be malicious or unjust to Mr. Howard, (who has done what no other young American playwright has yet accomplished,) that such a tendency on the part of the public might seem to show indifference to striking dramatic merit, provided that what was offered was light and laughable. To please people must, after all, be the aim of the dramatic author, and to please nightly, for one-third of a year, audiences which would be pronounced anywhere respectable and not unintelligent, is a feat which no disappointed candidate for the playwright's laurel has a right to despise. In fact, the popularity of "Saratoga" is good reason for believing that greater popularity would greet a play of similar material more strongly and artistically treated. But here, as in almost everything else, the treatment is nine-tenths, and the danger of turning out a mere local sensational drama is the great danger which besets every playwright who chooses a popular American theme, with recognized localities and individualities. No writer has yet shown how to handle American scenes and subjects of the present day, representative of metropolitan life and manners, without succumbing to this risk, or without introducing grotesque and unpleasing extravagances. Mr. Daly approached a success of this kind in "Divorce," for which he had chose a most felicitous name, and in which he handled the *motif* of the English story whence the plot was borrowed, so as to illustrate in a burlesque spirit some of the privileges of our modes of breaking the marriage chain. This indefatigable and ambitious man, who has been as successful a dramatist as manager, often shows a rough tact at hitting popular taste, but is destitute of that patient workmanship which gradually becomes a part of the being of the literary artist, in dramatic or any other intellectual work.

If embryo dramatists complain that they have a hard time, we can only reply that they must expect a hard time in endeavoring to create an American drama, and with such rivals as are to be found on the other side of the water, particularly in France. The principle of collaboration does not seem to take here. Writers are not wedded in intellectual friendship, and consequently we have neither Erckmann-Chatrians in the realm of fiction nor Meilhac-Halévys in that of the drama. In "Frou-Frou," as well as in many other productions of the French dramatic world, we have seen how delightfully two sympathetic brains can thus braid themselves together. Whatever the reason may be, American intellects are not so easily plaited, and every writer prefers to go upon his own responsibility. It is to be hoped that such a course will prove its own justification.

Say what we will, the happiness and unhappiness, the crimes, follies, virtues, and complexities arising out of the marriage relation will always form a large proportion of the material out of which the modern drama will be framed; and here again the American playwright is limited in a manner from which his French rival is free; for while an audience will view with equanimity a translated and adapted French play of which the ruling motive is based upon an infringed seventh commandment, the same audience will be scandalized by similar treatment from an American author. Even the adaptations have to be toned down to suit our more proper and sturdy taste, and the situations in Octave Feuillet's "La Tentation" are stronger and less moral than in Mr. Boucicault's beautiful adaptation "Led Astray." True, we endure much more in the French dramatist than in native ones. If we meet with immorality in a foreign play we seem merely to contemplate it, because we find it there and cannot help ourselves; but in an American play the sense of responsibility comes home, and *les convenances* force us to a virtuous shake of the head because the man who wrote it is one of ourselves. In brief, we applaud at the theatres as though we expected Frenchmen to be nothing if not improper, and Americans to be just as entertaining and amusing with all the impropriety taken out.

Hence, the American stage is not yet prepared for the introduction of social questions under dramatic guise. No American author of profound convictions, though he should write a play as full of progressive feeling and generous bravado as "Les Idées de Madame Aubray," could expect to have it produced. Mr. Wallack would ask him whither had virtue fled, and Mr. Palmer would point with pride to the clever manner in which Mr. Hart Jackson had evaded the immoralities of "The Two Orphans," and Mr. Daly would say that he should have to "feel the public" and see whether they were prepared for Mme. Aubray and her ideas. It would seem as though the woman question would present good material for a comedy, yet so much broad burlesque is attached to it, that the dramatist who would retain respect for his progressive heroine would have to manage his subject with extreme tact, and to incorporate with it a story independent of the interest which arises out of mere satire. When Messrs. Clemens and Warner's novel "The Gilded Age" first came out, it was evident to every one who had thought much on this matter that there was the material for a good acting play—a much better play than the one now being performed under that title. In *Col. Sellers*, Mr. Raymond found a character for which nature had suited him, and with whose delineation, art, so far as he was concerned, had little to do. Possibly the playwright was satisfied with this. At any rate, a very incomplete drama is the result—a drama which contains but one character, and which consequently is scarcely more like life than it would be were the other *dramatis personæ* represented by so many *fantoccini* speaking and gesticulating by some subtle machinery.

When American writers arise who possess the beautiful and enviable talent of expressing interesting stories in dramatic shape; when they closely observe American life and studiously think upon it; when they acquire the art of constructing plots, every articulation of which is the logical sequence of what went before; when they realize that character painting is not the vulgar transcription of notorieties, nor the creation of scenes the mere local imitation of a place or an event; when they adopt as the law of the drama that law of nature by which character and circumstance arise out of and develop each other, the branches becoming roots and the roots branches, then the foundations will be laid for an American drama that will begin to vie with the English and French schools; then American managers will be coerced to listen and the American public to applaud.

L.

A JAPANESE BATH.—In Japan, even in the lowest inns, the traveler's request for a bath is never met with that stare of blank astonishment which often attends the demand in our own and every other European country. I knew in Ireland once I asked for a bath, and they brought me a horse-bucket; and on another occasion, in France, I could get no nearer the article than a horse-trough; while in England and Germany the request has more than once led to a serious breach of the peace between myself and the landlord. In Japan, on the contrary, there would be much more surprise felt if the traveler were not ask for one. There were no preparations required, no rushing about of chamber-maids, no turning on this and off that—everything was quite ready, and I was at once conducted to a huge wooden bath with a small earthen furnace let in at the foot, and a lid inclosing the whole of the top with the exception of a space just big enough for the head of the bather to emerge through. In one of these contrivances, with a small furnace burning gaily, a Japanese, after his day's work is over, will sit calmly boiling himself with the lid on, and the water bubbling about him at boiling heat. He seems, however, to like it uncommonly, to judge from the pleased expression on his face fast deepening under the process into beetroot-like tints; and when he has, at last, had enough—about an hour of it—he takes off the lid and emerges as much like a boiled lobster as a human being can become. My bath was quite ready; the small furnace glowed with live pieces of charcoal; the water bubbled merrily, and my companion of the bath, taking off the lid, invited me to enter. Not being, however, either a Japanese, a blue lobster, or a potato, I did not see any particular object in being boiled, and so had the fuel raked out of the furnace and a few buckets of cold water added before I got in.—*Temple Bar.*

WRITING FOR MONEY.—To write for money was once held to be disgraceful; and Byron, as we know, taunted Scott because his publishers combined

"To yield his muse just half a crown per line,"

while Scott seems half to admit that his conduct required justification, and urges that he sacrificed to literature very fair chances in his original profession. Many people might, perhaps, be disposed to take a bolder line of defense. Cut out of English fiction all that which has owed its birth more or less to a desire of earning money honorably, and the residue would be painfully small. The truth, indeed, seems to be simple. No good work is done when the one impelling motive is the desire of making a little money; but some of the best work that has ever been done has been indirectly due to the impecuniosity of the laborers. When a man is empty he makes a very poor job of it in straining colorless trash from his hard-bound brains; but when his mind is full to bursting he may still require the spur of a moderate craving for cash to induce him to take the decisive plunge.—*Hours in a Library, Leslie Stephen.*

## MY STRANGE COMRADE.

*LABORS OF A REFUGEE FOR THE REGENERATION OF POLAND.*

THE COPYIST'S OFFICE—THE BUTT OF THE CLERKS—QUASI, HIS NICKNAME—HIS POVERTY—HOW HE STARVED—WHAT HE LIVED FOR—HIS LABORS—HIS PLANS—THE LAST NEWS OF HIM.

At a desk, where I worked in a dingy room some years ago, a comrade would occasionally take his place. The clerks in the office, a wretched, slovenly, and low-bred set of men, used to call this person Quasi, and he was the target for innumerable coarse jests. I used to puzzle over Quasi, losing the man sometimes in pondering over his name. Quasi was sadly misshapen, with an ugly stoop and bandied legs; but if the torso was ungainly, his head was superb. The business I was occupied in then was a slavish one. I simply wrote from morning until night business circulars, and was paid at a rate which barely kept soul and body together. Quasi's work was occasional in character. Now and then a batch of letters had to be written and addressed to all the German brewers throughout the country, extolling the merits of a new patent beer-faucet, or a circular was to be thrown out to all Italians, urging protective measures in regard to a proposed increase of duty on macaroni. Here Quasi's polyglot acquirements came into play, for he could speak and write all modern languages like a Mezzofanti. While waiting for such periods of foreign work, Quasi starved. The man's face was as the thermometer of his bodily condition. Not that the spiritual essence of the poor drudge was affected by misery—for the face mostly bore a pleasant smile; but at his age—he was fully fifty—his physical traits would show animal suffering. If I could then indulge in two meals a day, I was sure Quasi rarely had more than one.

One evening I prevailed on the man to share with me a scanty meal at an obscure eating-house.

"Why are you called Quasi?" I asked. "Oh, Quasi? Is it that which puzzles you? That name was given me rather curiously by a former clerk some years ago, long before you came into the office. It happened this way: One Sunday, it was in early Spring, I was walking near Central Park. Everything looked so bright and gay, that I had entirely forgotten my stupid stomach. On one of those open lots, these rocky ones near the Park, a goat with her kid passed near me. There was breakfast, dinner, and supper. Poor Nanny came to me, as the raven did to Elijah. It might have been a sin to deprive the kid of her rights, but I coaxed the mother to my side, and her swelling udder gave me a glorious banquet. I stole my dinner. It was a *fête champetre*. If the old Irish crone who beat me with her broomstick could have forgiven me, or taken out her pay with blows, I should have been better satisfied. As luck would have it, this former clerk in our establishment was passing by and rescued me. He must have read Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame*. He dubbed me Quasimodo. Associated me probably with Esmeralda or her goat. I am Quasi. Why not? How the owner of that goat laid it on! I have often longed to breakfast that way again, but have been afraid. Quasi! Why a certain unshapeliness about me," he continued, simply "has made an abbreviation of Quasimodo appropriate. I have adopted it. My back is bowed, my legs are crooked. I was born so. That does not prevent my enjoying excellent health. I have a rude power of existence which defies privation. Without boasting of it, few men are stronger than I am. I was a trifle out of sorts an hour ago, but, thanks to you, I have had a good supper, and feel myself quite restored. There, can you do that?" Here like the monk Amdor, he took a bone from a plate, and, holding it between his fingers, without any visible effort save muscular contraction of the hand, he splintered it. I opened my eyes in astonishment, thinking of the many coarse jokes the men in the office had played on Quasi, and how, with a single blow, he might have annihilated them. "My father and mother," he continued, "were straight, shapely people, of a race famed for their personal beauty. Old friends have told me that my face alone bears the family type." "Are you a Pole?" I asked.

"Yes. My poor mother—it happened before I was born—saw my father bend his back, his legs and arms were fettered, and when life had been lashed out of him his mangled body was cast before her. That was before the Emperor Nicholas' time. That shock was lasting. I came into the world shortly after that, and my body perpetuates that harrowing impression. My mother never forgot it, and may I be accursed if I ever do." Here the whole appearance of the man was terribly metamorphosed. From that listless expression of indifference, of calm resignation, there came one of intense, painful concentration. The eyes shot fire, the lips quivered, the hair bristled, and the nostrils were dilated. It was, though, but a momentary flash, for an instant afterward Quasi became the poor hack, the writing drudge, the butt of the office. Evidently he did not like recurring further to a painful subject, nor did I feel just then that I had the right to be inquisitive. We talked about our calling, of writing letters paid for with the fraction of a penny, and we ended by laughing over our miseries. From the conversation I had with the man I found I had to do with a person whose information was not only vast but solid. I ventured to say to him that with his talents, even at his age, he was sure in time to better his position.

"Why," I asked, "do you stay in the office? Had I your gift of language I would soon find a good position."

"Have you ever read Hoffman?" asked Quasi. "If you have, you may remember how he tells a story about a painter. Now, this artist was partially insane. That longing after the ideal so many natures seek for and never find, had got the better of his reason. Forms of grace and beauty had overtaxed his strength. The only relief the stupid fellow found was in working out with rule and compass the most rudimentary figures. At certain hours of the day, very brief ones, lovely faces would come before him, and he would outline them on his canvas, but a garish riot of color would make his pure drawing but the vilest daub. Then he would go to his church—he had hired himself to paint it—and would methodically lay the color on its wooden walls in imitation of stone, bringing out with Chinese accuracy even the interstices of the building blocks. Poland and liberty! The former is my ideal; she exists: how she shall be free—that unceasingly occupies my thoughts. It may have crazed me at times, like the hero of the story-teller's history. In the meanwhile, in the mechanical humdrum toil of copying letters addressed to cheese sellers or tailors my mind finds relief. It may be with me somewhat of a necessity, something of choice. I am purifying my views. What means I may have devised for the liberty of my country are less crude than they were. I have advocated, have even practiced, the more terrible methods. Baptisms of blood are necessary for human regeneration. Poland every ten or twenty years must hoist her ensanguined sign, toss aloft her holocaust of victims, her advertisement of despair. How otherwise appeal to the instincts of an illiterate but impassioned race, peasants who have no book-learning? By showing Poland those blood-red letters, printed on the body of her sons, these become so many primers. A single lesson impresses it into their souls; the father tells the son of it, the grandmother the grandchild. I strive to eliminate some of the grosser factors. Life seems to me, as I grow older, more sacred than it used to be. Yet, I who speak to you, have run many a terrible risk. That I am alive now simply means that may be some dozen other men have been brushed out of my path and out of existence. There is where the whole enigma of the matter lies. That Poland must be free, if not this year, at least in this century, I will not doubt. But how? But you have led me into a topic I rarely venture on, save with my own people. I am one of the Polish Legion in America. Some have thought that aid might come from this quarter, but that is neither probable nor possible. I am here for another reason. Many a Polish refugee, many a dissatisfied one finds a home here. They seek me for advice. The dole I give them"—

"What!" I exclaimed, "and you are starving at times!"

"Pray, pardon my arrogance. Well, what little money may be sent me, is more theirs than mine. My occupation at the office fits one purpose of my life. For four years I have been making out a list of Poles in the United States. I have pored over Directories from every city. Some day, when the final effort is to be made, money, the sinew of war, will be forthcoming, and my long catalogue of names, the labor of many a night of incessant toil, will bring its fruit. I am expansive to-night. Will you walk home with me?"

We crossed Broadway, and near the North River, in a miserable tenement house, mounting up the stairs to the uppermost story, Quasi had a room. In that room were a bed, a chair, and a washstand. For decoration there were a sabre, a pistol, and a lance with a tattered pennon. "I have often wanted a canary-bird in my room," said Quasi, "but then seed is expensive, and working at night would have disturbed it, and it might have frozen in Winter. See, my work is here," and from a closet he drew out a series of huge folios. "These are my lists. Many of these men have prospered wonderfully in America. In their affluence they will not forget their mother. See here—here is a name. That man matured a plot at Posen. There was a traitor, and he had to fly. We smuggled him over to Constantinople. It was during the Crimean war. He came here a beggar. He was a Jew, and cried "glass to mend," through New-York streets. He is a banker to-day in San Francisco. I might draw on him for a large amount for the cause. He has given already, and will give yet without stint."

"And the traitor?" I inquired.

"It was a family matter. His own brother put a knife into his heart. He did not live a day. Here is my black list. No true Pole ever talks with these, or breaks bread in their houses. Once my flat passed, once our mother slighted, they are pariahs." Quasi with his threadbare coat, his inky finger, his squalid appearance, here assumed the defiant, arrogant mein of an Emperor. "Here, in this poor room I execute my plans—it is in our dingy office, on an empty stomach mostly, that I mature them. Will you stay with me yet awhile? It is absurd that I can't even offer you a cup of coffee, but I am as poor as a rat. But see you, America has been to me a school of probation. This makes my sixth year here. In a month or so I shall be promoted to a European port. An important post will be confided to me. When the time comes I shall be happy to return you the dinner you shared with me to-day."

Quasi and I met frequently after that, but any attempt to renew conversation in regard to Poland he declined. It was in 1870, just before the French and Prussian war that Quasi invited me to dine with him.

In Quasi's humble lodging I met two other guests. Quasi, my host, was called Count; my right-hand neighbor was addressed as General. His name I knew. His likeness had been familiar to many through the illustrated prints as a brave Polish officer in the United States service during our civil war. On my left hand was a dignified old gentleman, spoken of as the Right Reverend. The repast was Spartan in its simplicity. Conversation took a curious tone. Foreign events, which are simple to us now, the reasons for them, which were hidden then, were treated with a judgment which seems to me, after a certain lapse of years, to have been almost prophetic. We separated early. "There," said Quasi, as we were alone, "now for a quiet talk of but a few moments, for I have to work far into the night. It is the person we addressed as the Reverend who takes my place here. That pious gentleman is the son of one of Poland's martyred priests. To-night my work here draws to a close. You would be surprised did I tell you the amount of money I have collected and transmitted abroad for the sacred cause. Clerks at Brown Bros'. and Belmont's were amazed at the appearance of a miserable looking object like me buying such bills of exchange. Now there will be war between France and Germany. If France is successful, she incurs the enmity of Russia; if Germany conquers it will be the same thing. But we won't go into politics of the highest grade. All we care for is that there is going to be trouble in Europe, not for the next few years only, but for twenty years to come, and when thieves fall out there may be a chance for Poland. Remember me always as Quasi, who robbed an Irishwoman of her goat's milk. What a delicious draught it was. Now, adieu," and we shook hands and parted.

Some months ago I was on an ocean steamer, bidding a friend good-by. In the stranger I passed an old gentleman quietly sitting on a trunk, who was solacing himself with a pinch of snuff. I recognized him as the Right Reverend of Quasi's farewell dinner. "And Quasi," I asked, "what of him? I met you, Sir, once at dinner with Quasi."

"Quasi," said the old gentleman. "Ah, yes, I remember him; yes, that was his name here. I had almost forgotten about him. Oh, he was shot by the Prussians or French, I forget which, for a spy. Quite a capital knd of a person; you were a friend of his! Quasi bore a name illustrious in our unhappy Poland. He made the twenty-sixth man in the same family, in this century alone, who gave up his life for his mother. It would be of no use to tell his name. You Americans mangle our names. You have hardly yet decided how to spell the names of our Polish heroes who died in your revolutionary times. Yes; I am going over for the cause. Things are moving. I may not live to see our mother free; even you who are younger may not, but your children may. So you knew Quasi, and have thought of him? Good-by, and never cease thanking the Almighty that you are free." And saying this, the old man, with trembling hand, drew a breviary from his pocket and was soon absorbed in its contents.

AN ANALYSIS OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.—It would, indeed, be easy to show that the story, though in one sense marvelously like truth, is singularly wanting as a psychological study. Friday is no real savage, but a good English servant without plush. He says "muchee" and "speakee," but he becomes at once a civilized being, and in his first conversation puzzles Crusoe terribly by that awkward theological question, why God did not kill the devil—for, characteristically enough, Crusoe's first lesson includes a little instruction upon the enemy of mankind. He found, however, that it was "not so easy to imprint right notions in Friday's mind about the devil as it was about the being of a God." This is comparatively a trifle; but Crusoe himself is all but impossible. Steele, indeed, gives an account of Selkirk, from which he infers that "this plain man's story is a memorable example that he is happiest who confines his wants to natural necessities;" but the facts do not warrant this pet doctrine of an old-fashioned school. Selkirk's state of mind may be inferred from two or three facts. He had almost forgotten to talk; he had learned to catch goats by running on foot; and he had acquired the exceedingly difficult art of making fire by rubbing two sticks. In other words, his whole mind was absorbed in providing a few physical necessities, and he was rapidly becoming a savage—for a man who can't speak and can make fire is very near the Australian. We may infer, what is probable from other cases, that a man living fifteen years by himself, like Crusoe, would either go mad or sink into the semi-savage state. De Foe really describes a man in prison, not in solitary confinement. We should not be so pedantic as to call for accuracy in such matters; but the difference between the fiction and what we believe would have been the reality is significant. De Foe, even in *Robinson Crusoe*, gives a very inadequate picture of the mental torments to which his hero is exposed. He is frightened by a parrot calling him by name, and by the strangely picturesque incident of the footmark on the sand; but, on the whole, he takes his imprisonment with preternatural stolidity. His stay on the island produces the same state of mind as might be due to a dull Sunday in Scotland. For this reason, the want of power in describing emotion as compared with the amazing power of describing facts, *Robinson Crusoe* is a book for boys rather than men, and, as Lamb says, for the kitchen rather than for higher circles. It falls short of any high intellectual interest. When we leave the striking situation and get to the second part, with the Spaniards and Will Atkins talking natural theology to his wife, it sinks to the level of the secondary stories. But for people who are not too proud to take a rather low order of amusement, *Robinson Crusoe* will always be one of the most charming of books. We have the romantic and adventurous incidents upon which the most unflinching realism can be set to work without danger of vulgarity. Here is precisely the story suited to De Foe's strength and weakness. He is forced to be artistic in spite of himself. He cannot lose the thread of the narrative and break it into disjointed fragments, for the limits of the island confine him as well as his hero. He cannot tire us with details, for all the details of such a story are interesting; it is made up of petty incidents, as much as the life of a prisoner reduced to taming flies, or making saws out of penknives. The island does as well as the Bastile for making trifles valuable to the sufferer and to us. The facts tell the story themselves, without any demand for romantic power to press them home to us; and the efforts to give an air of authenticity to the story, which sometimes make us smile, and sometimes rather bore us in other novels, are all to the purpose; for there is a real point in putting such a story in the mouth of the sufferer, and in giving us for the time an illusory belief in his reality. It is one of the exceptional cases in which the poetical aspect of a position is brought out best by the most prosaic accuracy of detail; and we imagine that Robinson Crusoe's island, with all his small household torments, will always be more impressive than the more gorgeously colored island of Enoch Arden.—*Hours in a Library, Leslie Stephen.*

## LONG ISLAND TOWNS.

*A TRIP THROUGH THE ISLAND.*

FLUSHING AND ITS CHARACTERS—A NOTABLE OLD OAK—ON TO ROSLYN AND ADJOINING TOWNS—GLEN GOVE, SEA CLIFF, AND OYSTER BAY.

HUNTINGTON, L. I., Saturday, July 10, 1875.

On Wednesday afternoon I jumped ashore from the ferry-boat at the Hunter's Point landing, and striking out eastward through Westfield, Newtown, and other small villages, reached Flushing in time for a late dinner and a ramble by daylight over the most interesting parts of the beautiful town.

Flushing, once Vlishing or Vlishingen, is fifteen miles from New-York, and is delightfully situated, having on one side the bright waters of Flushing Bay, and on the other a wide reach of fertile country, beautifully wooded, and threaded with a number of pleasant roads leading in all directions. It was settled in 1645. For many years there was no safe or convenient road to New-York, except by way of Jamaica, and when a storekeeper on the bay offered to take passengers to New-Amsterdam in his canoe, which he had purchased of the Indians, he was looked upon as a public benefactor. The history of the old town abounds in details of great curiosity and interest, but, as the records were destroyed by fire in 1789, little can be told of it with accuracy between that date and the date of its settlement. A few of these records, however, have been preserved, and the following, which I transcribe literally, is a fair specimen, not only of the primitive literary style of the early rulers of the town, but of their equally primitive mode of dealing out justice to malefactors:

APRIL 8, 1648.—Thomas Hall, an inhabitant of Vlishingen, in New-Netherlands, being accused that he prevented the Sheriff of Vlishingen to doe his duty and execute his office in apprehending Thomas Heves, which Thomas Hall confesseth that he kept the door shut so that noe one might assist the Sheriff, demands mercy, and promises he will never do it again, and regrets very much that he did so. The Director and Council, doing justice, condemn the said Thomas in a fine of twenty-five guilders, to be applied at the discretion of the Council.

Francis Doughty was the first minister of Flushing, a man of great individuality of character, and naturally extremely odd in his opinions and eccentric in his expression of them. He was a Quaker at the time of his death, but I am inclined to believe that in 1642, when serving at Cohasset, he must have been a very pronounced Baptist or he never would have told the people in public meeting there assembled that Father Abraham was very blamable in that he had none of his children baptized. For this uncalled-for insult to the memory of a very useful old patriarch, Domnie Doughty was incontinently dragged out of the meeting-house, and would, doubtless, have been ducked in the horse-pond, had he not succeeded in escaping from the mob of reverential villagers and leaving Cohasset far in the rear. At about this period the persecution of the Quakers on the part of other religionists was quite general. This, no doubt helped to bring about the overthrow of the Dutch Government in 1664.

There are many old buildings still standing in Flushing. In the eastern part of the village is the house erected by John Bowne in 1661. Here the great Quaker preacher, George Fox, was entertained on his visit to America in 1672. So vast was the crowd that came to listen to him that it was impossible to accommodate them in the house, and the meeting was held under the old oaks in front. One of these, probably 500 years old, still braves the storms of time; the other was blown down in 1841. The oldest house of worship in Flushing is the Friends' meeting-house, which was built in 1690.

Cadwallader Colden, once Lieutenant Governor of New-York, was for many years a resident of Flushing. He died in 1776, and his remains lie in the private cemetery attached to the old farm at Spring Hill. Samuel Cornwell, of South Carolina, was born here. One of his daughters became the wife of Daniel Webster.

Flushing is a pleasant Summer resort, and is so near New-York that the journey between the two places requires only a few minutes. At Simmons' Hotel the Summer tourist will find superior accommodations and a landlord who will make him at home as soon as he enters the house. No guest can leave this cosy hostelry until he has seen the colts, the coon, the anteater, the cats, the twenty-six choice singing-birds, and Mr. Simmons' greatest pet, old Prince, the largest English setter ever brought to this country.

On Thursday morning I again took up the line of march, with Roslyn as my objective point. The sun was warm, but there was a good breeze, and the walk to the water-works, three or four miles to the east, I could not help enjoying. These works have not been long in operation, and the engine, a splendid specimen of the machinist's skill, is driven at present to only about a third of its full capacity. The water is drawn from Douglas Pond, near by, and sent right into Flushing, the usual reservoir being dispensed with.

A few miles further on I stopped for ten minutes at Leidig's, south of Little Neck, whence come the clams so dear to the lovers of the unmuscular bivalve. In Little Neck Bay is the celebrated Saddle Rock, which gave the name to those choice oysters once so plenty in the New-York market, but now existing only in the imagination of the crafty vendor and the credulous consumer.

The road from Little Neck to Manhasset, three miles to the east, winds along between two dense forests of fine old trees, whose branches almost meet over your head, and keep the sunshine from heating and drying the moist and cool path your feet are treading. Then suddenly it turns to the left and opens to your delighted view a glorious stretch of water gleaming in the sun and here and there throwing back the shadows of tree-crowned slopes, and mirroring in its glass the forms of old oaks that stand like sentinels on the grass-grown banks of the little lake. You are now in Manhasset Valley, and, crossing a little brigge to your right, still in grateful shade, and with the air alive with the hum of busy bees and the music of "innumerous songsters," as Thomson has it, who "mix their mellifluous modulations" until you have a perfect concord in discord with lines of differing method meeting in one full centre of delight, you come by a short step to Manhasset village.

Now you have in store one of the most enjoyable features of the trip—the approach to Roslyn and the ramble through the many-sided, the hill-encompassed, the lake-embracing village. It is at the head of Hempstead Harbor, and as you jog along its southern side, skirting the lake, and bear northward almost in the shadow of the overhanging hills, ever and anon an opening in the dark green foliage that shades you on the left gives you a glimpse of a white sail in the quiet bay, and a welcome peep at the heights beyond, with their wealth of many-shaded green-leaved masses waving lazily in the breeze. A pedestrian trip through this lovely country, I verily believe, would cure the worst case of dyspepsia; and even if corus should result from the unwonted exercise, and the bilious yellow of the face should be changed to the rude brown with which honest sunshine and mountain air paint the skin, the chiropodist can soon remove the one, and the other can easily be converted again into the ictteritious hue of jaundice by judicious nursing.

After a good night's rest at Given's Mansion House, where I found a number of sensible New-Yorkers who had come to this lovely spot with their children to spend the hot months, I set out the next morning for Oyster Bay. At the upper end of the town I passed the plain brown mansion of William Cullen Bryant, where the aged poet is spending the evening of his long and happy life engaged in the quiet pursuits that have so largely aided in beautifying and strengthening his noble mind and soul. Everybody around about Roslyn knows Mr. Bryant, and none know him but to love him. When I stopped an Irish laborer on the road, and asked him to direct me to Mr. Bryant's:

"That," said he, "the jintleman that writes pothry an' sich? Him that makes the paper in York? Well, Sor, I'm glad to tell you you're right forninst the house, an' if there's a house on Long Oisland that shelthers a better man I'd like notuin' better than to be tied by the lug till the doorpost for the lave of my life."

Then the good fellow told me how kind Mr. Bryant was to the poor, and what a "jintleman" he was to everybody; and as I scanned the quiet dwelling and then trudged along the road I could not help wondering why other great men do not make an effort to gain the reputation of goodness as well.

Five miles to Glen Cove; but finding that Sea Cliff, the great Methodist camp-meeting ground, was but a short mile off my road, I of course paid that much-praised resort a visit. I cannot say that I was pleased with the settlement itself, for it lacked shade, and had an atmosphere of newness, and an air of primness and prudence and perpendicularity about it that is so foreign to the essentials of a wanderer's life. The roads and walks were unfinished, new buildings were going up on every side, and most of the men, women, and children I saw were seemingly restrained from indulgence in hilarity as much by a pressure of inward consciousness as by the unaccustomed tightness and stiffness of their Sunday clothes. But, on the cliff overlooking the bay and the Sound, and down on the slope where the big trees grow, the scene was entirely different, and the feeling of freedom that came over me when I stumbled upon a bevy of little tom-boys, and a crowd of harum-scarum lads digging for clams on the beach, and paddling about in Musquito Cove in boats that once did duty as dry-goods boxes, was akin to that which elevates the soul when the tight vest is unbuttoned and the pinching boots are thrown aside.

Glen Cove lies east of Sea Cliff, at the head of Musquito Cove, by which name the village was once known. The walk is along the beach, and is pleasant except when the sun is too warm. The main feature of the place is Duryea's starch works, which employ several hundred men, and turn out in the course of the year enough material to make "stiffness," as the little girl says, "sewatch the bareness" of every freshly adorned youngster on the habitable globe. Two miles from the upper end of the village is Dosoris, and hard by this place lies West Island, the beautiful country home of Charles A. Dana, of the *Sun*.

The road across from Glen Cove to Oyster Bay is a pleasant one for the pedestrian, but particularly so at the entrance of the town, where a view of the bay itself break upon the eye. The village is very pretty. It contains, too, some old buildings which the antiquarian would rather see than the new ones. One of these was built by John Weeks, in 1660. It is now owned and occupied by James T. Burtis, and is as good to-day as it ever was. A well-shaded tree leads to the water side, and from the dock you have a clear view of Hog or Centre Island, with its shapely hill rising from the bay, and anchored here and there and everywhere, a fleet of trim craft of divers models and various rigs, belonging to the yachtsmen of the country side.

A comfortable night at the Nassau gave me an appetite for a quiet jaunt to Huntington. I crossed Cove Neck at its upper end, trudged along down the western side of Cold Spring Harbor, then around the head of the harbor over a lovely road, shaded almost throughout its full length, and all at once found myself in the village of Cold Spring, when I thought it was two miles away. This was once a great whaling port, second only to Nantucket, until Sag Harbor began to exert more spirit, and a few years ago the last whaler left Cold Spring never to come to anchor in her har

## SHIPPING.

### CUNARD LINE B. & N. A. R. M. S P. CO.

NOTICE.

With the view of diminishing the chances of collision, the steamers of this line take a specified course for all seasons of the year.

On the outward passage from Queenstown to New-York or Boston, crossing meridian of 50 at 43 latitude, or nothing to the north of 43.

On the homeward passage, crossing the meridian of 50 at 42, or nothing to the north of 42.

FROM NEW-YORK FOR LIVERPOOL AND QUEENSTOWN.

ALGERIA....WED., July 21 | RUSSIA....WED., Aug. 4
CHINA.....SAT., July 31 | BOTHNIA...WED. Aug. 11

Steamers marked * do not carry steerage passengers. Cabin passage, $80, $100, and $130, gold, according to accommodation. Return tickets on favorable terms. Steerage tickets to and from all parts of Europe at current rates. Freight and cabin office, No. 4 Bowling green. Steerage office, No. 111 Broadway, (Trinity Building.) CHAS. G. FRANCKLYN, Agent.

### WHITE STAR LINE.

FOR QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL, CARRYING UNITED STATES MAIL.

NEW AND FULL-POWERED STEAM-SHIPS,

Sailing from New-York on SATURDAYS, from Liverpool on THURSDAYS, calling at Cork Harbor each way.

ADRIATIC.....SATURDAY, July 24, at 9:30 A.M.
REPUBLIC.....SATURDAY, July 31, at 3 P. M.
BRITANNIC.....SATURDAY, Aug. 7, at 9 A. M.
GERMANIC.....WEDNESDAY, Aug. 14, at 3 P. M.

From White Star Dock, Pier No. 52 North River.

These steamers, the fastest in the trade, are uniform in size and unsurpassed in appointments. The saloon, staterooms, smoking and bath rooms are amidships where the noise and motion are least, affording a degree of comfort hitherto unattainable at sea.

Rates—Saloon, $80 and $100, gold; return tickets on favorable terms; steerage, $28.

Drafts from £1 upward.

For insertion of pians and other information apply at the Company's offices, No. 19 Broadway, New-York.

E. J. CORTIS, Agent.

### INDIAN LINE.—FIXED SOUTHERLY COURSE.

Royal Mail Steamers are appointed to sail as follows:

FOR QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL.

CITY OF BERLIN.....Saturday, July 24, at 9 A. M.
CITY OF RICHMOND.....Saturday, July 31, at 3 P. M.
CITY OF BROOKLYN.....Saturday, Aug. 7, at 9 A. M.
CITY OF CHESTER.....Saturday, Aug 14, at 2 P. M.
CITY OF MONTREAL.....Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8 A. M.

and each succeeding Saturday from Pier No. 45 North River.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

CABIN, $80 & $10 0 gold, according to accommodation. Round trip tickets at lowest rates.

STEERAGE.....$28, Currency

Drafts issued at low rates.

For cabin passage and general business apply at the company's office, No. 15 Broadway.

For steerage passage at No. 33 Broadway, or Pier No. 45 North River. JOHN G. DALE, Agent.

## STATE LINE.

NEW-YORK TO GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, DUBLIN, BELFAST, AND LONDONDERRY.

These first-class full-powered steamers will sail from Company's Pier, No. 36 North River, as follows:

STATE OF GEORGIA, Capt. COOPER.....Wed., July 28
STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.....Wednesday, Aug. 11
STATE OF INDIANA, Capt SADLER.....Wed., Aug. 25

And every Wednesday thereafter. First cabin, $70, $80, and $90; return tickets, $140. Second cabin, $50; return tickets, $90. Steerage at lowest rates.

Apply to AUSTIN BALDWIN & CO., Agents, No. 72 Broadway, New-York.

Steerage office, No. 45 Broadway.

### ONLY DIRECT LINE TO FRANCE.

THE GENERAL TRANSATLANTIC COMPANY'S MAIL STEAM-SHIPS BETWEEN NEW-YORK AND HAVRE.

The splendid vessels on this favorite route for the Continent (being more southerly than any other) will sail from Pier No. 50 North River as follows:

AMERIQUE, Pouzols.....SATURDAY July 24
PEREIRE, Danre.....SATURDAY, Aug. 7
FRANCE, Trehiou.....Saturday, Aug. 21

PRICE OF PASSAGE IN GOLD, (including wine.)

First Cabin, $100; Second, $65; Third $35.

Return tickets at reduced rates.

Steerage, $25, with superior accommodations, and including all necessaries without extra charge.

GEORGE MACKENZIE, Agent, No. 55 Broadway.

### FOR LIVERPOOL,

(Via Queenstown,)

CARRYING THE UNITED STATES MAIL.

TUESDAY.

Leaving Pier No. 46 North River as follows:

IDAHO.....July 20, at 3 P. M.
MONTANA.....July 27, at noon.
NEVADA.....Aug. 3, at 3 P.M.
DAKOTA.....Aug. 10, at noon.
WISCONSIN.....Aug. 17, at 3 P. M.
WYOMING.....Aug. 24, at 11 A. M.

For steerage and intermediate tickets, at current rates, apply at No. 29 Broadway. For cabin passage, at $80 or $65, gold, (according to stateroom,) apply at No. 63 Wall st.

WILLIAMS & GUION.

### NORTH GERMAN LLOYD.

STEAM-SHIP LINE BETWEEN NEW-YORK, SOUTHAMPTON, AND BREMEN.

Company's Pier, foot of 2d st., Hoboken.

DONAU.....July 24 | RHEIN.....Aug. 7
MAIN.....July 31 | ODER.....Aug. 17

RATES OF PASSAGE FROM NEW-YORK TO SOUTHAMPTON, HAVRE OR BREMEN:

First cabin.....$100 gold.
Second cabin.....60 gold.
Steerage.....30 currency.

Return tickets at reduced rates. Prepaid steerage certificates, $32 currency. For freight or passage apply to OELRICHS & CO., No. 2 Bowling green.

### ANCHOR LINE. CARRYING U. S. MAIL.

NEW-YORK AND GLASGOW.

ELYSIA.....Sails Saturday, July 17, 3 P. M.
CALIFORNIA.....Sails Saturday, July 24, 10 A. M.

NEW-YORK TO GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, OR LONDONDERRY.

Cabin passage, $75 to $90, currency.
Intermediate and steerage at lowest rates.
Company's offices, No. 7 Bowling green.

HENDERSON BROTHERS, Agents.

### WILSON'S LINE FOR SOUTHAMPTON AND HULL.

To be dispatched from Pier No. 41 East River:

NAVARINO.....July 27 HINDOO.....To follow
OTHELLO.....Aug. 17 COLOMBO.....To follow

First cabin, $70, currency; second cabin, $45, currency; excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets issued to Continental and Baltic ports. Apply for full particulars to CHARLES L. WRIGHT & CO., No. 56 South st.

### FOR SAVANNAH, GA.,

THE FLORIDA PORTS,

AND THE SOUTH AND SOUTH-WEST.

GREAT SOUTHERN FREIGHT AND PASSENGER LINE. CENTRAL RAILROAD OF GEORGIA AND ATLANTIC AND GULF RAILROAD.

WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

H. LIVINGSTON, Capt. MALLORY, SATURDAY, July 17, from Pier No. 43 North River, at 3 P. M.

WILLIAM R. GARRISON, Agent, No. 5 Bowling Green.

LEO, Capt. DANIELS, WEDNESDAY, July 21, from Pier No. 16 East River, at 3 P. M.

MURRAY, FERRIS & CO., Agents, No. 62 South st.

SAN JACINTO, Capt. CHEESMAN, SATURDAY, July 24, from Pier No. 43 North River, at 3 P. M.

WM. R. GARRISON, Agent, No. 5 Bowling Green.

ASHLAND, Capt. WHITEHURST, WEDNESDAY, July 28, from Pier No. 12 North River, at 3 P. M.

R. LOWDEN, Agent, No. 93 West st.

Insurance by this line ONE HALF PER CENT.

Superior accommodation for passengers.

Through rates and bills of lading in connection with Central Railroad of Georgia, to all points.

Through rates and bills of lading in connection with the Atlantic and Gulf Railroad and Florida steamers.

GEORGE YONGE, Agent, Central Railroad of Georgia, No. 409 Broadway.

### THE GREAT SOUTHERN FREIGHT AND PASSENGER LINE FOR CHARLESTON, S. C., THE FLORIDA PORTS, and the SOUTH AND SOUTH-WEST; SAILING SEMI-WEEKLY AT 3 P. M., from Pier No. 29 North River.

SOUTH CAROLINA.....Wednesday, July 21
MANHATTAN.....July 24

Superior accommodations for passengers.

☞ Insurance by this line ONE-HALF PER CENT.

Goods forwarded free of commission.

Through tickets and bills of lading issued and signed at the office of

JAMES W. QUINTARD & CO., Agents, No. 177 West st., (corner of Warren,) Or W. P. CLYDE & CO., No. 6 Bowling green.

BENTLEY D. HASELL, General Agent Great Southern Freight Line, No. 317 Broadway.

### FOR ST. THOMAS AND BRAZIL.

THE UNITED STATES AND BRAZIL MAIL STEAM-SHIP COMPANY.

Regular mail steamers SAILING 23D OF EVERY MONTH, making close connections at RIO DE JANEIRO with the English and French Mail Steam-ships at MONTEVIDEO and BUENOS AYRES.

The splendid steam-ship MONTBLANC, Capt. W. WEIR, will sail from PIER No. 43 NORTH RIVER, on FRIDAY, July 23, at 3 o'clock P. M., calling at ST. THOMAS, PARA, PERNAMBUCO, BAHIA, and RIO DE JANEIRO, going and returning.

First cabin passage to St. Thomas, $100; to Para, $150; to Pernambuco, $200; to Bahia, $210, and to Rio de Janeiro, $225, gold. Steerage half price. EXCURSION TICKETS, good for six months, at three-quarters of above rates. Freights greatly reduced.

Direct communication to St. Croix, via St. Thomas.

Apply to WM. R. GARRISON, No. 5 Bowling green.

### WEEKLY FLORIDA LINE.

For Port Royal, S. C.; Fernandina, Fla.; Brunswick, Ga., the favorite and well-known steamer HUNTSVILLE, Chester, Master, having superior accommodations for passengers, will sail SATURDAY, July 17, from Pier No. 3 North River, at 4 P. M., for above ports, making connections with all points South and South-west, via Port Royal, the Florida, and Brunswick Railroads.

First-class passage to Fernandina.....$20 00
First-class passage to Jacksonville.....22 50
First-class passage to Augusta.....20 00
First-class to Albany.....20 00

Through tickets issued to all points South and South-west.

For freight or passage, apply to HERM. GELPCKE, No. 5 William st.

NEW-YORK, HAVANA, AND MEXICAN MAIL S. S. LINE. Steamers leave Pier No. 3 North River at 3 P. M.

### FOR HAVANA DIRECT.

CITY OF NEW-YORK...(via Nassau) Thursday, July 22
CITY OF MERIDA.....Tuesday, Aug. 3
CITY OF VERA CRUZ.....Thursday Aug. 5

### FOR VERA CRUZ AND NEW-ORLEANS.

CALLING AT HAVANA, PROGRESO, CAMPEACHE, TUSPAN AND TAMPICO.

CITY OF MERIDA.....Tuesday, Aug. 3

For freight or passage apply to F. ALEXANDRE & SONS, Nos. 31 and 33 Broadway.

Steamers will leave New-Orleans July 17 and Aug. 7 for Vera Cruz and all the above ports.

### UNITED STATES PASSPORT BUREAU.—

United states passports indispensable to travelers, issued by J. B. NONES, Passport Agent, No. 91 Duane st., corner Broadway.

## SHIPPING.

### NATIONAL LINE.

From Piers Nos. 44 and 47 North River.

FOR LONDON DIRECT.

CANADA.....Thursday, July 22, 8 A.M.

FOR QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL.

Erin, July 24, 9 A. M. | Egypt, Aug. 7, 9 A. M.
England, July 31, 3 P. M. | Queen, Aug. 14, 3 P. M.

Cabin passage, $70 and $80, currency. Steerage at greatly reduced price. Return tickets at reduced rates. Prepaid steerage tickets from Liverpool at the lowest rates. Apply at the company's office, No. 69 Broadway.

F. W. J. HURST, Manager.

### ATLAS MAIL LINE.

BI-MONTHLY SERVICE TO JAMAICA, HAYTI, COLOMBIA, and VENEZUELA. First-class, full-powered iron screw steamers, from Pier No. 51, North River:

FOR KINGSTON and COLOMBIA:

ATLAS.....July 27
ETNA.....Aug. 13

FOR HAYTI and VENEZUELA:

CLARIBEL.....Aug. 3
ANDES.....Aug. 21

Superior first-class passenger accommodation.

PIM, FORWOOD & CO., Agents, No. 56 Wall st.

### NEW-YORK AND HAVANA DIRECT MAIL LINE.

These first-class steam-ships sail regularly at 3 P. M. from Pier No. 13 North River, as follows:

COLUMBUS, Capt. E. C. REED.....TUESDAY, July 20
CRESCENT CITY.....THURSDAY, July 29

Accommodations unsurpassed. For freight or passage apply to WM. P. CLYDE & CO., No. 6 Bowling green; McKELLER, LULING & CO., Agents in Havana.

### PACIFIC MAIL S. S. LINE.

FOR CALIFORNIA, JAPAN, AND CHINA.

Sailing from Pier No. 42 North River.

For Aspinwall,

ACAPULCO.....July 30, at 12 M.

connecting at or all Central American and Pacific ports. From San Francisco for Japan and China.

GREAT REPUBLIC.....Aug. 1

For freight or passage apply at Pier No. 42 North River. H. J. BULLAY, Superintendent.

### NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

Families or gentlemen going to travel on the Continent of Europe, who can afford the expense of a courier, should never leave Paris without one. Their services are invaluable in relieving the traveler from multiplicity of cares and troubles respecting passports, examination and conveyance of luggage, in securing the best accommodation, in protecting the traveler from imposition, and an infinity of annoyances to which they are exposed in various parts of the Continent. Competent and trustworthy couriers and traveling servants may always be obtained by applying to the COURIER SOCIETY, No. 3 Rue d'Alger, near the Tuileries Garden, Paris

## STEAM-BOATS.

### FALL RIVER LINE FOR BOSTON,

VIA NEWPORT AND FALL RIVER.

Daily (SUNDAYS, June 27, to Aug. 29, inclusive,) at 5 P. M., from Pier No. 28 North River, foot of Murray st.

THE WORLD-RENOWNED STEAMERS

BRISTOL AND PROVIDENCE.

HALL'S CELEBRATED BANDS ENGAGED FOR THE SEASON.

Tickets and state-rooms secured at principal hotels and ticket offices and on the pier.

GEO. L. CONNOR, General Passenger Agent.

### PROVIDENCE & STONINGTON STEAM-SHIP COMPANY.

Consolidation of STONINGTON Line and PROVIDENCE Line between NEW-YORK and BOSTON.

### STONINGTON LINE, For Providence, Newport, and Boston.

The elegant Steamers RHODE ISLAND, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; and NARRAGANSETT, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, leave Pier No. 33 North River, foot of Jay st., at 5 P. M.

Through tickets to all principal points in New-England and the Provinces may be obtained at Railroad Depots and Hotel Ticket Offices. State-rooms may be secured in advance at the Offices of Westcott Express Company and No. 319 Broadway.

### PROVIDENCE LINE, Via Providence Direct.

The staunch and powerful Steam-ships ELECTRA, M. Sayles, Commander, and GALATEA, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, leave Pier No. 27 North River, foot of Robinson st., at 5 P. M. Direct route for Worcester and all Northern points via Worcester.

Freight via either line taken at lowest rates.

D. S. BABCOCK, President.
L. W. FILKINS, General Passenger Agent.

### NEWBURG, CORNWALL, WEST POINT, COZZENS' HOTEL DOCK. IONA ISLAND.

Daily (Sundays excepted) by steamboat ARMENIA, from BROOKLYN, Fulton st., at 8:45 A. M.; Vestry st., New-York, 9:10; 24th st., 9:30, landing at Manhattanville, 9:55; Yonkers, 10:35; Dobb's Ferry, 11; Nyack and Tarrytown, (by ferry-boat), 11:25. Returning from Newburg at 2:30 P. M., reaching New-York at 6:30 and Brooklyn at 7 P. M.

### WHITE MOUNTAINS, VIA STONINGTON LINE,

daily from pier No. 33 North River at 5 P. M., connecting at Stonington with the 4:30 A. M. WHITE MOUNTAIN EXPRESS. New and elegant drawing-room cars THROUGH without change.

### LLOYD'S DOCK, OYSTER BAY, LAUREL-TON, AND JONES' DOCK.—The steamer SAPPHO, Capt. Jay L. Clark, will leave New-York daily, (Sundays excepted,) for all the above places, from Pier No. 27 East River, upper side Peck slip, at 3:30 P. M., and foot 33d st., East River, at 3:45 P. M. Returning to New-York from Jones Dock at 6:15 A. M.; Laurelton, 6:20 A. M.; Oyster Bay, 7 A. M.; Lloyd's Dock, 7:15 A. M.

Fare, all landings, 60 cents.

### ALBANY AND TROY BY DAYLIGHT.—DAY BOATS C. VIBBARD AND DANIEL DREW leave Vestry st., Pier No. 39 North River, daily (Sundays excepted) at 8:35, and 24th st. at 9 A. M., landing at West Point, Cornwall, Newburg, Poughkeepsie, Rhinebeck, Catskill, and Hudson. TICKETS ON SALE FOR POINTS NORTH AND WEST. Trip tickets to West Point, Cornwall, and Newburg, returning same day, $1. Special trains to and from Saratoga: To Saratoga, $3'20; Round Trip, $5 40.

### PEOPLE'S LINE FOR ALBANY AND SARATOGA—Leaves daily at 6 P. M. (Sundays excepted) from pier No. 41 North River, foot of Canal street.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—On Saturday, July 3, and every Saturday until further notice, the steamers of this line will leave at 5 P. M. instead of 6 P. M., as heretofore, in order to connect at Albany with the Sunday morning train for Saratoga and the West.

### FOR NEW-HAVEN, HARTFORD, SPRINGFIELD, WHITE MOUNTAINS, MONTREAL, AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS.—Steamer leaves Peck Slip daily (Sunday excepted) at 3 P. M.; 23d st., East River, 3:15 P. M., connecting with special train at New-Haven. Night boat leaves Peck Slip at 11 o'clock. Tickets sold and baggage checked at No. 944 Broadway, New-York, and No. 4 Court st., Brooklyn.

### CITIZENS' LINE STEAM-BOATS FOR TROY, connecting with all railway lines North and West. Elegant steam-boats leave daily, Saturday excepted, at 6 P. M. from Pier No. 49, North River, foot of Leroy st. Through tickets sold over all connecting lines.

JOSEPH CORNELL, Superintendent.

### OPPOSITION CATSKILL LINE. STEAMERS ANDREW HARDER, Capt. I. H. Pentz, J. B. SCHULER, Capt. C. D. Hunter.

Leave Franklin st., Pier No. 35, North River, every day (Sundays excepted) at 6 P. M.

### FOR RONDOUT AND KINGSTON, LANDING at Highland Falls, (near West Point,) Cornwall, Newburg, Marlborough, Milton, Highland, (New-Paltz,) and Esopus, the steam-boat THOMAS CORNELL, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, leaving Harrison st., Pier No. 34 North River, at 4 P. M.

### FOR WEST POINT, NEWBURG, POUGHKEEPSIE, RONDOUT, KINGSTON, COZZENS, CORNWALL, MILTON, NEW-HAMBURG, AND (MARLBORO' by ferry.) THE STEAMER MARY POWELL leaves Vestry st., Pier No. 39, North River, daily at 3:30 P. M.

### FOR GREENWICH AND NORWALK.—THE favorite steam-boat NELLY WHITE leaves every week day at 3:30 P. M., from Market st., Pier No. 37, and foot of 33d st. at 3:45. Leaves Norwalk at 6:50 and Greenwich at 8 A. M. Fare, 50 cents.

### FOR BRIDGEPORT AND ALL POINTS ON Housatonic and Naugatuck Railroad.—Fare, $1. Steamers leave Catharine slip at 11:30 A. M.

## RAILROADS.

### NEW-YORK, NEW-HAVEN AND HARTFORD RAILROAD.

After June 28, 1875, trains leave Grand Central Depot (42d st.) for New-Canaan Railroad at 8:05 A. M., 1:00 and 4:40 and 5:40 P. M.; Danbury and Norwalk Railroad at 8:05 A. M., 3:15 and 4:40 P. M.; Naugatuck Railroad at 8:05 A. M. and 3:00 P. M.; Housatonic Railroad at 8:05 A. M. and 3:00 P. M.; New-Haven and Northampton Railroad at 8:05 A. M. and 3:00 P. M.; For Newport at 8:05 A. M. and 1 P. M.; Boston and Albany Railroad at 8:05 and 10 A. M., 3 and 9 P. M. (7 P. M. on Sunday); Boston (via Shore Line) at 1 and 10 P. M., (10 P. M. on Sundays.)

Way trains as per local time tables.

J. T. MOODY, Superintendent New-York Division.
E. M. REED, Vice President, New-York.

### CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW-JERSEY. ALL RAIL LINE BETWEEN NEW-YORK AND LONG BRANCH.

Passenger Station, foot of Liberty st., N. R.

Commencing WEDNESDAY, July 7, 1875.

SIX TRAINS EACH WAY DAILY, except Sunday—Passing through Woodbridge, Perth Amboy, South Amboy, Matawan, Middletown and Red Bank.

Leaving New-York at 7:30, 9, 10:30 A. M.; 1, 3:30 5:20 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Long Branch at 7:05, 8, 10:05 A. M.; 2:30, 4:10, 6:20 P. M.

In addition to the above an accommodation train leaves New-York for South Amboy at 6:30 P. M. Leave South Amboy for New-York at 6:25 A. M.

Stages connect at Matawan, with all trains, to and from Keyport, and at Long Branch Station, with all trains to and from Ocean Grove and Asbury Park.

H. P BALDWIN, General Passenger Agent.
R. E. RICKER, Superintendent and Eng'r.

### PHILADELPHIA VIA. LONG BRANCH AND THE NEW JERSEY SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

Fare from New-York to Philadelphia only $2 25, commencing June 28, 1875.

Leave New-York, Pier No. 8 North River, foot of Rector st., for Philadelphia at 9:45 A. M., 1 and 3:30 P. M.; for Long Branch, 7, 9:45 A. M., 1 P. M., 3:30 and 4:45 P. M.

Parlor cars through to Philadelphia on 3:30 P. M. train From foot of 24th st., North River, 12:30 and 3 P. M. SUNDAYS from 24th st. Pier at 9 A. M., Pier No. 8 at 9:30 A. M. WM. S. SNEDEN, General Manager.

### WICKFORD RAILROAD ROUTE TO NEWport, R. I.—Passengers for this line take 8:05 A. M. and 1 P. M. express trains from Grand Central DePot, arriving at 4:20 and 8:20 P. M.

THEODORE WARREN, Supt.

## RAILROADS.

### PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. THE GREAT TRUNK LINE AND UNITED STATES MAIL ROUTE.

Trains leave New-York from foot of Desbrosses and Courtlandt sts., as follows:

Express for Harrisburg, Pittsburg, the West and South, with Pullman Palace Cars attached, 9:30 A. M., 5 and 8:30 P. M. Sunday, 5 and 8:30 P. M.

For Williamsport and Lock Haven, (via Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division, connecting at Philadelphia,) 9:30 A. M. For Williamsport, Lock Haven, Corry, and Erie, 8:30 P. M., connecting at Corry for Titusville, Petroleum Centre, and the Oil Regions.

For Baltimore, Washington and the South, "Limited Washington Express" of Pullman Palace Cars daily, except Sunday, 9:30 A. M.; arrive Washington, 4:10 P. M. Regular at 8:40 A. M., 3 and 9 P. M. Sunday, 9 P. M.

Express for Philadelphia, 7, 7:30, 8:40, 9:30 A. M., 12:30, 3, 4, 4:10, 4:50, 5, 7, 8:30, 9 P. M., and 12 night. Sunday, 4:50, 5, 7, 8:30, and 9 P. M. Emigrant and second class, 7 P. M.

For Newark at 6, 6:30, 7, 7:40, 8, 9, 10, 11 A. M., 12 M., 1, 2, 2:30, 3:10, 3:40, 4:10, 4:30, 5, 5:20, 5:40, 6, 6:10, 6:30, 7, 7:30, 8:10, 10, 11:30 P. M., and 12 night. Sunday, 5:20, 7, and 8:10 P. M.

For Elizabeth, 6, 6:30, 7, 7:40, 8, 9, 10 A. M., 12 M., 1, 2, 2:30, 3:10, 3:40, 4:10, 4:30, 5, 5:20, 5:40, 6, 6:10, 6:30, 7, 7:30, 8:10, 10, 11:30 P. M., and 12 night. Sunday, 5:20, 7, and 8:10 P. M.

For Railway, 6, 6:30, 7, 7:40, 8, 10 A. M., 12 M., 1, 2, 2:30, 3:10, 3:40, 4:10, 4:30, 4:50, 5:20, 5:40, 6, 6:10, 6:30, 7, 8:10, 10 P. M., and 12 night. Sunday 5:20 and 7 P. M

For Woodbridge, Perth Amboy, and South Amboy, 6 and 10 A. M., 2:30, 4:50, and 6 P. M.

For New-Brunswick, 7 and 8 A. M., 12 M., 2, 3:10, 4:10, 5:20, 6:10, 7 P. M., and 12 night. Sunday 7 P. M.

For East Millstone, 12 noon, 3 and 5:20 P. M.

For Kingston and Rocky Hill, 8:40 A. M. and 4:10 P. M.

For Princeton, 7, 8:40 A. M., 12:30, 2, 4:10, and 7 P. M.

For Lambertville, 9:30 A. M., 2, 4:10 and 5 P. M.

For Flemington, Phillipsburg, and Belvidere, 9:30 A. M., and 2 P. M.

For Mercer and Somerset Branch, 3 P. M.

For Trenton, Bordentown, Burlington, and Camden, 7:30 and 9:30 A. M., 12:30, 2, 4, 5, and 7 P. M.

For Freehold, 7:30 A. M., 2, 3, and 4:10 P. M.

For Farmingdale and Squan, 7:30 A. M and 2 P. M.

For Farmingdale, on Saturdays only, 7 P. M.

For Hightstown, Pemberton, and Camden, via Perth Amboy, 2:30 P. M.

For Hightstown and Pemberton, 6 A. M.

Trains arrive as follows: From Pittsburg, 6:55 and 10:30 A. M. and 9:20 P. M., daily; 1:05 A. M. and 6:30 P. M., daily, except Monday. From Washington and Baltimore, 6:20 A. M., 4:15, 5:15, and 10:27 P. M. Sunday 6:20 A. M. and 10:27 P. M. From Philadelphia, 5:10, 6:20, 6:55, 10:15, 11:20, 11:54 A. M., 2:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:10, 6:50, 7:35, 8:44, 9:20, 10:27 P. M. Sunday 5:10, 6:20, 6:55, 11:54 A. M., 6:50, 9:20, and 10:27 P. M.

Ticket Offices, Nos. 526 and 944 Broadway, No. 1 Astor House, and foot of Desbrosses and Courtlandt sts.; No. 4 Court st., Brooklyn; Nos. 114, 116, and 118 Hudson st., Hoboken. Emigrant Ticket Office, No. 8 Battery place.

FRANK THOMSON, General Manager. D. M. BOYD, Jr., General Passenger Agent

### CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW JERSEY, ALLENTOWN LINE TO THE WEST.

Passenger and freight station in New-York, foot of Liberty st. Connects at Somerville with South Branch Railroad; at Hampton Junction with Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad; at Phillipsburg with Lehigh and Susquehanna Division; also with Lehigh Valley Railroad. Direct line to Harrisburg, Pittsburg, and the West; also to Central Pennsylvania and New-York State.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Commencing May 31, 1875.—Leave New-York as follows: 5:30 A. M.—News Train for Easton, Bethlehem, Bath, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Tamaqua, Tamaqua, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, &c.

6:15 A. M.—Way train for Somerville and Flemington.

7:45 A. M.—Way train for Easton, connects at Junction with Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad.

9:15 A. M.—MORNING EXPRESS, daily, (except Sundays,) for Easton, Allentown, Harrisburg, and the West. Connects at Somerville for Flemington; at Easton for Mauch Chunk, Tamaqua, Towanda, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, &c., with through cars to Danville, Williamsport, and BUFFALO.

10:30 A. M.—Way Train for Easton, connects at Phillipsburg, for Belvidere.

12:45 P. M.—Express for Flemington, Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Tamaqua, Mahanoy City, Hazleton, Wilkesbarre, Reading, Columbia, Lancaster, Ephrata, Pottsville, Harrisburg, &c.

2:45 P. M.—EXPRESS for Easton, Belvidere, Bath, Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarre, and Scranton.

3:30 P. M.—Way Train for Plainfield.

4:00 P. M.—Way Train for Easton, Allentown, and Mauch Chunk. Connects at Junction with Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad.

4:30 P. M.—Way Train for Somerville and Flemington.

5:00 P. M.—Way Train for Somerville.

5:15 P. M.—For Plainfield.

5:30 P. M.—EVENING EXPRESS daily, for Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarre, Towanda, Reading, and Harrisburg.

6:00 P. M.—Way Train for Somerville.

6:30 P. M.—For Plainfield.

7:00 P. M.—Way Train for Somerville.

8:30 P. M.—For Easton.

9:30 P. M.—Way Train for Somerville.

12:00 P. M.—For Plainfield.

For Elizabeth, 5:30, 5:45, 6:40, 7:00, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:45, 9:15, 9:30, 10:30, 11:15, A. M.; 12:00 M.; 12:45, 1:00, 1:45, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:10, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:15, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:15, 12:00 P. M.

R. E. RICKER, Supt. and Eng.

H. P. BALDWIN, General Passenger Agent.

### NEW-YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—After June 27, 1875, through trains will leave Grand Central Depot:

8:00 A. M., Chicago and Northern Express, with drawing-room cars through to Rochester. Also Montreal, via Manchester, Vt.

9:00 A. M., Saratoga Special.

10:00 A. M., special Chicago Express, with 'drawing-room cars to Rochester, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls, arriving at Niagara Falls 11:25 P. M.

11:00 A. M., Northern and Western Express.

3:30 P. M., Saratoga Special, arriving at Saratoga 9:00 P. M.

4:00 P. M., Montreal Express, with sleeping cars from New-York to St. Albans, arriving at Montreal 8:50 A. M.

6:00 P. M., Express, daily, with sleeping cars, for Watertown and Canandaigua.

8:00 P. M., Pacific Express, daily, with sleeping cars, for Rochester, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls; also for Chicago, via both L. S. and M. C. Railroads.

11:15 P. M., Express, with sleeping cars, for Albany, Troy, and Saratoga, arriving at Saratoga 6:30 Sunday morning. Way trains as per local Time Table.

C. H. SENDERICK, General Passenger Agent.

### LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD—SUMMER Arrangement—June 28, 1875—Depots foot of Cortlandt and Desbrosses sts.

8:40 A. M. train, through to Elmira, stopping at New-Market, Bound Brook, Phillipsburg, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, White Haven, Wilkesbarre, Pittston, Towanda, and intermediate stations; also connects with trains for Reading, Harrisburg, and Pottsville.

12:50 P. M. train, through to Tunkhannock, stopping at the principal intermediate stations. This train has connection also for Mahanoy City, Hazleton, Reading, Pottsville, and Harrisburg.

4 P. M. train, through to Mauch Chunk, stopping at all intermediate stations.

6:30 P. M. train, Night Express, daily, for all principal stations, and connects with trains for Ithaca, Auburn, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge, and the West. Pullman's sleeping coaches attached to this train.

ROBERT H. SAYRE, Superintendent and Engineer.

### ERIE RAILWAY.

Summer Arrangement of through trains June, 1875. From Chambers Street Depot. (For 23d st. see note below.)

9:00 A. M., daily, except Sundays, Cincinnati and Chicago Day Express. Drawing-room coaches to Buffalo and sleeping coaches to Cincinnati and Detroit.

10:45 A. M., daily, except Sundays, Express Mail for Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Sleeping coach to Buffalo.

7:00 P. M., daily. Pacific Express to the West. Sleeping coaches through to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Cincinnati, Detroit, and Chicago without change.

7:00 P. M., except Sundays, Western Emigrant train. Above trains leave Twenty-third Street Ferry at 8:15 and 10:15 A. M., and 6:45 P. M.

For local trains, see time-tables and cards in hotels and depots.

JNO. N. ABBOTT, General Passenger Agent.

### DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD.—Foot of Barclay and Christopher sts.; 8:10 A. M. train, with drawing-room cars attached, via Paterson and Boonton, for Manunka Chunk, Portland, Water Gap, Stroudsburg, Scranton, Carbondale, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Great Bend, Binghamton, Oxford, Norwich, Richfield Springs, Cortland, Homer and Syracuse.

12 M. Easton express for Oxford, Manunka Chunk, Portland, Water Gap and Stroudsburg.

4:10 P. M. Binghamton express, with drawing-room cars attached, stopping at principal stations.

Above trains connect with Sussex Railroad for Andover, Newton, &c., and also make connections for Lake Hopatcong, Budd's Lake and Schooley's Mountain.

## EXCURSIONS.

### GRAND MOONLIGHT EXCURSION ON THE NORTH RIVER.

TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 20,

STEAMER GENERAL SEDGWICK

will leave Pier No. 24, East River, (Peck slip,) New York, at 7:30 P. M.; Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, 7:45; foot of 34th st., North River, New-York, at 8 o'clock, returning to the City about 11 P. M.

NUMBER OF TICKETS LIMITED.

NO LIQUORS SOLD ON BOARD.

MUSIC. TICKETS, 75 CENTS.

### DAILY EXCURSIONS THROUGH THE charming scenery of the East River, Lower Sound, and Hempstead Harbor to Long Island.—The popular steamer THOS. P. WAY has been chartered for the season by the Sea Cliff Association, and will make two trips daily, Sundays excepted. Time, 90 minutes. Will leave pier foot of Grand st., East River, at 9:15 and 5 P. M., leaves Sea Cliff at 7 A. M. and 2:45, (and Saturdays 7 P. M.,) touching at Whitestone on the 7 A. M. and 5 P. M. trips, and 33d st. on all trips.

The delightfully located Sea Cliff House, with accommodation for 700 guests, is now open, where sojourners are free from the pernicious influences common at fashionable watering-places, and yet enjoy all healthful land and water recreation and sport at very reasonable rates.

For hotel particulars address M. H. CLINTON, Sea Cliff, Long Island. Excursions, parties of Sunday-schools, church and temperance societies. For boat and grove address

No. 203 Canal st., New-York.

### PLEASURE EXCURSIONS.

The steam-boats WATER LILY and OSSEO will be chartered on moderate terms and short notice to respectable parties. If desired, a private picnic ground can be had in connection with the boats. Apply to Capt. S. BULLOCK, Morris Landing on Harlem River, (on board the boats,) or to Morrisania Post Office, care of L. G. MORRIS.

N. B.—Above boats are also for sale.

### SUNDAY EXCURSION FOR GLEN COVE and Roslyn, landing at College Point, Whitestone, Great Neck, City Island, Sands' Point, and Glen Wood.—The elegant steamer SEAWANHAKA will leave Pier No. 24 East River (Peck slip) on SUNDAY, July 18, at 9 A. M.; 9th st., 9:05, and 33d st., East River, at 9:15, for the above landings, and returning to the City about 6 P. M. Dinner and refreshments on board.

### REGULAR SUNDAY MORNING BOAT FOR Newburg, landing at Yonkers, Iona Island, West Point, Cold Spring, and Cornwall. The favorite steamer LONG BRANCH, (formerly the Sleepy Hollow,) Capt. JOHN LYNCH, leaves Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, at 8 A. M.; West 10th st., North River at 8:30, and 23d st., North River, at 9 A. M. Fare for the excursion, $1.

### FOR EXCURSIONS.—THE LARGE, FIRST-class, favorite STEAM-BOATS SLEEPY HOLLOW, now called the LONG BRANCH, and METAMORA; Dudley's, Alderney, Spring Hill, Myers', Alpine, and Iona Island Groves, with barges and boats of all kinds. J. & E. MYERS, corner of Morton and West sts.

## EXCURSIONS.

### Grand Moonlight Excursion

Up the Classic Hudson and Return,

ON

TUESDAY EVENING,, July 20,

BY THE MAGNIFICENT STE

# LOCAL MISCELLANY.

## RIFLE SHOOTING AT CREEDMOOR.

SECOND COMPETITION FOR THE LUTHER BADGE—MR. L. GEIGER THE WINNER—THE SCORES IN DETAIL—OTHER MATCHES.

The second competition for the "Luther" badge took place at Creedmoor yesterday. There were only eight entries, as the contest was simply open to members of the Amateur Rifle Club. Had members of the National Rifle Association been eligible to compete for the trophy, the list would have been considerably larger, as there were fully two hundred individuals on the ground practicing at the several ranges, or watching the shooting. The conditions permitted the use of any rifle; distances, 800, 900, and 1,000 yards; position, any; two sighting and five scoring shots at each range. The wind was a source of considerable trouble to the marksmen from its unsteadiness. It blew "fresh" from the West across the line of fire while the match was in progress at the first two ranges, but increased to a gale during the contest at the 1,000-yard range, and the competitors at that distance found it necessary to "allow six points for a left wind," which was equivalent to taking aim at the left-hand side of the target six feet from the "bull's-eye." Mr. Geiger was the successful competitor upon a score of 64 out of a possible 75 points. It was previously won by Mr. Jewell upon a similar score, under more favorable conditions of weather. The latter shot well at the 800-yard range yesterday, and recorded a score of 24 out of a possible 25 at that distance. He was unable to do as well at the next range, however, and while at the 1,000 yards firing point received a blow in the face from the recoil of his gun, which made his withdrawal from the contest necessary. Mr. Farwell, who won the *Turf, Field and Farm* badge on the previous Saturday, although a superior shot at short ranges, is comparatively a novice at long distances, and Mr. Rathbone had never previously contested in a long-range match. Mr. Hennion shot with his customary steadiness, and was second in the list. Lieut. Anderson and Col. Valentine were considerably affected by the wind. Following are the scores in detail, the highest attainable number being seventy-five:

| | Yards. | Totals. |
|---|---|---|
| L. Geiger | 800..4 5 5 5 4—23 | |
| | 900..2 2 5 5 4—18 | |
| | 1,000..5 4 4 5 5—23—64 | |
| A. J. Hennion, Jr. | 800..3 5 3 4 5—20 | |
| | 900..3 4 3 2 3—15 | |
| | 1,000..0 5 4 2 2—16—52 | |
| R. Rathbone | 800..5 0 5 4 5—19 | |
| | 900..5 5 5 3 5—23 | |
| | 1,000..0 3 0 4 3—10—52 | |
| Lieut. A. Anderson | 800..4 4 3 2 4—17 | |
| | 900..5 3 3 4 3—18 | |
| | 1,000..4 0 3 0 0— 7—42 | |
| W. B. Farwell | 800..4 5 2 3 3—17 | |
| | 900..0 3 5 3 4—15 | |
| | 1,000..0 3 3 0 3— 9—41 | |
| F. Hyde | 800..0 0 0 0 0— 0 | |
| | 900..5 3 3 4 4—18 | |
| | 1,000..0 4 4 4 0—12—30 | |
| R. S. Jewell | 800..5 5 4 5 5—24 | |
| | 900..2 5 4 5 2—18 | |
| | 1,000..4 0 0 retired. | |
| Col. B. E. Valentine | 800..3 5 2 3—13 | |
| | 900..0 2 0 0 5— 7 | |
| | 1,000..R 5 3 retired. | |

The Seventh, Eighth, Twenty-second, and Twenty-third Regiments were largely represented at Creedmoor yesterday by members practicing for positions on regimental teams to contest in the Fall meeting of the National Rifle Association; the Irish-American Rifle Club held its usual weekly match for the badge; and a number of long-range marksmen, members of the National Rifle Association, practiced at the same ranges as those covered in the "Luther" match.

## THE SCHILLER VICTIMS.

ENORMOUS COST OF TRANSPORTING A BODY FROM THE SCENE OF THE WRECK—ARRIVAL OF THE REMAINS OF THE LATE MR. C. W. WALTER—THE BILL OF EXPENSES.

When the news of the wreck of the German steam-ship Schiller was received in New-York a member of the firm of Nichols, Walter & Nichols at once called at the office of the agents, Messrs. Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne, and requested that they would at once telegraph, at their [Nichols, Walter & Nichols'] expense, to the agent in charge at the Scilly Islands, directing the return to this country of the bodies of Mr. Charles W. Walter, a member of the firm; his two children, his mother-in-law, Mrs. Ridgeway; Mrs. Caverly and daughter, and an old colored nurse. The telegrams were sent at an expense of $25 to the firm. Of all the persons mentioned the bodies of only two were recovered, those of Mr. Walter and Mrs. Ridgeway. They were embalmed under the direction of the agents of the steam-ship company, and in due time forwarded to New-York, and the proper persons were informed of their arrival by Messrs. Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne. The firm of which Mr. Walter was a member, now doing business under the name of G. H. Nichols & Co., at No. 1 Moore street, at once took the necessary steps for the interment of his remains, and when they sent to the agents of the Schiller for the order for their delivery, were told that they would have to pay $400 before it could be given. A check was immediately drawn for the amount, although the firm considered the charge extremely exorbitant, and the order was delivered, and the remains were duly buried.

On July 7, the Messrs. Nichols received the following bill of expenses:

NEW-YORK, July 7, 1875.

Messrs. C. H. Nichols & Co.,
In account with Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne. Charges on body of Mr. C. W. Walter:

| | |
|---|---|
| To telegraph from Scilly regarding body | $18 75 |
| Cost of embalming body of Mr. Walter, prepaid freight, and other charges, as per attached account, £112 5 @ $5 75 | 645 44 |
| Custom-house fees, brokerage, and entry charges | 2 20 |
| Forwarding charges and postages | 2 56 |
| | $663 95 |
| Credit by cash | $400 00 |
| | $263 95 |

Received payment in full.
KNAUTH, NACHOD & CO.

To this bill the following curious vouchers were attached.

Messrs. Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne, New-York.
To Francis Bamfield & Sons, Lloyd's Agents, Scilly.
1875, June.—For cost of embalming the body of Mr. C. W. Walter, a passenger per Schiller, and forwarding to New-York

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| To paid John Roberts embalming as per bill | 81 | 14 | 6 |
| Freight of body, Liverpool to New-York | 20 | 16 | 7 |
| Telegrams, petties, stamps, &c | | 5 | 0 |
| Our commission on money payments, five per cent | 5 | 9 | 8 |
| Our charge for agency attending at undertaker's house, cleaning body, arranging for embalming and forwarding body to Liverpool, correspondence, &c | 8 | 8 | 0 |
| | 116 | 6 | 9 |
| Less commission off Roberts, embalmer's, bill, five per cent | 4 | 1 | 9 |
| | 112 | 5 | 0 |

SCILLY, 22d June, 1875. FALMOUTH, June, 1875.

Dr.—Messrs. Francis Bamfield & Sons, pro the executors of the late Mr. Walters. To John Roberts.

| 1875. | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| May 10 to 21—Embalming the body of the late Mr. Walters, including air-tight coffins for do | 18 | 10 | 0 |
| Expenses to and from Scilly, including railway, steam-boat fares, and lodgings | 5 | 10 | 0 |
| Removing body to operating room, and carriage of do. to steamer wharf | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| Laying out body and providing underclothing | 1 | 15 | 0 |
| Sheet | | 2 | 6 |
| Large lead coffin | 10 | 10 | 0 |
| Plumber's charges to Scilly, including railway, steam-boat fares, and lodgings | 1 | 15 | 0 |
| Massive outside coffin, moulded and polished | 12 | 10 | 0 |
| Four plated handles and plates | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Large packing case, 30s.; wrapper, 6s | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Packing coffins | 0 | 0 | 10 |
| Carriage of coffins to Scilly, including railway, steam-boat fares, wagon line and porterage | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| Carriage of corpse from Scilly to Falmouth, including steam-boat, railway, wagon line, porterage and warehousing | 6 | 10 | 0 |
| Carriage of body per railway from Falmouth to Liverpool | 12 | 10 | 0 |
| Man in charge of body from Penzance to Liverpool, including railway fares to and from, and hotel expenses | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| Paid out for telegrams to and from Scilly, Falmouth, London, and Liverpool | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| | £81 | 14 | 6 |

Received 21st June, 1875. JOHN ROBERTS.

LIVERPOOL, June, 1875.

Messrs. F. Bamfield & Sons, Scilly.
To Thomas Meadows & Co.

To freight and shipping expenses on the body of Mr. C. W. Walters, shipped per Manhattan, £20 16s. 7d.
Paid per check, June 10, 1875.
THOMAS MEADOWS & CO.

It is understood that a substantially similar amount of expenses was charged on the body of Mrs. Ridgeway, which was taken charge of by the Administrators of her estate, and that many other persons in this City have paid like sums for the return of the remains of their friends.

## RECOVERY OF THE PERSONAL EFFECTS OF THE VICTIMS.

A gentleman of this City who had occasion to make inquiry in regard to the personal effects of one of the victims of the Schiller wrote to Mr. Henry Fox, the Consul of the United States at Plymouth, asking for information. Mr. Fox referred his letter to Mr. T. J. Buxton, the United States Consular Agent at Scilly, who sent the following reply, which was received a day or two ago:

UNITED STATES CONSULATE,
SCILLY, July 5, 1875.

DEAR SIR: Our mutual friend Mr. Henry Fox, the United States Consul at Plymouth, has sent me a copy of your letter to him of the 25th ult., and in reply I have to inform you that the effects found on the body of your late brother, as well as those found on other bodies, together with the trunks of wearing apparel, &c., &c., were sent some time ago to Hamburg, to be forwarded direct to New-York by one of the Hamburg-American mail steamers. The legal representatives of the deceased should, therefore, apply to the New-York agents of the steamers, or the German consul, and claim the same. Do not hesitate to write to me in case I can be of any service to you.

Yours, faithfully,
T. J. BUXTON,
United States Consular Agent.

## IMMIGRATION AFFAIRS INVESTIGATED.

MEETING OF THE LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE AT CASTLE GARDEN — EXPENSES OF WARD'S ISLAND—THE REDUCTION OF HEAD MONEY.

The Legislative Committee intrusted with the investigation of the affairs of the Quarantine and Emigration Departments met again yesterday morning at Castle Garden. The members of the committee present were Messrs. McGuire, Alvord, Waehner, Vosberg, and Gedney. Commissioners Forrest and Maujer were in attendance in the interest of the department. The examination of Mr. Jackson, the Secretary of the Immigration Commission, was resumed. He stated that the cost of the Catholic chapel on Ward's Island was $34,177 37, independent of $1,000 which was paid to the architect. The contracts were awarded upon advertising bids to Charles O'Connor for mason work, Brigham & Casey for carpenter work, and George Merklee for supplying the heating apparatus. He presented, according to requisition, a transcript of the cost of building the Lunatic Asylum. The contract for the sea wall was dated Jan. 25, 1870, and was awarded to Andrew Clarke at the rate of sixty-three cents to per cubic foot. The wall is banked up with clay. The witness said he was not acquainted with Mr. Clarke; the contract was signed by James W. Husted, Chairman of that committee. The last payment for the work was made in 1871. Mr. Jackson presented a certified letter from the Superintendent of the sea wall, showing that there was built 79,496 cubic feet. Mr. O'Neill, the architect, and Mr. Serrell, the surveyor, were both dead. He had no knowledge of the making of the contract, or of the building of the wall. He did not look up the minutes to see if each payment was accompanied by an estimate of the work done, the amount to be determined by the specifications of the contract. A discussion arose with respect to the general management of the department, and Mr. Alvord took occasion to condemn, in general terms, the contract system observed by the Commissioners. The Secretary reported that in 1870 the expenses for Ward's Island was $189,665 44, or a daily cost of thirty-eight cents; in 1871 it was $199,848 75, or a daily cost of thirty-eight cents; 1872 it was $180,-516 10, daily cost thirty cents; 1873, $170,582 10, daily cost thirty-one cents; 1874, $101,529 72, daily cost forty-seven cents. The Secretary attributed the increase to increased hospital care.

The reduction of head money in 1871 from $2 50 to $1 50 was done at the recommendation of the commissioners. The steam-ship companies were opposed to the reduction from $2 50, while on the other hand the shipping interest were in favor of it. The witness knew that there was considerable opposition to the reduction on the part of the steam-ship companies, which was manifested at the time. He did not think that the reduction had the effect of reducing or increasing emigration. Neither was the result that of lowering or increasing the price of passage money. On motion of Assemblyman Vosburg, the committee adjourned until Monday morning at 10:30 o'clock.

## A NEW FISH FOR GERMANY.

SHIPMENT OF 500,000 SHAD EGGS BY THE MOSEL—THE SPAWN TO BE HATCHED ON THE VOYAGE—HOPES OF A SUCCESSFUL RESULT.

Prof. Spencer F. Baird, the United States Commissioner of Fisheries, shipped 500,000 shad eggs to Germany yesterday by the steamer Mosel, of the North German Line. The eggs are packed in four small boxes, each containing thirteen layers or trays. Each tray is lined with cotton flannel, and upon this the eggs are placed. The four boxes are stowed in two larger boxes, which are surrounded with a layer of ice and shavings six inches in thickness. In this way the eggs will be protected against the heat until the period of hatching arrives. This will occur when the steamer is six or seven days out. Previous to the hatching the roe will be taken from the boxes and placed in large tin cans of water, arranged with a funnel apparatus at the top for the admission of air. When the operation is completed the young spawn will be transferred to a second series of tin vessels, about the size and shape of ordinary milk cans, in which they will remain half way on the other side. These fish, which are sent by the American Government in recognition of a similar courtesy on the part of the German authorities, are intended to be the means of introducing new varieties into the waters of that country. On reaching their destination they will be deposited in the River Weser, at a considerable distance from its mouth. Messrs. Monroe, Green, and Harrison Weldon, who go on board the Mosel in charge of the fish, are very hopeful of the success of the experiment, and feel confident that a very large proportion of the young spawn will reach Germany alive. Past attempts of this kind have failed they say from the impossibility of the fish surviving the length of time required for an ocean passage. By the adoption of the present method of transportation in the egg, and hatching them when two-thirds of the way across the difficulties of the old system are obviated. The eggs in the present instance are taken from the nurseries of the Commissioners on the Connecticut River, and are of the most approved breeds.

## RETURN OF THE COLUMBIA CREW.

The Columbia College boat crew returned to the City from Saratoga yesterday afternoon, accompanied only by some of their college friends. A few others met them at the Grand Central Depot, but there was no attempt at any reception. This was partly due to the fact that a majority of the college alumni are at present out of the City. This fact was telegraphed to the crew before they left Saratoga, and they were not disappointed in their reception here. The boats were placed in one of the Harlem trains and early in the afternoon were safely housed in the club-house on the Harlem River, and soon after the members of the crew were enjoying a salt-water bath, a pleasure which has for some weeks been denied them. The members of the other boating clubs gathered in Columbia's house, and congratulated the boys upon making a good second in the race, but to all such remarks, Goodwin, the Captain, only replied, "There's only one place in such a race—the lead. The Cornellians won, and they alone deserve all the honor." In conversation with a TIMES reporter, Goodwin remarked that the crew was fully equal to that of last year, and in their practice made better time than that of last year. In the race, beyond pulling in rough water, they labored under other disadvantages. For a week previous they had been unable to practice at all, as Murphy, No. 3, on account of a sore, had been unable to use his oar. This fact he looked upon as having lost them the race, as considerable time was wasted before the crew got to working well together. It was not until they had made the first mile that they were able to work as a unit, and by that time they had got so far behind that the race was virtually lost to them. The spurt made in the last two miles he looked upon as demonstrating the real worth of the crew, and a possibility of a better position at the finish, had it not been for the delay in the beginning.

## CARELESSNESS ON THE FOURTH AVENUE IMPROVEMENT.

The carelessness of the gang of men at work on the Fourth avenue improvement, at Fifty-fifth street, came very near occasioning a serious accident yesterday afternoon to one of the outward bound Harlem trains. At the time the 4:05 P. M. William's Bridge train passed into the cut, the men were placing in position on the wall, with the derrick, a huge block of granite. Suddenly the stay-rope gave way, or was let go, and the block swung out over the track. The engineer whistled down the brakes, but it was impossible to stop the train on the down grade, and as it passed the block first struck the baggage car, doing little damage however. Rebounding it skipped three passenger cars, striking the fourth, tearing a hole just beneath the seat two or three feet in diameter, throwing splinters in all directions. Swinging again, it struck the sixth and last car, breaking in the side of the car for a distance of six or eight feet. Luckily the only persons in this car were the members of the Columbia College crew, with their boats, and they all in the rear end. The floor of this car was covered with glass and splinters. Had the rock struck a little higher on the fourth car, undoubtedly many would have been hurt, as it was crowded at the time. The train was stopped for a moment, but, no material damage being done, immediately proceeded on its way. At the Grand Central depot the accident was attributed wholly to the carelessness of the workmen, although in explanation they stated that the rope broke with which the block was placed in position, but this is not considered as any excuse whatever. It is argued that when they saw that all control of the block was lost, and there was danger of injury to the approaching train, it would have been very easy to let go the windlass, and drop the block to the ground, and thus avoid all possibility of accident. There was considerable excitement in the passenger car, the blow so quickly succeeding the shrill whistle of the engine, but it was quickly allayed when the matter was explained.

## THE NEW-YORK AND LONG ISLAND BRIDGE.

Surveys and soundings are being made by Mr. G. E. Harding, engineer in charge of the New-York and Long Island Bridge. The total length of the bridge will be two miles. From Third avenue, in New-York, the bridge railroad will connect with the New-York Central and Hudson River tracks through a tunnel under East Seventy-seventh street, and it will connect with the railroad system of Long Island at Graham avenue and Lockwood street, in Long Island City. The longest spans will be 715, 600, 367, 320, and 300 feet in length.

## MINIATURE YACHTING.

A PLEASANT DAY IN PROSPECT PARK—LARGE ATTENDANCE AT THE LAKE—FINE REGATTAS SAILED — THE ECLIPSE DECLARED THE CHAMPION.

Yesterday was a gala day at Prospect Park and one of the best day's sport since the opening of the season was enjoyed. A splendid west wind was blowing, and the day being very sultry in the city, hundreds sought rest and fresh air in the park. The vicinity of the large lake was thronged all the afternoon with those who have come to consider miniature yachting as one of the fixed features of amusement during the Summer. The scene on the lake was most animated, many of the best yachts of the various fleets being out, accompanied by their owners in row-boats. The great event of the day was to have been the sailing of a union regatta for the champion pennant offered by Capt. John Coles, which was won by Mr. William Northrup's Millie two weeks ago yesterday. The terms upon which the pennant was first offered were that it was to be sailed for every two weeks during the Summer, open to competition by all boats subject to certain restrictions as to topsails, bulwarks, &c., only, with no time allowance on account of size of boat. Yesterday, however, there were only three entries—Mr. Good's America, Mr. Northrup's Millie, and Mr. Cole's Tudie—and there being no one present of the American Model Yacht Association authorized to take charge of the regatta, it went by default, and the Millie remains champion of the lake, so far as the possession of the champion pennant is concerned, for two weeks longer, at least. Notwithstanding all this, the visitors at the lake were not deprived of the fun of witnessing a series of races, and some of the finest contests of the season were sailed during the afternoon. The first race was between Mr. Kershaw's Kate and Henrietta, Mr. Knowles' Young Greek, and Mr. Good's America. The wind being due west, and the race a beat to windward, the course was from the dock to the path at the western side of the lake, which is one of the most interesting routes the boats can take, starting them in full view of the spectators on Club Island, on the east, and taking them down past that point of observation, to the windward point, in full view of the island, on the west shore of the lake. The yachts were started on the port tack, except the Kate, which went away like a shot on the starboard tack, and stood well down toward the northern shore. She lost ground, however, by this manœuvre, as the Young Greek weathered her handsomely on the homestretch, as did also the Henretta on the third port tack, the Young Greek coming in first, the Henrietta second, and the Kate third, the America bringing up the rear.

In the second race Mr. A. J. Dayton's Albatross and Mr. S. S. Dayton's Eclipse were added to the fleet, which started, the course being the same, and all the yachts getting off together on the port tack. The Eclipse started to leeward of all the others, the Young Greek having the next position to her, and before the first stake-boat stretch was finished it was apparent that the race was virtually between these two. When they went about on the second port tack the Eclipse weathered the Young Greek gaining considerably upon her, but her advantage was only temporary, for on the next stretch the Young Greek weathered the Eclipse, which seemed in some way to lose all power of locomotion, and stood shaking in the wind for as much as a minute, while her competitor was spinning across her bows at a rattling pace. This settled the race, the Young Greek coming in first, the Eclipse second, the Albatross third, and the others straggling along in such a manner as to be deemed virtually out of the race.

In the third race Mr. Meyer's Wing and Wing, Mr. Northrup's Millie, and Mr. George Dayton's Hercules were added to the starters, and the interest in the contest became correspondingly augmented. The Hercules had come up at an exciting rate of speed before the wind, under the guidance of a new steering apparatus recently invented by her owner, and her progress had been watched with much interest by everybody within range, and as her mainsail had to be set for a beat to windward, she was late in getting under way and started considerably in the rear of the others. This being the first competition the Wing and Wing has entered into since she was altered into a schooner, her performance was watched with more than ordinary interest. The Millie was also a little late in starting, and when she entered the list she started off on the starboard tack so as to accommodate the other yachts, which seemed to be all going in that direction. Not so, however, the Wing and Wing, she was going with all speed under a stiff breeze, on the port tack, and meeting the Millie about half way down the stretch the two collided, the Wing and Wing running her jibboom between the Millie's mainsail and foresail, carrying away the latter and putting them both out of the race. This time the Eclipse weathered the Young Greek on both tacks by a good hundred feet. On the third port tack the Albatross weathered the Hercules and the Young Greek weathered the Albatross. At the finish the Eclipse was first, the Young Greek second, the Hercules third, the Albatross fourth, and the America fifth.

In the fourth race five boats started—the Albatross to windward, the Eclipse second, the Young Greek third, the Wing and Wing fourth, and the Millie to leeward. They all went away again on the port tack. On the first starboard tack the Young Greek weathered the Wing and Wing 100 yards, while on the second starboard tack the Eclipse weathered the Young Greek ten yards, and the Young Greek weathered the Albatross fifty yards. On the third tack the Eclipse was fifty yards ahead of the Young Greek, weathering the Millie on the third port tack. The yachts reached home in the following order: Eclipse first, Young Greek second, Millie third, Albatross fourth.

The same yachts started for the fifth struggle, but the judges and members of the press who had been following the yachts all the afternoon in the sloop belonging to some of the park authorities, and which had been kindly placed at their disposal by Mr. Robert Kelly, the keeper of the lake, had ventured up what seemed to be an open highway for the purpose of discovering whether it was an island or not, and coming suddenly to an abrupt termination of the ditch, found themselves caught in narrow waters, and experienced considerable trouble in bringing their vessel back to open water again. They thus lost the beginning and progress of the race, but were back in time to witness the finish, the Eclipse again coming in first, the Millie second, the Young Greek third, the Hercules fourth, the Albatross fifth, and the America and Wing and Wing distanced. The Eclipse was voted the champion and the afternoon's sport the best of the season.

Some of the well-known frequenters of the lake are to be absent for the coming few weeks—Mr. Grant, the owner of the Adirondack, being away with his family, and Capt. Stephenson, owner of the Dream and the Vision, intending to start on his annual Summer cruise on Monday. Mr. Robert Kelly, the keeper of the lake, expects to resign his position soon to take an appointment on the Brooklyn Police. This is generally regretted, as he has proved his usefulness in his present position in the saving of many a venturesome youngster from drowning; and on Monday last a horse driven by two ladies became unmanageable and ran at a frightful speed in the direction of the lake, and would have ended by precipitating the occupants of the carriage into the water but for the timely interference of Mr. Kelly.

On Wednesday next the third regatta of the season takes place at Central Park. Several prizes will be sailed for.

## THE PALESTINE EXPLORATION SOCIETY'S SECOND EXPEDITION.

The exploring party, under command of Col James C. Lane, which left this City last month, have arrived safely in London, where they have received many attentions and cordial greetings from British scholars and scientists. The officers and members of the English society, whose surveys and explorations west of the Jordan are being prosecuted in friendly co-operation with those undertaken by the Americans on the east of that river, have proferred Col. Lane and his party valuable information and assistance. This great archæological and geographical enterprise will now be pushed forward with vigor by both societies. The American society suspended operations in the field for a season, partly from lack of funds and partly for other reasons. A few months ago a new interest was awakened in its behalf by the earnest efforts of Charles Stewart Smith, of this City, whose subscription of $1,000 to the fund and friendly challenge to other gentlemen of wealth and culture in this City and Boston to do likewise have resulted in a large addition to the funds of the society. The office is removed to Van Lennip's, at No. 44 West Twelfth street, at which publications and information may be obtained of Rev. O. S. St. John, Financial Secretary.

## ATHLETIC SPORTS AT MOTT HAVEN.

A meeting of the New-York Athletic Club was held yesterday afternoon on their grounds in Mott Haven. The principal event of the meeting was a half-mile running race for the championship of the club and the champion's medal. Mr. W. E. Sinclair entered for the race against Mr. M. E. Burris, the champion for some years past, and from the first it was evident that the medal would change hands. Burris completed one round of the track, however, and then gave up the contest. Sinclair kept on running well and showing no distress. As he completed the second round and started on the third and last, Burris again ran with him in order to assist him in making good time by giving him the spur of competition. Sinclair was declared champion of the club, having completed his half mile in 2 minutes and 12 seconds.

A handicap race of a quarter of a mile was then run by Messrs. W. L. Stone and J. P. Fannon, Fannon giving his opponent thirty feet start. Notwithstanding his opponent's advantage, Fannon won the race in 57½ seconds. Another handicap race of 100 yards was then arranged, for which there were three entries, Mr. A. H. Curtis, Mr. E. Goldsmith, and Mr. C. J. Williams, of the London Athletic Club. Mr. Goldsmith was given fifteen feet start and won the race in 11½ seconds, Mr. Curtis coming in second, and Mr. Williams being a bad third.

# CITY AND SUBURBAN NEWS.

## NEW-YORK.

The arrests by the Police last week numbered 2,016.

Major Hart, of the Mayor's office, granted 232 permits last week, for which he received $301.

The Board of Supervisors will meet on Thursday to confirm the tax rolls for 1875-6.

Marshal John Tyler Kelly issued 292 licenses last week. The amount received was $2 252 25.

The total amount of Croton rents, penalties, &c., received last week was $91,452 13.

Julia Sullivan, aged two years, fell from a fire-escape on the fourth-story of No. 69 Baxter street, and received serious injuries.

John Rogers, aged three years, fell out of a third-story window of his parents' residence, No. 767 Washington street, and was fatally injured.

Mrs. Mary Shaw, aged seventy years, died at St. Luke's Hospital yesterday from the effects of burns received at her residence, No. 172 St. Mark's place, some weeks ago.

Pat rolman Thomas J. Fitch, of the Fourth Precinct, died yesterday from disease of the heart and general debility. Coroner Woltman will hold an inquest.

John Lowery, aged forty, of No. 17 Monroe street, while intoxicated, fell into the basement of a building in Elizabeth street, yesterday, and received serious injuries.

There were reported at the Bureau of Vital Statistics during the past week 890 deaths, 454 births, and 113 marriages, showing an increase of 147 deaths and 8 births, and a decrease of 25 marriages, as compared with the preceding week.

Henry S. Kimball, aged forty-seven, of Fifty-fifth street and First avenue, a druggist, while temporarily insane, committed suicide yesterday by taking morphine. Coroner Woltman will investigate the case.

The body of George Wilson, aged twelve years, of No. 26 New Chambers street, who was drowned at the foot of Market street, East River, on the 13th inst., was recovered yesterday, and Coroner Woltman was notified to hold an inquest.

The steamer General Sedgwick will make a moonlight excursion on Tuesday evening next, up the North River. As the number of tickets are limited, and no liquor will be for sale on board, a pleasant time is anticipated.

The census returns continue to come in slowly at the County Clerk's office, and it is a matter of some doubt now when they will be complete. Four or five of the enumerators handed in their returns yesterday, but an examination shows that there are yet about fifty backward in their work.

Col. Sidney D. Maxwell, the Superintendent of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, visited the floor of the New-York Produce Exchange, yesterday, and was warmly welcomed by a large number of the members with whom he was personally acquainted.

The business of the Excise Department during last week was as follows: Monday, 40 applications, $2,370; Tuesday, 29 applications, $1,560; Wednesday, 30 applications, $1,555; Thursday, 19 applications, $1,035; Friday, 15 applications, $875; Saturday, 14 applications, $765; total, $8,160.

Martin Tracey, aged forty-five, of No. 223 East Fifty-eighth street, and Martin Wheatley, aged twenty-eight, of Fifty-fifth street and Tenth avenue, were severely injured yesterday by the premature explosion of a blast in Fifty-sixth street near Sixth avenue. They were cared for at St. Luke's Hospital.

The abstract report of the Central Park Meteorological Observatory for the week ending yesterday, gives the range of the barometer during the week as .280 inches, the range of the thermometer as 22 degrees, the amount of rain-water fallen during the week, 53 inches, and the distance traveled by the wind, 752 miles.

The failure of Messrs. T. J. Daly & Co., tea-merchants, of Water street, has been announced. It is said that the creditors of the firm are mostly bankers, and that the full amount of their liabilities cannot be learned until they receive further advices from London. They say that they will soon be able to furnish their creditors with a statement—probably within two weeks.

Commissioner Fitz John Porter announced yesterday that he would discharge all the large and small pipe men to-morrow, the appropriation for paying them being exhausted, and the Board of Aldermen having failed to authorize an additional one. Alderman Morris, however, states that there was nearly $200,000 to the credit of Commissioner Porter's department about a month ago.

The canal-boat, Jenny Billings, which was seized some days ago by the Custom-house authorities, was released yesterday. The seizure was made because a cargo of lumber imported from Canada on this boat had been landed without the payment of the proper duties, and that no permit had been taken out at the Custom-house. The matter was referred to the Secretary of the Treasury, who yesterday ordered the release of the boat, on the ground that it did not appear that there had been any willful violation of the law.

Following are the arrivals of passengers at Castle Garden during the past week: Per steam-ship P. Caland, from Rottendam, 30; per steam-ship Adriatic, from Liverpool, 225; per steam-ship Spain, from Liverpool, 281; per steam-ship City of Montreal, from Liverpool, 249; per steam-ship Canada, from London, 79; per steam-ship Frisia, from Hamburg, 230; per steam-ship Idaho, from Liverpool, 826; per steam-ship L'Amerique, from Havre, 114; per steam-ship Algeria, from Liverpool, 134; per steam-ship California, from Glasgow, 183; and per steam-ship Donau, from Bremen, 251. Total, 2,602.

The steamer Plymouth Rock succeeded, yesterday afternoon, in landing passengers upon the new wharf in front of the East End Hotel, at Long Branch. Two or three gentlemen were also received on board the steamer. The success of the attempt created considerable excitement, and was made the occasion for cannon-firing, bell-ringing, dipping of the flags of the hotels, and cheering of the hundreds of people gathered on the beach. The pier is in an unfinished state, but the builders are confident that it will be in readiness for regular passenger traffic in about two weeks. There are many, however, who doubt the feasibility of the enterprise, as it is possible the first heavy storm will destroy the structure.

## BROOKLYN.

The Police made 530 arrests during the past week.

During the past week the taxes collected amounted to $69,692 39.

The open-air concert in Prospect Park yesterday afternoon was largely attended.

Andrew Hickey, aged eleven, of No. 411 Smith street, was drowned yesterday morning while bathing in the Gowanus Canal, at the foot of Huntington street. The body was recovered.

Burglars forced their way into the residence of Mr. Benham, at No. 286 Clermont avenue, some time during Friday night, and carried away a small quantity of plate.

On Wednesday next the managers of the Fresh Air Fund will give their first picnic. Poor children to the number of 1,000 will be taken up the Hudson, and a lunch will be provided for them at Excelsior Grove.

The "Temperance Brotherhood of Christian Churches" propose to make a raid on the liquor-dealers of East New-York to-day. Many complaints of flagrant violations of the Excise law have been recently made by the respectable residents of that section.

Michael Gilligan was committed by Justice Delmar, yesterday, for felonious assault on John Murphy, of No. 85 Sackett street. Gilligan stabbed Murphy three times with a pocket-knife. The wounded man is being cared for in the Long Island College Hospital.

Frank Flaherty, aged twenty-seven, fell from a scaffold on the fourth story of the brick building of Havemeyer & Co., corner of South Fifth and First streets, yesterday, and was instantly killed. His body was taken to his late residence, at the corner of Classon and Myrtle avenues.

A number of gentlemen representing the Twenty-fifth Ward Improvement Association called on the Police Commissioners yesterday and asked for additional Police protection for that part of the city. Commissioner Briggs thought the request of the association was reasonable, and promised to communicate with the Common Council on the subject.

A pair of youthful highwaymen attacked Timothy Desmond, aged nine years, at the corner of Wolcott and Van Brunt streets yesterday, and took from him a two-dollar bill which he had been given to make some purchases, by his aunt. The robbers, both of whom escaped, were boys little older than Desmond.

It is rumored that Cornelius J. Ferguson, one of the Charity Commissioners whose conviction for malfeasance in office was reversed by the Court of Appeals on technical grounds, has been appointed by Gov. Tilden Shore Inspector at a salary of $50 a week. The duties of the office involve the keeping the water front of Kings County clear of offal and dead animals.

## LONG ISLAND.

The Southern Railroad Company are now making settlements with persons who received injuries by the recent collision.

One of the deck-hands of the Astoria Ferry, named Blom, mounted a horse belonging to a cattle-driver, which had been placed on the boat, and, grasping the bridle, gave him a sudden jerk. The animal reared and fell backward, crushing its rider underneath. Blom was taken up insensible and conveyed to his home, where he remained in great agony until yesterday, when he died. An inquest was held, when a verdict was rendered in accordance with the above facts.

Messrs. Martin G. Johnson, George L. Peck, C. Edwards, and James A. Fleury, of Jamaica, have been appointed a committee to solicit subscriptions to the capital stock of the proposed Bay Ridge and Jamaica Railroad, which will have its terminus at Jamaica Village.

Ira Shattock, aged nine, residing in Newtown, by some means obtained possession of a pistol and, pointing it at a group of children who were playing, discharged it, the ball entering the breast of Thomas Riker, aged four. The ball is believed to have lodged somewhere near the spine and his recovery is considered doubtful.

## WESTCHESTER COUNTY.

Gen. Newton is at present surveying the entrance to Echo Bay, New-Rochelle, with a view of removing the obstructions there.

The official returns of the census enumerators of Yonkers put down the population of that city as follows: First Ward, 4,500; Second Ward, 6,251; Third Ward, 5,655; Fourth Ward, 906. Total, 17,312. In 1865 the population was 12,769.

## NEW-JERSEY.

The two Police Courts of Jersey City returned $2,265 to the city as proceeds from fines imposed on prisoners during June.

The members of the First Presbyterian Church in Rahway will make a centennial thank-offering by paying off the $10,000 debt on their church.

The Twenty-second annual convention of the State Teachers' Association will be held in Trenton on August 24 and 25.

The body of Andrew Brown, of Scotch Plains, who died under suspicious circumstances, has been disinterred, and a post-mortem examination was held by County Physician Terrill. Nothing of a suspicious nature was found.

The Hudson County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will prosecute the North Hudson Horse Car Railroad Company for allowing a horse to be driven with a running sore on its neck.

Patrick Peyton, of Orange, while at a Hibernian picnic in Newark, yesterday, attempted to vault over a bar, but tripped, fell, and sustained a compound fracture of the ankle.

On Friday night Francis Gerth, a mere boy, attempted to carry a keg of beer to the basement of his father's saloon, in Market street, Newark. The keg slipped and he fell, and the keg fell upon his chest, inflicting serious internal injuries.

A saloon-keeper named Roundtree, residing on Newark avenue, Jersey City, died yesterday from too much alcohol. He was a raving maniac for two days before his death, and roamed the streets roaring like a wild beast.

The people of Montrose, Orange, are excited by the sudden flight of A. F. Carman, of that place, on Friday, with all his family. He leaves creditors to whom his aggregate indebtedness amounts to nearly $2,000.

The committee appointed by the French residents of Newark to arrange a series of entertainments in aid of the sufferers by the floods in France have arranged an excursion and theatrical exhibition to take place at early dates.

Just before midnight on Friday night Mr. Jacob Hoffmeister and his son returned to their residence on Palisade avenue, Union Hill, and met two burglars in the yard. The Hoffmeisters captured the burglars, and, after giving them a severe thrubbing, let them go.

Late on Friday night, in Meckert's stable, in Guttenberg, the foreman accidentally set fire to a horse's tail and the animal was severely burned before the astounded man could extinguish the flames. The screams of the tortured animal were heard half a mile away.

John J. Hawthorne, a confectioner, doing business at No. 93 Sheffield street, Newark, was arrested yesterday for an assault upon his wife. Mrs. Hawthorne says that her husband attacked her without cause, and beat her with a club until her head was laid open. Last night there was but little hope entertained of her recovery.

Mrs. Mary McGee, residing at No. 148 Green street, Newark, committed suicide yesterday morning by taking laudanum. It is said that unpleasantness with her husband was the predisposing cause for the act. She has several times attempted suicide, but in each previous instance her life was saved by prompt medical attendance. She was fifty years old.

Last evening John Becker, of Jersey City, was reported to be dying of gun-shot wounds received on July 1. On that date he visited Edward Wrede, a friend, to bid him good-by, on his, Becker's, departure for Europe. The latter was handling an old gun, which was suddenly discharged, and the charge entered Becker's back. Becker's ante-mortem statement has been taken by Coroner Dillon, and the dying man has exonerated his friend from all blame.

A serious affray occurred in Trenton on Friday night. Elwood Hill and George Lanning got into a fight, and a sharp struggle followed, when suddenly Lanning cried out and said that he was bleeding to death. Medical attendance was summoned, and upon examination